McClure's Magazine

VOL. XX DECEMBER, 1902 NO. 2

THE RISE OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER II OF THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

STRUNG along the banks of Walworth and Kingsbury Runs, the creeks to which Cleveland, Ohio, frequently banishes her heavy and evil-smelling burdens, there lay in the early sixties a dozen or more small oil refineries. Why they were there, more than two hundred miles from the spot where the oil was taken from the earth, a glance at a map of the railroads of the time will show. No railroad entered the region where oil was first discovered. To bring machinery for refineries to that distant and rugged locality was practically impossible. The simplest operation was to take the crude to the nearest manufacturing cities. Cleveland was one of these. Great as was its distance from the oil field, its advantages as a refining center more than balanced that. Cleveland commanded the entire Western market. It had two trunk lines running to New York, both eager for oil traffic, and by Lake Erie and the canal it had for a large part of the year a splendid cheap waterway. Thus, at the opening of the oil business, Cleveland was destined by geographical position to be a refining center.

Men saw it, and hastened to take advantage of the opportunity. There was grave risk. The oil supply might not hold out. As yet there was no certain market for refined oil. But a sure result was not what drew people into the oil business in the early sixties. Fortune was running fleet-footed across the country, and at her garment men clutched. They loved the chase almost as they did success, and so many a man in Cleveland tried his luck in an oil refinery, as hundreds on Oil Creek were trying it in an oil lease. From the start the refineries made money, even the rudest ones. Seeing this, and seeing, too, that the oil supply was probably permanent, men who loved the result rather than the gamble took up the business. Among these was a young firm of produce commission merchants. Both members of this firm were keen business men, and one of them had a remarkable commercial vision—a genius for seeing the possibilities in material things. This man's name was Rockefeller—John D. Rockefeller. He was but twenty-three years old at the time, but he had already got his feet firmly on the business ladder, and had got them there by his own efforts. Frugality had started him. It was the strongest trait of his character. Indeed, the only incident of his childhood preserved by biographers illustrates his love of saving. When he was eight years old, so the story runs, he raised a flock of turkeys—his earliest business venture. The flock was a fine one, for the owner had given it close care, and it was sold to advantage. A boy of eight usually earns to spend. This boy was different. He invested his entire turkey earnings at seven per cent. It was the beginning of a financial career.

Five years after this turkey episode, when young Rockefeller was thirteen years old, his father moved from the farm in Central New York, where the boy had been born (July 8, 1839), to Cleveland, Ohio. Here he went to school for three years. At sixteen he left

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

school to become a clerk and bookkeeper. He was an admirable accountant—one of the early-and-late sort, who saw everything, forgot nothing, and never talked. His earnings he saved, waiting for an opportunity. In 1858 it came. Among his acquaintances was a young Englishman, M. B. Clark. Older by twelve years than Rockefeller, he had left a hard life in England when he was twenty, to seek fortune in America. He had landed in Boston in 1847, without a penny or a friend,

Roby Frank, cabinet maker, bds 17 Johnson
ROBY E. W. & CO. (Edward W. Roby and William H. Keith), wood and coal, C. & P. R. R. Coal Pier, and Merwin n Columbus St. Bridge
Rochert Conrad, h 175 St Clair
Rock John, bar keeper, bds 11 Public Square
ROCKAFELLOW JOHN J., coal, C. & P. R. R. Coal Pier, h 183 Prospect
Rockefeller John D., book-keeper, h 35 Cedar
Rockefeller William, physician, h 35 Cedar ar
Rockett Morris, rectifier, h 182 St Clair
Rockwell Edward, Sec. C. & P. R. R., bds Weddell House

Fragment of a page in the directory of Cleveland, Ohio, for 1857. This is the first year in which the name of John D. Rockefeller appears in the directory. The same entry is made in 1858. The next year, 1859, he is mentioned as a member of the firm of Clark & Rockefeller.

and it had taken three months for him to earn money to get to Ohio. Here he had taken the first job at hand, as man-of-all-work, wood-chopper, teamster. He had found his way to Cleveland, had become a valuable man in the houses where he was employed, had gone to school at nights, had saved money. They were two of a kind, Clark and Rockefeller, and in 1858 they pooled their earnings and started a produce commission business on the Cleveland docks. The venture succeeded. Local historians credit Clark & Rockefeller with doing a business of $450,000 the first year, a figure that somewhat taxes credulity. However that may be, the firm prospered. The war came on, and as neither partner went to the front, they had full chance to take advantage of the opportunity for produce business a great army gives. A greater chance than furnishing army supplies, lucrative as most people found that, was in the oil business (so Clark and Rockefeller began to think), and in 1862, when an Englishman of ability and energy, one Samuel Andrews, asked them to back him in starting a refinery, they put in $4,000, and promised to give more if necessary. Now Andrews was a mechanical genius. He devised new processes, made a better and better quality of oil, got larger and larger percentages of refined from his crude. The little refinery grew big, and Clark & Rockefeller soon had $100,000 or more in it. In the meantime Cleveland was growing as a refining center. The business which in 1860 had been a gamble, was by 1865 one of the most promising industries of the town. There were thirty refineries, big and little, with a capacity of from 1,800 to 2,000 barrels of crude a day, and the refined shipments of the year amounted to nearly 200,000 barrels. It was but the beginning—so Mr. Rockefeller thought—and in that year he sold out his share of the commission business and put his capital into the oil firm of Rockefeller & Andrews.

In the new firm Andrews attended to the manufacturing. The pushing of the business, the buying and the selling, fell to Rockefeller. From the start his effect on the business was tremendous. He had the frugal man's hatred of waste and disorder, of middlemen and unnecessary manipulation, and he began a vigorous elimination of these from his business. The residuum that other refineries let run into the ground, he sold. Old Iron found its way to the junk shop. He bought his oil directly from the wells. He made his own barrels. He watched and saved and contrived. The ability with which he made the smallest bargain furnishes topics to Cleveland story-tellers to-day. Low-voiced, soft-footed, humble, knowing every point in every man's business, he never tired until he got his wares at the lowest possible figure. "John always got the best of the bargain," old men tell you in Cleveland to-day, and they wince though they laugh in telling it. "Smooth," "a *savy* fellow," is their description of him. To drive a good bargain was the joy of his life. "The only time I ever saw John Rockefeller enthusiastic," a man told the writer once, "was when a report came in from the Creek that his buyer had secured a cargo of oil at a figure much below the market price. He bounded from his chair with a shout of joy, danced up and down, hugged me, threw up his hat, acted so like a madman that I have never forgotten it."

He could borrow as well as bargain. The firm's capital was limited; growing as they were, they often needed money, and had none. Borrow they must. Rarely if ever did Mr. Rockefeller fail. There is a story handed down in Cleveland from the days of Clark & Rockefeller, produce merchants, which is illustrative of his methods.

One day a well-known and rich business man stepped into the office and asked for Mr. Rockefeller. He was out, and Clark met the visitor. "Mr. Clark," he said, "you may tell Mr. Rockefeller, when he comes in, that I

think I can use the $10,000 he wants to invest with me for your firm. I have thought it all over."

"Good God!" cried Clark, "we don't want to invest $10,000. John is out right now trying to borrow $5,000 for us."

It turned out that to prepare him for a proposition to borrow $5,000 Mr. Rockefeller had told the gentleman that he and Clark wanted to invest $10,000!

"And the joke of it is," said Clark, who used to tell the story, "John got the $5,000 even after I had let the cat out of the bag. Oh, he was the greatest borrower you ever saw."

These qualities told. The firm grew rich, and started a second refinery—William A. Rockefeller & Co. They took in a partner, H. M. Flagler, and opened a house in New York for selling their oil. Of all these concerns John D. Rockefeller was the head. Finally, in June, 1870, five years after he became an active partner in the refining business, Mr. Rockefeller combined all his companies into one—the Standard Oil Company. The capital of the new concern was $1,000,000. The parties interested in it were John D. Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler, Samuel Andrews, Stephen V. Harkness, and William Rockefeller.

The strides the firm of Rockefeller & Andrews made after the former went into it were attributed, for three or four years, mainly to this extraordinary capacity for bargaining and borrowing. Then its chief competitors began to suspect something. John Rockefeller might get his oil cheaper now and then, they said, but he could not do it often. He might make close contracts for which they had neither the patience nor the stomach. He might have an unusual mechanical and practical genius in his partner. But these things could not explain all. They believed they bought, on the whole, almost as cheaply as he, and they knew they made as good oil and with as great, or nearly as great, economy. He could sell at no better price than they. Where was his advantage? There was but one place where it could be, and that was in transportation. He must be getting better rates from the railroads than they were. One of the rival refiners, of a firm long in the business, which had been prosperous from the start, and which prided itself on its methods, its economy, and its energy—Alexander, Scofield & Co.—went to the railroad companies' agents in 1868 or 1869. "You are giving others better rates than you are us," said Mr. Alexander, the representative of the firm. They did not attempt to deny it—they simply agreed to give him a rebate also. The arrangement was interesting. Mr. Alexander was to pay the open, or regular, rate on oil

Office of Rockefeller & Andrews, Sexton's Block, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1865. The name of the firm appeared that year for the first time in the list of members of the city's Board of Trade. In 1866 the firm name was John D. Rockefeller & Co.; in 1867, '68 and '69 Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler; in 1870, the Standard Oil Company.

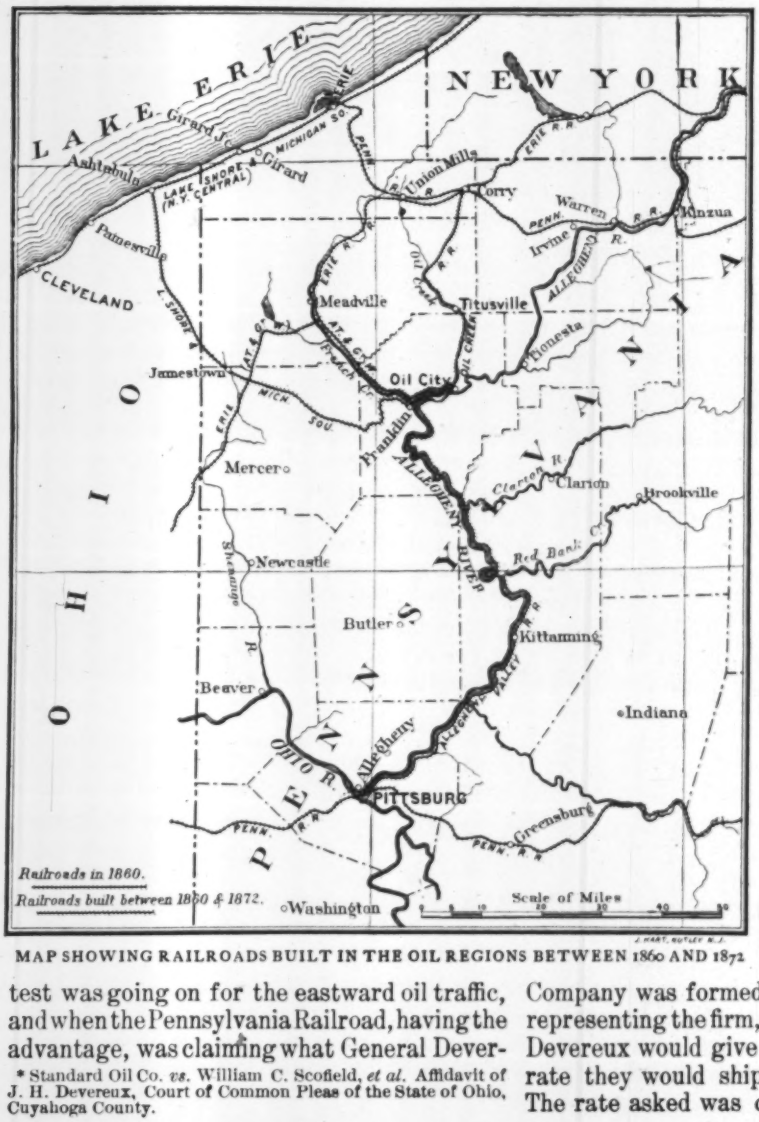
from the Oil Regions to Cleveland, which at the date was 40 cents a barrel. At the end of each month he was to send to the railroad vouchers for the amount of oil shipped and paid for at 40 cents, and was to get back from the railroad, in money, 15 cents on each barrel. This concession applied only to oil brought from the wells. He was never able to get a rebate on oil shipped eastward. When he complained to the railroads he was told that if he would ship as large quantities as the Standard Oil Company he could have as good a rate.*

Ship as large a quantity! It was a new principle in railroad policy. Were not the railroads public servants? Were they not bound, as common carriers, to carry ten barrels at the same rate per barrel as they did a hundred? If they were not, what was to become of the ten-barrel men? Could they live? Mr. Alexander remonstrated. The railroad agent was firm with Mr. Alexander. In all branches of business the heaviest buyer got the best rate; the railroad must regard this principle. It could not give him the same rate as Mr. Rockefeller unless he shipped as large amounts

* Testimony of Mr. Alexander before the Committee of Commerce of the United States House of Representatives, April, 1872.

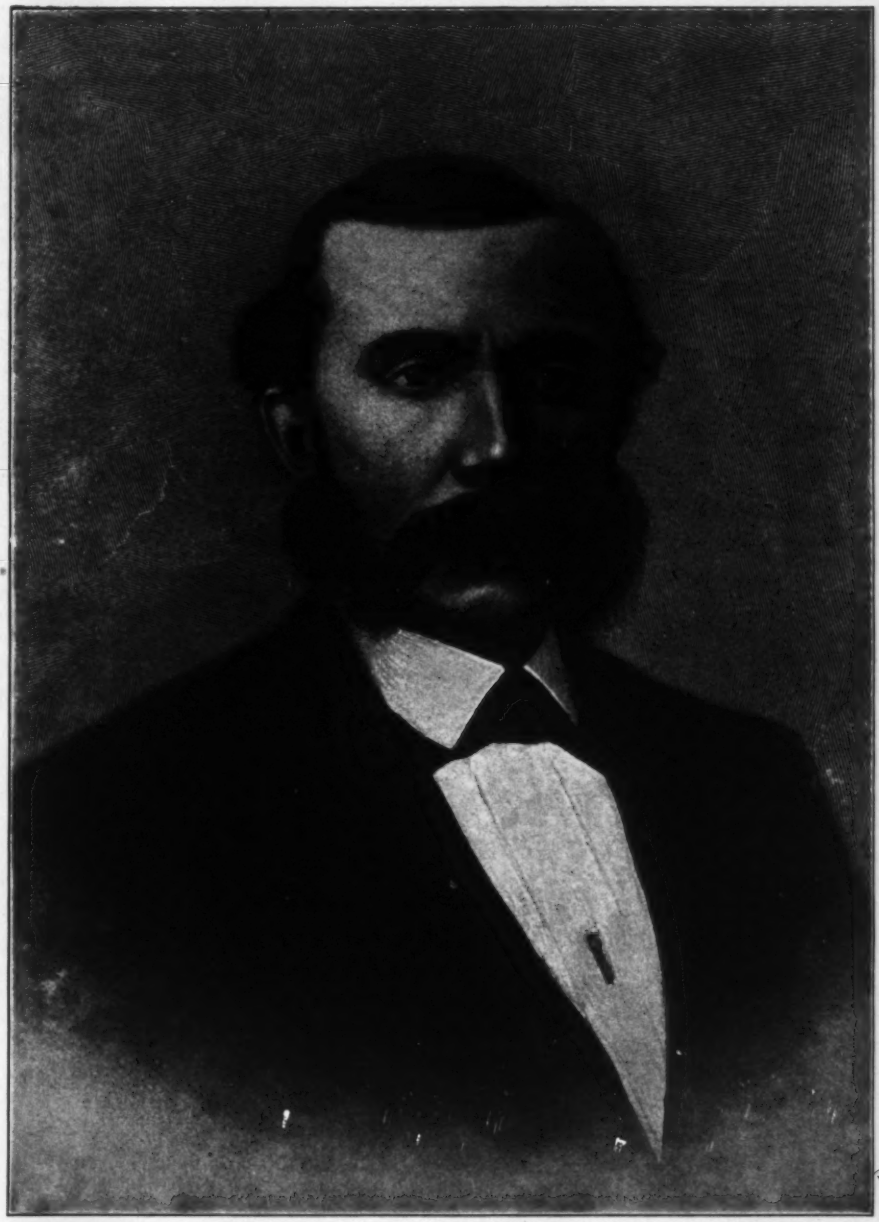
of oil, and he went back to his refinery knowing that he must do business with a handicap, nearly, if not quite, as great as his profit.

How had it happened that Rockefeller and his colleagues had secured this advantage so out of harmony with a railroad's obligations to the public? Nobody knew then. But ten years later the railroad man who granted them this privilege, and started them on the road by which, a few years later, they reached almost a complete monopoly of the oil business, stated the reasons for the discrimination in an affidavit which has never, to the writer's knowledge, been published.* This man was General J. H. Devereux, who in 1868 succeeded Amasa Stone as vice-president of the Lake Shore Railroad. He came to this position at a moment when a lively contest was going on for the eastward oil traffic, and when the Pennsylvania Railroad, having the advantage, was claiming what General Devereux called a "patent right on the transportation of oil." The cheap rates which the Pennsylvania was giving, the wild speculations in both refined and crude, to which the officials of the Erie—Fiske and Gould—were lending aid, combined with the fact that a number of big and finely equipped refineries were going up in the Oil Regions, frightened the Cleveland refiners. Unless something was done, they told General Devereux, Cleveland would be destroyed as a refining center. Something was done—the Lake Shore ran its road still nearer to the heart of the Oil Regions, and began to give Rockefeller, Andrews, & Flagler rebates on their crude oil. General Devereux's reason for making special rates to this firm and to no other, was that while all the other refiners expressed the fear that the advantages of refining on the Creek close to the oil supply were such that they might ultimately all have to move from Cleveland to the Oil Regions, Rockefeller and his associates promised to fight it out in Cleveland if the Lake Shore would handle their oil as cheaply as the Pennsylvania could. Why the railroad should not have quieted the fears of the other firms by the same assurance as it gave the Standard General Devereux did not explain. This was the beginning. Two years later, in 1870, the Lake Shore made a broader contract with the Standard. The road had been carrying little oil eastward for the firm for some time. The rates they offered were not low enough, and the Standard firm was shipping principally by water; but this method was slow, and the way, for a portion of the year, was closed. Soon after the Standard Oil Company was formed, in 1870, Mr. Flagler, representing the firm, proposed that if General Devereux would give them a special through rate they would ship sixty carloads a day. The rate asked was considerably lower than



MAP SHOWING RAILROADS BUILT IN THE OIL REGIONS BETWEEN 1860 AND 1872

* Standard Oil Co. *vs.* William C. Scofield, *et al.* Affidavit of J. H. Devereux, Court of Common Pleas of the State of Ohio, Cuyahoga County.

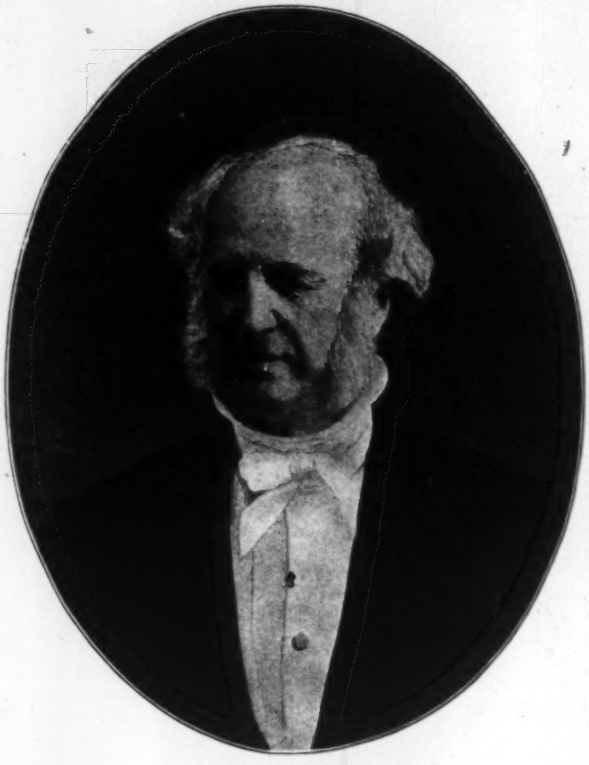


JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IN 1872

the regular open rates, but the advantage of having a regular amount shipped daily was so great that the railroad company concluded that their profit would be greater than by serving all alike. It was evidently merely a question of which method paid better. The question of the railroad's duty as a public carrier was not considered. The Standard's arrangement with General Devereux, in 1870, gave them steady transportation the year round to the seaboard, at a rate cheaper than anybody else could get. It was equivalent to renting a railroad for their private use. Every Cleveland refiner was put out of the race by the arrangement. The refining business was so prosperous at the time the arrangement was made that suspicion was not at first aroused, but in a year's time the effect became apparent. Firms which had been making $10,000 to $20,000 a year found themselves making little or nothing. But why? That they did not see. The oil business in Cleveland was growing prodigiously. By 1870 the city had become the largest refining center in the United States, taking 2,000,000 barrels of crude oil from the region—one-third of the entire output of

the Oil Regions.* Instead of being destroyed by the competition of refineries built close to the wells, it was growing under the competition, but in spite of this growth only one firm—the Standard Oil Company—was making much money. This was puzzling and disheartening.

It would seem as if the one man in Cleveland who ought to have been satisfied with the situation in 1870 was Mr. Rockefeller. His organization, from his buyers on the Creek to his exporter in New York, was well-nigh perfect. His control of a railroad from the wells to the seaboard gave him an advantage nobody else had had the daring and the persuasive power to get. It was clear that in time he must control the entire Cleveland trade. But Mr. Rockefeller was far from satisfied. He was a brooding, cautious, secretive man, seeing all the possible dangers as well as all the possible opportunities in things, and he studied, as a player at chess, all the possible combinations which might imperil his supremacy. These twenty-five Cleveland rivals of his—how could he at once and forever put them out of the game? He and his partners had somehow conceived a great idea—the advantages of combination. What might they not do, if they could buy out and absorb the big refineries now competing with them in Cleveland? The possibilities of the idea grew as they discussed it. Finally they began tentatively to sound some of their rivals. But there were other rivals than these at home. There were the Creek refiners! They were there at the mouth of the wells. What might not this geographical advantage do in time? The Oil Regions, in the first years of oil production, had been an unfit place for refining because of its lack of connections with the outside world; now, however, the railroads were in, and refining was going on there on an increasing scale; the capacity of the region had indeed risen to nearly 10,000 barrels a day—equal to that of New York, exceeding that of Pittsburg by nearly 4,000 barrels, and almost equaling that of Cleveland. The men of the oil country loudly declared that they meant to refine for the world. They boasted of an oil kingdom which eventually should handle the entire business and compel Cleveland and Pittsburg either to abandon their works or bring them to the oil country. In this boastful ambition they were encouraged by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which naturally handled the largest percentage of the oil. How long could the Standard Oil Company stand against this competition?



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
Known as the "Commodore"

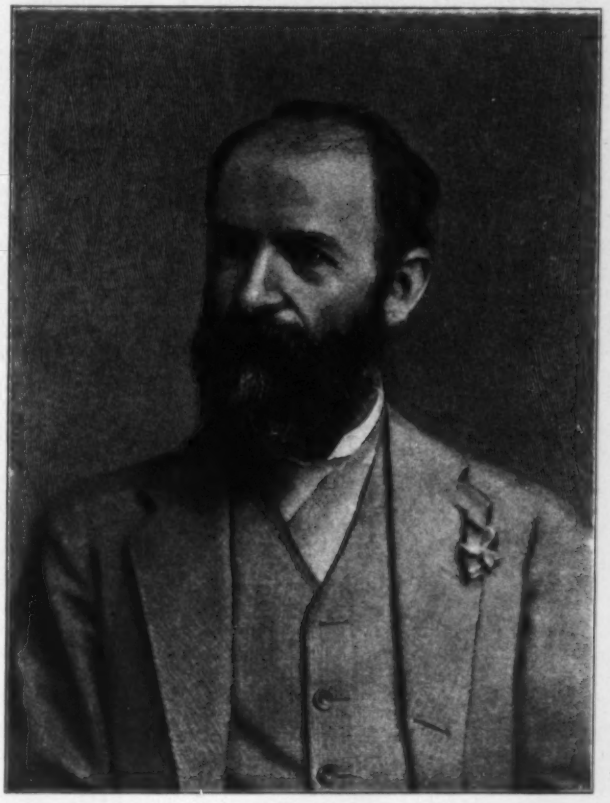
Mr. Vanderbilt was elected president of the New York Central in 1867—and occupied that position at the time of the South Improvement Company.

There was another interest as deeply concerned as Mr. Rockefeller in preserving Cleveland's supremacy as a refining center, and this was the New York Central Railroad system. Let the bulk of refining be done in the Oil Regions, and that road was in danger of losing a profitable branch of business. For its own sake it must continue to support Cleveland—by which it meant the Standard Oil Company. The chief representative of the interest of the Central system in Cleveland was Peter H. Watson. Mr. Watson was an able patent lawyer, who served under the strenuous Stanton as an Assistant-Secretary of War, and served well. After the war he had been made General Freight Agent of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and later president of the branch of that road which ran into the Oil Regions. He had oil interests principally at Franklin, Penn-

* The total production of oil in 1870 was 5,657,000 barrels.

sylvania, and was well known to all oil men. He was a business intimate of Mr. Rockefeller and a warm friend of Horace Clarke, the son-in-law of W. K. Vanderbilt, at that time president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.

Two other towns shared Cleveland's fear of the rise of the Oil Regions as a refining center, and they were Pittsburg and Philadelphia, and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Watson found in certain refiners of these places a strong sympathy with any plan which looked to holding the region in check. But while the menace in their geographical positions was the first ground of sympathy between these gentlemen, something more than local troubles occupied them. This was the condition of the refining business as a whole. It was unsatisfactory in many particulars. First, it was overdone. There was at that time a refining capacity of three barrels to every one produced, and this capacity was widely scattered. The result was, every now and then, ruinous underselling in order to keep or to secure a market. The export business was not what these gentlemen thought it ought to be. Oil had risen to fourth place in the exports of the United States in the twelve years since its discovery, and every year larger quantities were consumed abroad, but it was crude oil, not refined, which the foreigners were beginning to demand; that is, they had found they could import crude, refine it at home, and sell it cheaper than they could buy American refined. France, to encourage her home refineries, had even put a tax on American refined. Competition between the railroads was so keen that nobody could be sure what freight rates his neighbor was getting, and whether he might not any day secure a special advantage in transportation which would enable him to undersell. Then the speculation in crude oil caused wide variation in the cost of their product, as well as serious fluctuation in the refined market. In short, the business had all the evils of a young, vigorous growth. Its possibilities were still undefined, its future a mere guess. Time was bound to cure the evils in it, but the refiners were impatient of waiting.



JAY GOULD

Mr. Gould was still president of the Erie Railway when the South Improvement Company was formed, and it was he who signed the contract with that company. Less than a month later he and Fiske were hoisted from power.

In the fall of 1871, while Mr. Rockefeller and his friends were occupied with all these questions certain Pennsylvania refiners, it is not too certain who, brought to them a remarkable scheme, the gist of which was to bring together secretly a large enough body of refiners and shippers to compel all the railroads handling oil to give to the company formed special rebates on its oil, and drawbacks on that of others. If they could get such rates, it was evident that those outside of their combination could not compete with them long, and that they would become eventually the only refiners. They could then limit their output to actual demand, and so keep up prices. This done, they could easily persuade the railroads to transport no crude for exportation, so that the foreigners would be forced to buy American refined. They believed that the price of oil thus exported could easily be advanced 50 per cent. The control of the refining interests would also enable them to fix their own price on crude. As they would be the only buyers and sellers, the

speculative character of the business would be done away with. In short, the scheme they worked out put the entire oil business in their hands. It looked as simple to put into operation as it was dazzling in its results. Mr. Flagler has sworn that neither he nor Mr. Rockefeller believed in this scheme. But when they found that their friend, Peter H. Watson and various Philadelphia and Pittsburg parties, who felt as they did about the oil business, believed in it, they went in and began at once to work up a company—secretly. It was evident that a scheme which aimed at concentrating in the hands of one company the business now operated by scores, and which proposed to effect this consolidation through a practice of the railroads which was forbidden by their charters, although freely indulged in, and which was regarded as the greatest commercial scandal of the day, must be worked with fine discretion if it ever were to be effective.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT

The contract of the South Improvement Company with the New York Central Railroad was signed by William H. Vanderbilt, vice-president of the road. Mr. Vanderbilt did his utmost to save the scheme, though there is no proof that he had stock in the company. That he soon after acquired stock in the Standard Oil Company is true, and, so far as the writer knows, he is the only one of the "Railway Kings," as they were called, who ever held stock in that organization.

The first thing was to get a charter—quietly. At a meeting held in Philadelphia late in the fall of 1871, a friend of one of the gentlemen interested mentioned to him that a certain estate then in liquidation had a charter for sale which gave its owners the right to carry on any kind of business in any country and in any way; that it could be bought for what it would cost to get a charter under the general laws of the State, and it would be a favor to the heirs to buy it. The opportunity was promptly taken. The name of the charter bought was the "Southern (usually written South) Improvement Company." For a beginning it was as good a name as another, since it said nothing.

With this charter in hand Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Watson and their associates began to seek converts. In order that their great scheme might not be injured by premature public discussion, they asked of each person whom they approached a pledge of secrecy. Two forms of the pledges required before anything was revealed were published later. The first of these, which appeared in the New York "Tribune," read as follows:

I, *A. B.*, do faithfully promise upon my honor and faith as a gentleman, that I will keep secret all transactions which I may have with the corporation known as the South Improvement Company; that, should I fail to complete any bargains with the said company, all the preliminary conversations shall be kept strictly private; and, finally, that I will not disclose the price for which I dispose of my product, or any other facts which may in any way bring to light the internal workings or organization of the company. All this I do freely promise.

.....Signed.

Witnessed by.....

A second, published in a history of the "Southern Improvement Company," ran:

The undersigned pledge their solemn words of honor that they will not communicate to any one without permission of (name of director of Southern Improvement Company) any information that he may convey to them, or any of them, in relation to the Southern Improvement Company.

.....

.....Witness.

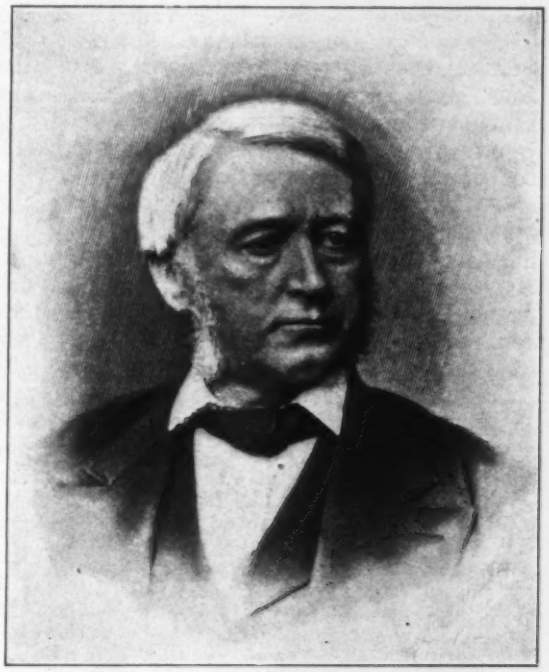
That they met with encouragement is evident from the fact that, when the corporators came together on January 2, 1872, in Philadelphia, for the first time under their charter, and transferred the company to the stockholders, they represented in one way or another a large part of the refining interest of the country. At this meeting 1,100 shares of the stock of the company, which was divided into 2,000 shares of $100 each, were subscribed for, and 20 per cent. of their value paid in. Just who took stock at this meeting the writer has not been able to discover. At the same time, a discussion came up as to what refiners were to be allowed to go into the new company. Each of the men represented had friends whom he wanted taken care of, and after considerable discussion it was decided to take in every refinery they could get hold of. This decision was largely due to the railroad men. Mr. Watson had seen them as soon as the plans for the company were formed, and they had all agreed that if they gave rebates all refineries then existing must be taken in.

Very soon after this meeting of January 2d the rest of the stock of the South Improvement Company was taken. The complete list of stockholders, with their holdings, was as follows:

William Frew, Philadelphia, Pa.	10	shares.
W. P. Logan " "	10	"
John P. Logan, " "	10	"
Chas. Lockhart, Pittsburg, "	10	"
Richard S. Waring, Pittsburg, Pa.	10	"
W. G. Warden, Philadelphia, Pa.	475	"
O. F. Waring, Pittsburg, Pa.	475	"
P. H. Watson, Ashtabula, Ohio	100	"
H. M. Flagler, Cleveland, "	180	"
O. H. Payne, " "	180	"
Wm. Rockefeller, " "	180	"
J. A. Bostwick, New York, N. Y.	180	"
John D. Rockefeller, Cleveland, Ohio	180	"
	2,000	"

Mr. Watson was elected president and Mr. Warden secretary of the new association. It will be noticed that the largest individual holdings in the company were those of W. G. Warden, of Philadelphia, and O. F. Waring, of Pittsburg, each of whom had 475 shares. The company most heavily interested in the South Improvement Company was the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, Messrs. J. D. Rockefeller William Rockefeller, O. H. Payne, and H. M. Flagler, all stockholders of that company, each having 180 shares—720 in the company.

The organization complete, there remained contracts to be made with the railroads. Three systems were interested: the Central, which, by its connection with the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, ran directly into the Oil Regions; the Erie, allied with the Atlantic and Great Western, with a short line likewise tapping the heart of the region; and the Pennsylvania, with the connections known as the Allegheny Valley and Oil Creek Railroad. The persons to be won over were W. H. Vanderbilt, of the Central; W. H. Clarke, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; Jay Gould, of the Erie; General G. B. McClellan, president of the Atlantic and Great Western; and Tom Scott, of the Pennsylvania. There seems to have been little difficulty in persuading any of these persons to go into the scheme. It was, of course, a direct violation of their charters as public carriers, but such violations had been in practice for at least four years in the oil business, and for a longer period in other indus-



THOMAS A. SCOTT

Mr. Scott was the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Road in 1872, and although it was through him that the founders of the South Improvement Company made the agreement with the Pennsylvania, it was not he, but J. Edgar Thompson, the president, who signed the contract. It is probable that the friend who put Mr. Rockefeller and his associates on the track of the South Improvement Company charter, according to Mr. Watson's statement to the Investigating Committee, was Mr. Scott.

* List of stockholders given by W. G. Warden, secretary of the South Improvement Company, to a Congressional investigating committee, which examined Mr. Warden and Mr. Watson in April, 1872.

tries. Under pressure or persuasion all of these roads granted special rates. For years they had been fighting bitterly for the oil trade, often cutting rates to get a consignment, until there was no profit in it. They were glad enough to go into any arrangement which guaranteed each a sure percentage of the business and gave them a profit on it. This the South Improvement Company did. They seem not to have agreed to the contracts until the company assured them that all the refiners were going in. The contracts they made were not on condition, however, that all were included. Three months after they were signed Congress investigated the great scheme. The testimony of the secretary of the company on this point before the Congressional committee is worth reading:

Q. You say you made propositions to railroad companies, which they agreed to accept upon the condition that you could include all the refineries?

A. No, sir; I did not say that; I said that was the understanding when we discussed this matter with them; it was no proposition on our part; they discussed it, not in the form of a proposition that the refineries should be all taken in, but it was the intention and resolution of the company from the first that that should be the result; we never had any other purpose in the matter.

Q. In case you could take the refineries all in, the railroads proposed to give you a rebate upon their freight charges?

A. No, sir; it was not put in that form; we were to put the refineries all in upon the same terms; it was the understanding with the railroad companies that we were to have a rebate; there was no rebate given in consideration of our putting the companies all in, but we told them we would do it; the contract with the railroad companies was with us.

Q. But if you did form a company composed of the proprietors of all these refineries, you were to have a rebate upon your freight charges?

A. No; we were to have a rebate anyhow, but were to give all the refineries the privilege of coming in.

Q. You were to have the rebate whether they came in or not?

A. Yes, sir.

"What effect were these arrangements to have upon those who did not come into the combination?" asked the chairman.

"I do not think we ever took that question up," answered Mr. Warden.

A second objection to making a contract with the company came from Mr. Scott, of the Pennsylvania road. "You take no account here," Mr. Scott told the secretary, W. G. Warden, who discussed the matter at length with him, "of the oil producer—the man to whom the world owes the business. You can never succeed unless you take care of the producer."* Mr. Warden objected strongly to forming a combination with them. "The interests of the producers were in one sense antagonistic to ours: one as the seller and the other as the buyer. We held in argument that the producers were abundantly able to take care of their own branch of the business if they took care of the quantity produced." So strongly did Mr. Scott argue, however, that finally the members of the South Improvement Company yielded, and a draft of an agreement, to be proposed to the producers, was drawn up in lead pencil; it was never presented. It seems to have been used principally to quiet Mr. Scott.

The work of persuasion went on swiftly. By the 18th of January the president of the Pennsylvania road, J. Edgar Thompson, had put his signature to the contract, and soon after Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Clarke signed for the Central system, and Jay Gould and General McClellan for the Erie. The contracts to which these gentlemen put their names fixed gross rates of freight from all *common points*, as the leading shipping points within the Oil Regions were called, to all the great refining and shipping centers—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Cleveland. For example, the open rate on crude oil to New York was put at $2.56. On this price the South Improvement Company was allowed a rebate of $1.06 for its shipments; but it got not only this rebate, it was given in cash a like amount on each barrel of crude shipped by parties outside the combination.

The open rate from Cleveland to New York was $2.00, and 50 cents of this sum was turned over to the South Improvement Company, which at the same time received a rebate enabling it to ship for $1.50. Again an independent refiner in Cleveland paid 80 cents a barrel to get his crude from the Oil Regions to his works, and the railroad sent 40 cents of this money to the South Improvement Company. At the same time it cost the Cleveland refiner in the combination but 40 cents to get his crude oil. Like drawbacks and rebates were given for all points—Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore.*

* Testimony of W. G. Warden before Congressional Committee of Commerce.

* The full text of this system of rebates is printed in the report of the investigation of the Standard Oil Company made in 1888 by the Committee on Manufactures, of the House of Representatives. The articles arranging prices read as follows:

3. To transport and deliver petroleum and its products over the railroads of the party of the second part, and its connections, at gross rates, which shall at no time exceed the following without the consent of both parties hereto:

From any point on the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Railroad to Oil City, Union, Corry, or Irvington, which are herein designated as *common points*, on each barrel of 45 gallons, in bulk, and on each barrel of 47 gallons, in barrels, 30 cents.

On Crude Petroleum.

From any common point (for each barrel of 45 gallons) to:

Cleveland	$0.80
Pittsburg	0.80
New York	2.56

An interesting provision in the contracts was that full waybills of all petroleum shipped over the roads should each day be sent to the South Improvement Company. This, of course, gave them knowledge of just who was doing business outside of their company—of how much business he was doing, and with whom he was doing it. Not only were they to have full knowledge of the business of all shippers—they were to have access to all books of the railroads.

Philadelphia	$2.41
Baltimore	2.41
Boston	2.71

All other points, except those on the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Railway, to the places of destination last named, the same rates as from the *common points.*

On Refined Oil, Benzine, and Other Products of the Manufacture of Petroleum.

From Pittsburg (for each barrel) to:	
New York	$2.00
Philadelphia	1.85
Baltimore	1.85
From Cleveland (for each barrel) to:	
Boston	2.15
New York	2.00
Philadelphia	1.85
Baltimore	1.85
From any common point (for each barrel) to:	
New York	2.92
Philadelphia	2.77
Baltimore	2.77
Boston	3.07

From and to all points intermediate between the points aforesaid such reasonable rates as the party of the second part shall from time to time establish on both crude and refined. From Pittsburg, Cleveland, and other points, to places west of Pittsburg and Cleveland, such reasonable rates as the party of the second part may deem it expedient from time to time to establish.

4. To pay and allow to the party hereto of the first part, on all petroleum and its products, transportation for it over the railroads of the party of the second part and its connections, the following rebates, and on all transported for other parties drawbacks of like amounts as the rebates from the gross rates, the same to be deducted and retained by the party hereto of the first part, for its own use, from the amounts of freights payable to the party of the second part.

On the Transportation of Crude Petroleum.

	Rebate per barrel.
From the gross rate from any common point to:	
Cleveland	$0.40
Pittsburg	0.40
New York	1.06
Philadelphia	1.06
Baltimore	1.06
Boston	1.06

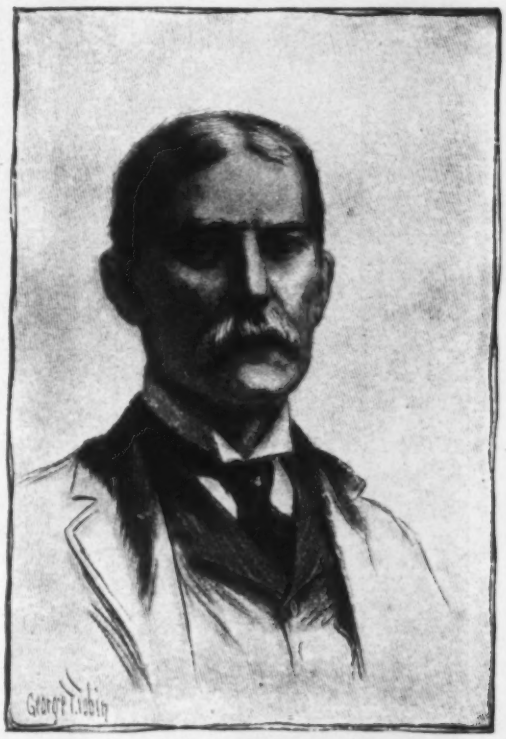
From the gross rates from all other points and the six places of destination last named rebates the same as on the rates from the common points.

On the Transportation of Refined Oil, Benzine, and Other Products of the Manufacture of Petroleum.

	Rebate per barrel.
From the gross rates from Pittsburg to:	
New York	$0.50
Philadelphia	0.50
Baltimore	0.50
From the gross rates from Cleveland to:	
Boston	0.50
New York	0.50
Philadelphia	0.50
Baltimore	0.50
From the gross rates from any common point to:	
New York	1.32
Philadelphia	1.32
Baltimore	1.32
Boston	1.32

From the gross rates to and from all points intermediate between the above points a rebate or drawback of one-third of the gross rate shall be paid.

From the gross rates from Pittsburg, Cleveland, and other points to places west of the meridians of Pittsburg and Cleveland a rebate or drawback of one-third of the gross rates shall be paid.



HENRY M. FLAGLER

Mr. Flagler's name first appeared in the oil refining business associated with that of Mr. Rockefeller in 1867, the firm name being Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler. He was one of the organizers of the Standard Oil Company in 1870 and a stockholder in the South Improvement Company. He made his way much as Mr. Rockefeller did, starting out for himself at fourteen, sticking close to whatever he undertook, and saving carefully until he had enough to invest. He has always been one of the most energetic and influential members of the Standard Oil Company, and to-day is also largely interested in other enterprises, being a director in various railroads and banks and in the Western Union Telegraph Company. He is also the builder of the great Florida hotels, the Ponce de Leon, Alcazar, and Royal Ponciaria.

The parties to the contracts agreed that if anybody appeared in the business offering an equal amount of transportation, and having equal facilities for doing business with the South Improvement Company, the railroads might give them equal advantages in drawbacks and rebates, but to make such a miscarriage of the scheme doubly improbable, each railroad was bound to coöperate as "far as it legally might to maintain the business of the South Improvement Company against injury by competition, and lower or raise the gross rates of transportation for such times and to such extent as might be necessary to overcome the competition. The rebates and drawbacks to be varied *pari passu* with the gross rates."*

* Article Fourth: Contract between South Improvement Company and the Pennsylvania Company, January 18, 1872.

GROUP OF CLEVELAND OIL MEN TAKEN JULY 1, 1869

The majority of the refiners in this group sold to the Standard Oil Company in 1872. None of the members of the firm of Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler is present. Figures of particular interest are M. B. Clark (first row, third from right), of the firm of Clark & Rockefeller, Commission Merchants; John Alexander (first row, sixth to the right), whose testimony on the effect of the South Improvement Company in Cleveland is quoted in this article; S. V. Harkness (first row, fourth from left), member of original Standard Oil Company of 1870; Frank Rockefeller (second row, eighth from the left), brother of John D. Rockefeller.

The reason given by the railroads in the contract for granting these extraordinary privileges was that the "magnitude and extent of the business and operations" purposed to be carried on by the South Improvement Company would greatly promote the interest of the railroads and make it desirable for them to encourage their underaking. The evident advantages received by the railroad were a regular amount of freight—the Pennsylvania was to have 45 per cent. of the east-bound shipping, the Erie and Central each 27½ per cent., while west-bound freight was to be divided equally between them—fixed rates, and freedom from the system of cutting which they had all found so harassing and disastrous.

It was on the second of January, 1872, that the organization of the South Improvement Company was completed. The day before, the Standard Oil Company, of Cleveland, increased its capital from $1,000,000 to $2,500,000, "all the stockholders of the company being present and voting therefor." These stockholders were greater by five than in 1870, the names of O. B. Jennings, Benjamin Brewster, Truman P. Handy, Amasa Stone, and Stillman Witt having been added. The last three were officers and stockholders in one or more of the railroads centering in Cleveland. Three weeks after this increase of capital Mr. Rockefeller had the charter and contracts of the South Improvement Company in hand, and was ready to see what they would do in helping him carry out his idea of wholesale combination in Cleveland. There were at that time some twenty-six refineries in the town—some of them very large plants. All of them were feeling more or less the discouraging effects of the last three or four years of railroad discriminations in favor of the Standard Oil Company. To the owners of these refineries Mr. Rockefeller now went one by one, and explained the South Improvement Company. "You see," he told them, "this scheme is bound to work. It means an absolute control by us of the oil business. There is no chance for any one outside. But we are going to give everybody a chance to come in. You are to turn over your refinery to my appraisers, and I will give you Standard Oil Company stock or cash, as you prefer, for the value we put upon it. I advise you to take the stock. It will be for your good." Certain refiners objected. They did not want to sell. They did want to keep and manage their business. Mr. Rockefeller was regretful, but firm. It was useless to resist, he told the hesitating; they would certainly be crushed if they did not accept his offer, and he pointed out in detail, and with gentleness, how beneficent the scheme really was—preventing the Creek refiners from destroying Cleveland, keeping up the price of refined oil, destroying competition, and eliminating speculation.

The perfection of the scheme, the inevitableness of the result, the persuasiveness of its advocate, the promise of great profits were different reasons for leading many of the refiners to succumb at once. Some of them took stock—more took money. The explanation of why they sold was in most cases similar to that given to the Congressional committee which later investigated the South Improvement Company, by Mr. Alexander, of Alexander, Scofield & Co.:

"There was a pressure brought to bear upon my mind and upon almost all citizens of Cleveland engaged in the oil business, to the effect that unless we went into the South Improvement Company we were virtually killed as refiners; that if we did not sell out we should be crushed out. My partner, Mr. Hewitt, had some negotiations with parties connected with the South Improvement Company, and they gave us to understand, at least my partner so represented to me, that we should be crushed out if we did not go into that arrangement. He wanted me to see the parties myself; but I said to him that I would not have any dealings with certain parties who were in that company for any purpose, and I never did. We sold at a sacrifice, and we were obliged to. There was only one buyer in the market, and we had to sell on their terms or be crushed out, as it was represented to us. It was stated that they had a contract with railroads by which they could run us into the ground if they pleased. After learning what the arrangements were I felt as if, rather than fight such a monopoly, I would withdraw from the business, even at a sacrifice. I think we received about 40 or 45 cents on the dollar on the valuation which we placed upon our refinery. We had spent over $50,000 on our works during the past year, which was very nearly all that we received. We had paid out $60,000 or $70,000 before that; we considered our works at their cash value worth 75 per cent. of what they had cost. According to our valuation, our establishment was worth $150,000—and we sold it for about $65,000, which was, as I have stated, about 40 or 45 per cent. of its value. We sold to one of the members, as I suppose, of the South Improvement Company, Mr. Rockefeller; he is a director in that company; it was sold in name to the Standard Oil Company, of Cleveland, but the arrangements were, as I understand it, that they were to put it into the South Improvement Company. I am stating what my partner told me; he did all the business; his statement was that all these works were to be merged into the South Improvement Company; I never talked with any members of the South Improvement Company myself on the subject; I declined to have anything to do with them."

A few of the refiners contested before surrendering. Among these was Robert Hanna, an uncle of Mark Hanna, of the firm of Hanna, Baslington & Co. Mr. Hanna had been refining oil since July, 1869. According to his own sworn statement he had made money, fully 60 per cent. on his investment the first year, and after that 30 per cent. Some time in February, 1872, the Standard Oil Company

asked an interview with him and his associates. They wanted to buy his works, they said. "But we don't want to sell," objected Mr. Hanna. "You can never make any more money, in my judgment," said Mr. Rockefeller. "You can't compete with the Standard. We have all the large refineries now. If you refuse to sell, it will end in your being crushed." Hanna and Baslington were not satisfied. They went to see Mr. Watson, president of the South Improvement Company, and an officer of the Lake Shore, and General Devereux, manager of the Lake Shore road. They were told that the Standard had special rates; that it was useless to try to compete with them. General Devereux explained to the gentlemen that the privileges granted the Standard were the legitimate and necessary advantage of the large shipper over the smaller, and that if Hanna, Baslington & Co. could give the road as large a quantity of oil as the Standard did, with the same regularity, they could have the same rate. General Devereux says they "recognized the propriety" of his excuse. They certainly recognized its authority. They say that they were satisfied they could no longer get rates to and from Cleveland which would enable them to live, and "reluctantly" sold out. It must have been reluctantly, for they had paid $75,000 for their works, and had made 30 per cent. a year on an average on their investment, and the Standard appraiser allowed them $45,000. "Truly and really less than one-half of what they were absolutely worth, with a fair and honest competition in the lines of transportation," said Mr. Hanna, eight years later, in an affidavit.

Under the combined threat and persuasion of the Standard, armed with the South Improvement Company scheme, almost the entire independent oil interest of Cleveland collapsed in three months' time. Of the twenty-six refineries, at least twenty-one sold out. From a capacity of probably not over 1,500 barrels of crude a day, the Standard Oil Company rose in three months' time to one of 10,000 barrels. By this manœuver it became master of over one-fifth of the refining capacity of the United States.* Its next individual competitor was Sloan & Fleming, of New York, whose capacity was 1,700 barrels. The Standard had a greater capacity than the entire Oil Creek Regions, greater than the combined New York refiners. The transaction by which it acquired this power was so stealthy that not even the best informed newspaper men of Cleveland knew what went on. It had all been accomplished in accordance to one of Mr. Rockefeller's chief business principles —"Silence is golden."

While Mr. Rockefeller was working out the "good of the oil business" in Cleveland, his associates were busy at other points. A little more time and the great scheme would be an accomplished fact. And then there fell in its path two of those never-to-be-foreseen human elements which so often block great manœuvers. The first was born of a man's anger. The man had learned of the scheme. He wanted to go into it, but the directors were suspicious of him. He had been concerned in speculative enterprises and in dealings with the Erie road which had injured these directors in other days. They didn't want him to have any of the advantages of their great enterprise. When convinced that he could not share in the deal, he took his revenge by telling people in the Oil Regions what was going on. At first the Oil Regions refused to believe, but in a few days another slip born of human weakness came in to prove the rumor true. The schedule of rates agreed upon by the South Improvement Company and the railroads had been sent to the freight agent of the Lake Shore Railroad, but no order had been given to put them in force. The freight agent had a son on his death-bed. Distracted by his sorrow, he left his office in charge of subordinates, but neglected to tell them that the new schedules on his desk were a secret compact, whose effectiveness depended upon their being held until all was complete. On February 26th, the subordinates, ignorant of the nature of the rates, put them into effect. The independent oil men heard with amazement that freight rates had been put up nearly one hundred per cent. They needed no other proof of the truth of the rumors of conspiracy which were circulating. It now remained to be seen whether the Oil Regions would submit to the South Improvement Company as Cleveland had to the Standard Oil Company.*

* In 1872 the refining capacity of the United States was as follows, according to Henry's "History of Petroleum":

Oil Regions	9,231
New York	9,790
Cleveland	12,732
Pittsburg	6,090
Philadelphia	2,061
Baltimore	1,098
Boston	3,500
Erie	1,168
Other Points	901
Total	46,571

** The third article in this series (in the January number) will deal with the "oil war" which followed the premature publishing of the scheme.*

DÜRER

BY JOHN LA FARGE

"Nürnberg's hand goes through every land"

THE very important commercial city of Nürnberg, still important, was once, and is still, proud of its great citizen, Albert Dürer. His name is one of those that help the German romance formed about the city, which supplies for poetry, for painting, and for music themes more or less altered from their original meagerness. At the end of many years of labor, which had added to the wealth and fame of his city, Albert Dürer, in a letter to the council, alluded to the little business encouragement given to him by his fellow-citizens, saying: "During the thirty years I have stayed at home I have not received from the people in this town work worth 500 florins—and not a fifth of that has been profit." Praise and admiration he had received fully, but not that support which, in a commercial community, is the only real measure of appreciation.

The free town of Nürnberg had reached by the end of the fifteenth century a position in commerce second only to the great Italian ports. It stood between Venice and the Low Countries, and sent out the work of its goldsmiths, armorers, printers, publishers, metal workers, and paper makers, to both ends of Europe. With the makers of these things the fortunes of the family of Dürer were connected. The family which was to add so much to the glory of the German name was not German, but Hungarian. The very name of Dürer (pronounced Thürer in Nürnberg) is a translation of the original—probably Eytas, the name of a little hamlet in Hungary. In the Hungarian town of Gyula, Albert Dürer's grandfather learned the art and trade of the goldsmith. One of his sons, Albert Dürer, the elder, came to Nürnberg in 1455 at the age of twenty-eight (as recorded in his son's memoranda) "on the same day, March 11th, 1455, that Pirkheimer was celebrating his wedding, and a great dance was held under the big lime tree." Dürer must have noted this association with the Pirkheimers, because in another generation, and when grown up, he was the friend of Willibald Pirkheimer, and remained his friend through life. Pirkheimer was a type of the other class, whose edges met the artists and the intellectual men. Pirkheimer was a student and a writer, and his greater wealth and position allowed him to assist Dürer for many years, and to play to some extent that part of patron and worldly friend needed by the artist in his more secluded life. He represented also for Dürer amusement and escape from the confinement of work and the narrowness of the home circle; we dimly feel this in their correspondence and in the legends of the artist's life. Hence, perhaps, a quiet animosity between the patron, who tempted the artist by outside pleasures, and the wife, who may have been grateful for money assistance, but felt also some neglect through this rivalry. Notwithstanding Pirkheimer's distinction of the moment, he lives for us only through his acquaintance with Dürer, who has made of him an immortal portrait. This was many years after, when Pirkheimer was fifty-three years old, and the marvelous engraving shows the scholar and the aristocrat, and the man fond of a life of love and enjoyment, that has left its mark. Many were the men of culture in the busy city, which held also the great bookseller and publisher, Koburger, the godfather of Albert Dürer. The art of printing had been recently invented; the beginnings of engraving on copper and on wood were already well advanced, and the successful manufacture of paper and printing ink was to secure the spread of the print as well as of the bound book. Albert Dürer's father became an important goldsmith in Nürnberg, having been first an apprentice to Jerome Holper, whose daughter Barbara he married in 1467. Of their eighteen children only three lived to grow up. Albert, born in 1471, Andrew, in 1484, and John, 1490. By marriage, Dürer the elder entered into the rights of a burgher, and held offices of repute. Dürer's account of his father says: "That he spent his life in great industry and severe work to earn by his own hand a living for himself and family; that he was poor, and met with many troubles and adversities; and was esteemed by all, since he led an honest Christian life. He was patient, gentle, and peaceful in his dealings with everybody; kept but little company and sought few pleasures; he was a man of few words and feared God; he paid great atten-

tion to his children's education, and his daily words to them were that: 'We should love God and deal truly with our neighbors.'" A goldsmith was then somewhat of an artist, and, of course, an engraver on metal. Andrew became another goldsmith, and John ended as a painter in Poland, not far from the ancestral home.

The lines that we draw to-day between the divisions of art were not of the same kind at the moments which have left their mark. Though the methods were, perhaps, even more separate than they are to-day, the attitude of the worker in art was much less specialized. Dürer's father wished to make him a goldsmith, a worker in metals, but the boy naturally passed into a desire for the study of painting, then one of the arts beginning to promise great things, which since have happened. Albert, therefore, was apprenticed to a painter, Michael Wolgemut; this was in 1486, and lasted three years, during which, Dürer says: "God lent me industry so that I learned well; but I had to suffer much annoyance from my fellow pupils."

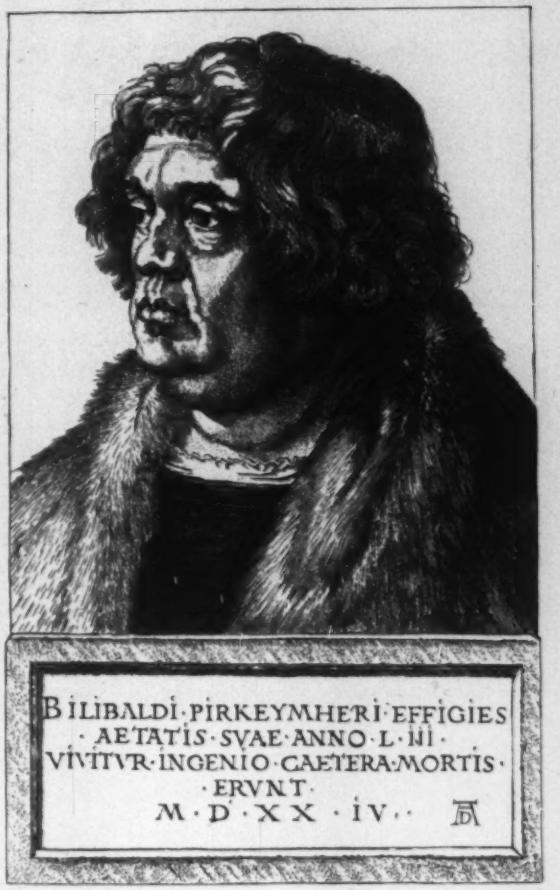
There is such a thing as German painting; a something which is not the Flemish painting; which is not even the painting of the Rhine. Along the Rhine for centuries some flower of art had existed that must have connected with the German world on the other side. A certain harshness, a difficulty of meeting the outside mind half way, we feel through what remains. Had I time I should plead the cause of the artists struggling with inherited mental obstructions, whose work is, however, beautiful, if one can see through its ugliness. As it was mainly task work, meant to fit into churches, a part of the merits of architecture have given it form and dignity, and have assured a constructive arrangement far superior to the looseness of a later time, which had broken the laws of obedience and respect.

In the provinces of Alsatia, Martin Schön, Martin the Beautiful, was painting and engraving. The influence of Flemish masters, perhaps of Burgundian art, was beginning to give sweetness to cruder forms. The prospect before young Dürer, after his apprenticeship with Wolgemut, was a residence and study at Colmar with Martin. Meanwhile, he helped as an assistant and as a scholar with the Nürnberg painter and his associates, for the men practised in what might be called firms, and all hands helped in the manufacture of the work of art. The boy from the very first was endowed with a capacity for the use of the hand which increased to a degree which marks him as one of the principal executants the world has seen. His method, of course, was that of his teaching, but already the boy of thirteen or fifteen recorded his observations in a manner stiff, perhaps, and wanting in knowledge, but sufficient for the position of any artist, however important. His work must have been that of the style of the day, merged into the work of his employers; that excellent way by which the student learned from the inside, and not as a follower of lectures or winner of marks for proficiency. He was tested by what was actually salable then and there.

Next to the years of apprenticeship the rule was to have the years of travel (Wanderyähre). Dürer then went to Colmar and to Strassburg. Too late, however, to study under Martin the Beautiful. He worked also at Basle, and came to Venice, where the space and splendor of the art of painting first appeared to him. There he embarked in those delicious studies never to end, through which the dreamer hopes to get at the secrets of the nature whose image he is in love with. We have his own delightful young record of how he found "that things had been written about how to make out the proportions of the human body, and how a man called Jacob (Jacob 'Walsh,' or 'Italian,' Jacopo Dei Barbari), born in Venice, a lovely painter, showed him how to make out the proportions of man and woman, and how, when he had made out its meaning, it was better for him than if he had had a kingdom." In that sincerity which is the mark of the true artist, and especially of Dürer, he wished to have it printed for the honor of this brother painter and for common use. This the lesser man refused, nor even made the subject quite clear to Dürer. He goes on to say how at that time he was yet young, and had not heard of such things, but that art was very dear to him, and that "he took the matter to heart so that he might bring it to an issue. This he saw perfectly well, however: that Jacob—and he marked it well—did not wish to make the matter clearer. So that he took his own thing to himself and read in Vitruvius (he calls him Fitruvius), who has written a little about the proportion of a man. And so, beginning with one or two men, he made a beginning, and followed that study from day to day." It occupied his entire life, and after his death we have his book of "Human Proportion," published by his widow, with a preface of his friend, Camerarius, who describes the appearance of the man Dürer, who, at this earlier time, not yet twenty-two, must have

been in all the beauty which he retained through most of his life. "Nature bestowed upon him a body remarkable in build and stature, and not unworthy of the noble mind it contained. His head was intelligent, his eyes flashing, his nose nobly formed, and, as the Greeks say, tetragonon (square?). He had a long neck, broad chest, narrow waist, powerful thighs, and steady legs. As to his hands, you would have said that you had never seen anything more elegant. And of his speech, the sweetness was so great that one wished it never to end." The delightful portrait of himself (in the old-fashioned way, on parchment) in his twenty-second year we still have, and later he has twice painted himself. Camerarius goes on to say: "Almost with awe have we gazed upon the bearded face of the man, drawn by himself in the manner we have described, with the brush on the canvas, and without any previous sketch."

His long hair and beard, so beautifully and delicately painted in his portraits—which give him a little of the conventional look of the pictures of Christ—he combed and disposed with that neatness and carefulness which belong to his pictures and his drawings. But the portraits are more than representations of a handsome man. It is not accidental that they remind one of the type of Christ. There is in the expression a degree of sincerity, which is the great mark, also, of all that he has done, and which we have distinctly expressed in the written notes of his memorandum book. He remained through life somewhat of a dreamer, and always a man desiring the best, and hoping, in the purity of his intentions, that that best could happen. That charming portrait of himself at twenty-two, with the symbolical flower in his hand, must have been painted just as his father called him home to marry a girl chosen for him, Agnes, the daughter of Hans Frei, who "came to terms with the father and gave the son his daughter and two hundred gulden with her, so that they were married on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day, July 7, 1494." Though Hans Frei was a man in good position, it is unlikely that any more came to the young couple through him than her weddingdowry, and Dürer began thestruggle with life in the helping of his father, who, as we know, was poor, with a wife and two boys yet to provide for. When two years after this marriage the elder Dürer died, the artist accepted the care of the entire family.



Copper engraving (1521)

PORTRAIT OF WILLIBALD PIRKHEIMER IN HIS FIFTY-THIRD YEAR

He had begun to paint, and we have some few remarkable portraits and religious compositions of this early date. He is too great a man not to have made of everything he touched a something carrying a special importance, but his methods were not yet personal; perhaps, even, were his paintings not all of his own make, and it is by engraving, to which he then turned, that he made a reputation which, great at the beginning, has never decreased. To this new art of engraving he gave some of the characters of paint-

Copper engraving (1513)

THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL

ing, and developed it both on copper and on wood, in special manners whose technical success is still the highest mark reached in each special line. He progressed slowly, his first work being little distinguishable from that of others; but as he obtained control of his material, he gave to his work the result of continuous outside study, and acquired a firm confidence which is, perhaps, as striking as the delicacy of skill and the strange capacity for copying nature. And yet, it is in the ruder work that one can best gauge the extraordinary quality of mind brought to ordinary popular work. We little think to-day

Copper engraving (1514)

MELENCHOLIA

of the practical use of his religious images with the ordinary public of Catholic countries. This demand began with the invention of engraving and printing and the improved manufacture of paper, all of which are just developed as Dürer begins to draw. He made for the ordinary public a number of woodcuts, then accepted by the public as in the run of trade, and now ranking with the great works of less humble appeal and materials. "The Life of Mary," as, later, "The Passion of Christ," gave cheap pictures, as accessible to the common likings and kindly feelings of the multitude, as they seem to the special

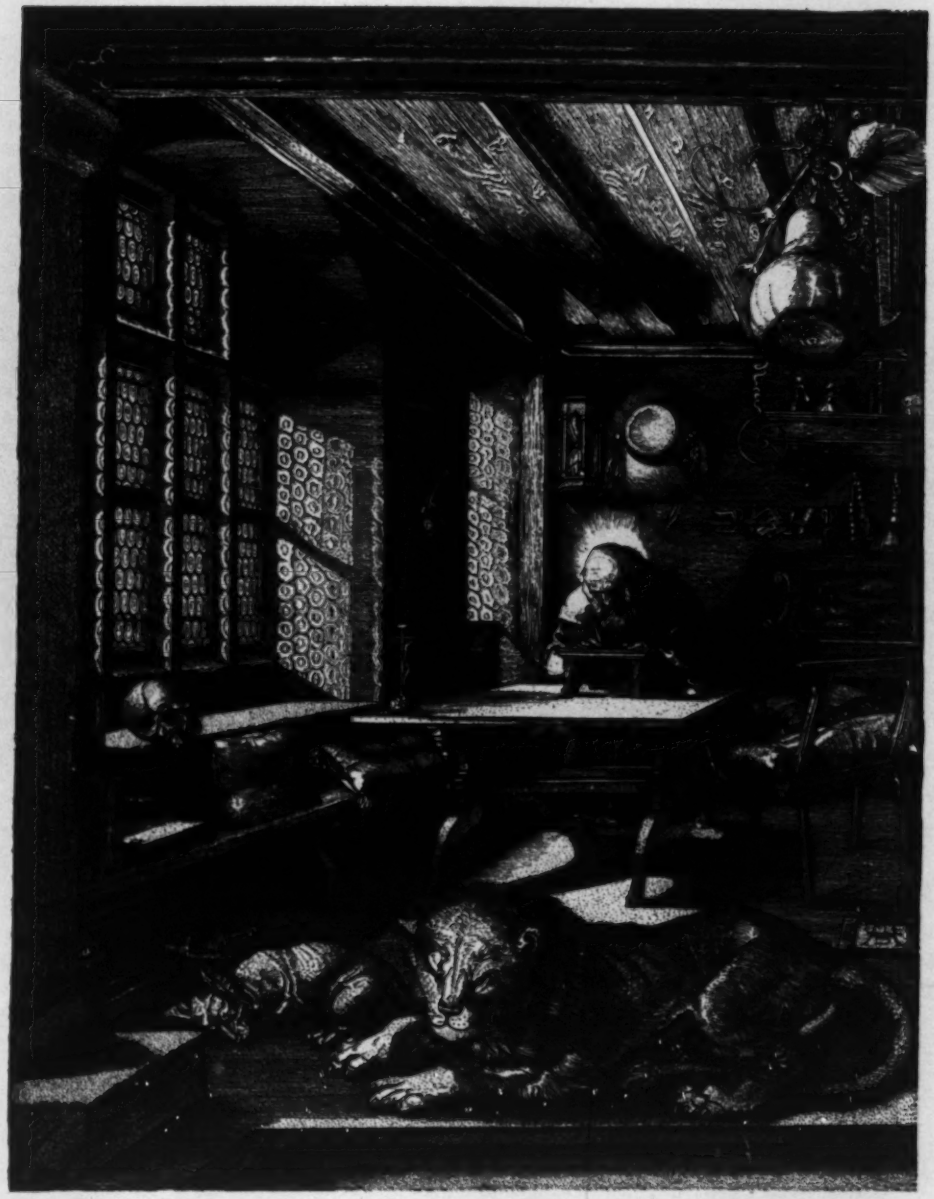
From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

THE ADORATION OF THE TRINITY BY ALL SAINTS (1511)

IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

lovers of art masterpieces of design and examples of technical fitness. Perhaps the very fact of a more humble material allowed Dürer to display in some of these, and notably in the great "Apocalypse," without timidity or fear of comparison in technique, a grasp of imagination unsurpassed by the efforts of any artist at any time.

They are, perhaps, the only designs which seem adequate to the prophetic poetry of the text. The images of the words are translated literally into facts with the vision of actual sight, as if in a record of those things that one feels assured of in dreamland. He has mentioned himself the effort to recall on waking the wonders of his dreams, and also the fact, simple to every artist, that the number of his imaginings was greater than he could possibly record. It is useless to describe these great and simple works of art—the woodcuts. A single copy is worth more than pages of admiration or explanation. We may note in them (though less, perhaps, than in the great engravings on copper) the passionate desire to reproduce in every piece of work some thing studied or observed, and to make of such details both an interesting addition and a manner of continuous progress in study. This in the other engravings—those on copper—which are carried to extraordinary



Copper engraving (1514)

ST. JEROME IN HIS CELL

finish of accuracy, is so great that to an artist accustomed to analyze the original form of conception it might almost seem that the study is the main thing, and that the great artist has dignified the study by beauties of texture and line; and yet more, as if the most precious and most difficult was the easiest, by an impression of poetry powerful as the finest verse or musical sound. The famous engravings about which so much has been written, "The Knight and Death" and the "Melencholia," may have been in his mind merely "types of temperament," a scheme of subject which followed him through life.

But however much explained, there is within the innumerable details a connection of thought felt by all, which can be nothing but the continuous record of an attitude of mind. Perhaps ought one to add the "St. Jerome in His Cell," in which the expression of peace and contemplative work is represented, as well as unflinching courage or depth of dejection in the "Knight" and in "Melencholia." The three great engravings are as famous, almost, as any painting, and contain, perhaps, within their small size and quietness of appeal as much the suggestion of the supernatural.

Copper engraving (1526)

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP MELANCTHON

"The features of the living Philip Dürer could paint, but the mind his skilled hand could not depict."

But these great engravings were done after his return from Venice, to which he went in 1506. His success had been great with a public both German and Italian, and his works had been pirated to his great detriment. An obvious reason may have been his trying to obtain protection in Italy against the forgeries of his works, for the art of engraving was spreading throughout the world. Moreover, he may have wished to see what was done there in that way, as also the paintings which his northern home only heard of, and to which his ambition as a painter must have turned with a desire such as we have had for Europe.

In the second visit to Venice, Dürer now appeared as a recognized master; and in a commercial city a man of consequence, whose work was known and for sale, and had a standing demand. An older and wiser man, and perhaps all the more sensitive, he distinguished, among the men he met, those whom he admired and those whom he despised. Writing to Pirkheimer, he says: "There are so many nice fellows among the Italians; learned men of importance, with players on the lute and pipe, with great knowledge in painting, with much noble and honest virtue, and they treat me with much honor and friendship. On the other hand, there are the most unworthy, thievish rascals that ever lived on earth. Did I not know this I would think them the nicest folk on earth. As for myself, I cannot help laughing when they talk to me." He was comforted by the praise of John Bellini, then very old, but still, though eighty years of age, at the full summit of his powers, as we know by the great picture of San Zaccaria. The nobles, also, the gentlemen (tzentillamen), as Dürer calls them, treated him well, but few of the painters. According to the protective laws of Venice, Dürer was obliged to pay the tax for practising his art of painting. The "Feast of the Garlands," painted for the German Mer-

chants' Church, vindicated his position as a painter, and made, as he says, a gentleman of him. He painted others, and lingered in Venice, tempted, perhaps, by the offer from the city of a position and salary if he would take up a permanent residence. Tempting as the offer must have been, it was declined, and he wrote promising his return, but adding: "How I shall freeze after this sun. Here I am a gentleman born; at home, only a parasite." The great Mantegna, on his dying bed, asked to see Dürer, intending to help him in some manner of bequest of knowledge, but, though Albert, leaving all engagements, tried to reach him in time, the older painter had passed away, September 13, 1506. This, Dürer said, was the saddest event in all his life.

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

STUDY OF AN OLD MAN'S HEAD (1521)

THE ALBERTINA, VIENNA

His anxiety for learning is one of his characteristics, occasionally to the detriment of his completed work, in which throughout remain some traces of the use of the subject, as allowing the solution of a problem. So that he again wrote that after certain work he should like to ride to Bologna, "to learn the secrets of the art of perspective, which a man is willing to teach me." His thirsting for knowledge was a desire that never left him, and which at first is a reminder of Leonardo da Vinci. But the great Florentine was a precursor of the scientific inquirers of our later age. He studied to know the causes of things as well as their effects. Dürer is anxious to know that he may use. He is bound to his work, and to provide by that work the support of others. Even in his dreams, as expressed in art—and he was a dreamer of splendid dreams—there is a portion, beautiful, perhaps, often curious, which is meant to be of use as an appeal to our delight in the rendering of facts. Exactly what other painting Dürer made then in Italy remains uncertain. There is the "Madonna of the Finch" and the "Adam and Eve," still retaining the look of a problem in proportions, but beautiful in modesty and charm of feeling. The profits of the Italian journey were considerable. He has noted, "In the thirteenth year of my wedlock I have paid great debts with what I earned at Venice." During his stay his friend Pirkheimer, to whom he had addressed the letters which still remain, had helped him with money, and to a certain extent had taken care of his people at home. Much of the correspondence is devoted, naturally, to little business matters, and a great part of the remainder to friendly jokes. Many of them are amiable reproofs to Pirkheimer for a manner of life of a very loose contexture.

On his return Dürer's reputation increased.

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

ST. JOHN AND ST. PETER (1526)

MUNICH GALLERY

Outside of the burghers of Nürnberg, who gave him nothing, he received commissions for some of his famous paintings—one from the Elector of Saxony, "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Saints by King Sapor of Persia," in which Dürer must have felt the joy of rendering very many figures according to his increasing knowledge. His own portrait and that of Pirkheimer are in it, and he holds a scroll inscribed, "This in the year of the Lord 1508 was done by Albert Dürer, the German." For Jacob Heller of Frankfort he made a painting now destroyed. It cost him a whole year's work, and more money than he obtained, so that he determined to give up painting on so costly a scale. "I shall stick to my engraving, and had I done so before I should have been a richer man by one thousand florins." To this we owe the "Saint Eustace," the great "Fortune," more properly called "Nemesis"; the "Great" and "Little Passions," and he was able to move to the well-known house kept memorable on his account. The first painting executed for any one of his native town by his own hand was done in 1511, and is known as the "Adoration of the Trinity by All Saints." It is now in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, and closes the series of Albert Dürer's important paintings. It is as realistic as could well be devised, and holds, most naturally, in its lowest corner, a far-off portrait of the bearded and gowned painter, holding a frame with the inscription, "Albert Dürer of Nürnberg did this in the year from the giving birth by the Virgin 1511." The complicated and portrait-like realism throughout only increases the sense of a vision of an impossible circumstance really occurring. Like the great engravings of the Apocalypse, it is a monument of the power of imagination. Its realities are held together by the fearless representation of facts which we accept because the picture proves them.

But how, out of the accumulation of detailed observation, even with the help to our being freed from prose, which is given by the charm of composition, can we explain the result of such a work in compelling our imagination? That is Dürer's secret, and the secret of very few men. Through this power he has given to these few pieces of paper on

which are printed the great engravings, "The Knight," "Melencholia," "St. Jerome," "Nemesis," a power of evoking the view of a certain place within which occurs something which has a special meaning, appealing to us almost at once, but whose exact definition is impossible. They are like the dreams for which the prophet and the seer were called in as interpreters. We see the stern decision of the "Knight," the despondency of "Melencholia"; on the contrary, the pleasure in the accustomed task of "St. Jerome," in his sunlit room, where all is in order, even to the friendly lion and the dog that wags its ear. But who are right—those who see in the armored knight, on his steady war horse, the representation of Christian fortitude, or those who take it to be a stern vision of the hardhearted plunderers of the weak, whose bands hired out to any ruler and ravaged for centuries the peaceful lands of Europe? Either explanation is sufficient; the dream is there, read it who may.

The great success of Dürer's art, carried by commerce through all that space of Europe which reached by landways and waterways from Holland to central Italy (England and France being out of the way of travel), brought its attendant dangers. It was not difficult to forge or imitate his work; this was done at once as soon as he produced his first woodcuts. The forgeries increased with a greater circulation of the originals. He met the usual fate of the inventor, the pillaging of his store of ideas in commercial communities. Notable among these is the Italian forger and imitator, the great Marcantonio, who was, like many of the men surrounding the beautiful Raphael, not lifted by art above the uglier sides of temperament. Many of the Germans also pillaged the great master's stores, and part of his life was spent in attempts at protection. For that he enlisted the sympathy and help of the Emperor Maximilian, a protector of art, a romantic and not too wise ruler, who took the artist under his special care and patronage and gave him work, and promises to pay, which ended in still further annoyances. Among Maximilian's many projects of self-glorification, fairly due to his real and poetic position, was one of a great series of engravings made

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

ST. MARK AND ST. PAUL (1526)

MUNICH GALLERY

to depict the glories of the Austrian House. For that work, among others, Albert Dürer was engaged, and for some years carried out the drawings and engravings connected with the scheme. As payment, the always needy Emperor gave him claims on the taxes of Nürnberg, unwillingly met by the city. The Emperor's sudden death, January, 1519, rendered doubtful the continuance of a pension of one hundred florins a year. The Town Council of Nürnberg refused to pay the charge of two hundred florins on the taxes of the city, assigned to Dürer by the Emperor, in spite of every effort on Dürer's part. The artist was then obliged to turn to the new Emperor, Charles V. of Spain, for assistance, and for that to have personal access to him. Therefore, he determined to travel to the Netherlands to obtain the recommendation of the Emperor's daughter, Margaret, then governing there, and also to meet the Emperor himself at his coronation in Aix-la-Chapelle. All this he managed to do, obtaining, in November, 1520, the Emperor's confirmation of his yearly pension, on condition, however, of relinquishing the claim on Maximilian, charged on the taxes of the city of Nürnberg. This voyage lasted until July, 1521, and its impressions are recorded in a sketch book and diary, a part of which still remains, so that we have an intimate account of what he did, what he saw, what he paid, and of some of his most intimate feelings and wishes.

Dürer was accompanied by his wife and her maid Suzanna. Her portrait, their expenses, and the tips given to Suzanna are marked in the notebook, as well as their visits to great people and to artists; also the stays in great cities, the ceremonies he attended, and certain drawings and paintings which he made. Almost everywhere he was received according to his deserts; great and special honors were paid to him. The city of Antwerp, as once before the city of Venice, desired him for a citizen, offering, as did Venice, to provide an income, besides a residence.

At Ghent he saw the great picture of "The Adoration of the Lamb," by the two Van Eycks, and "admired it completely." This, perhaps, of all paintings, is the nearest to what Albert Dürer himself has done with less sweetness, a less natural turn towards painting, and a lesser knowledge of the mere mechanism of the craft. But the painting of the Van Eycks' stands as one of the exceptional works of art, and fears no comparison with even greater things. Dürer also saw the curiosities "brought to the king from the new land of gold." He numbers them in detail, saying "that never any sight excited and gratified him so much as these extraordinary products of that distant country which showed art work of a subtlety altogether new." What we look upon as barbarous was to the more intelligent mind of Dürer a lesson in his own line.

The entire journal might be quoted, all the more that it consists of drawings marvelous in accuracy and sympathy, as well as in details of food and lodging accounts, of sales of engravings, and descriptions of receptions in Dürer's honor. But it has something more essentially valuable, the noting of Dürer's aspirations towards a higher life in Church and State, and explains the meaning of his own portrait, that curious look of the idealist which spiritualizes the physical resemblance to what we have made traditionally the portrait of the Saviour.

The Reformation was beginning, and the sympathies of Dürer were with the hopes of a reformation—with very many a wish to overturn most things in Church and State; with him, apparently, nothing more than the desire for the reign of God on earth. So that though he buys Luther's tractate for five white pennies, he also gives one for a rosary, and visits many relics which even in those days were considered of doubtful sanctity. He made the acquaintance of the great Erasmus, and began the celebrated engraving of his portrait. The enthusiast within the artist who portrayed the exterior man mistook the character of the great writer. He thought of Erasmus as a champion of the Reformation, while Erasmus's keen literary mind weighed more carefully the dangers of an upsetting for the social fabric. Hence the touching absurdity of the appeal to Erasmus entered in his journal. This was written on Friday before Pentecost, 1521, when "the cry reached them at Antwerp that Martin Luther had been treacherously seized." We know to-day the clever management of the disappearance of the reformer, but to Dürer —and it was so meant—it might be the work of murderers and tyrants. So he cries: "Oh, Erasmus of Rotterdam, wilt thou see the injustice, the blind tyranny of the powers now ruling? Hear me, O Knight of Christ! ride by the side of our Lord, XS; old as thou art, and but a feeble creature, thou, too, mayest win the martyr's crown. I heard thee say that thou wilt give thyself only two years for work; employ them well for the love of the Gospel and the true faith. Oh, Erasmus, may God, thy judge, be glorified in thee! As of

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

THE MIDDLE PANEL OF THE PAUMGARTNER TRIPTYCH

MUNICH GALLERY

David it is written, so do thou slay Goliath, for the Lord will be with thee in the Christian Church. Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God, Amen!" In his sadness about Luther he appeals in prayer to the Lord Jesus to collect His widely wandering sheep from all lands, some in the Roman Church, some among Indians, Muscovites, and Greeks, separated from each other by the pretensions of the popes. He prays that in place of Luther, another may be raised able to gather all the world into the faith and bring Turks, Pagans, and Indians within the Christian fold. "But, Lord, Thou whose Son Jesus Christ died by the priests, hast willed that His follower, Martin Luther, may be killed treach-

erously through the pope's hirelings, raise again the spirit of this apostle. Give us a new Jerusalem, adorned with the splendors as written in the Apocalypse, a new evangel cleared of human commentaries."

It may be that Dürer's feelings as well as opinions reached the powers that ruled, for the Lady Margaret and the Emperor do not seem to have continued their protection upon him. But he had attained his object, and returned home with the continuance of his appointment as painter, to the Kaiser, an important official position, even if it led to no direct practical advantage. He returned to Nürnberg, which was much affected by the new movement. Melancthon was there and taught, and we know some few things about Dürer through some of the reformer's writings. All that he said of him is in the meaning that I have tried to give—the record of a noble and spiritual nature.

An interesting record of the state of mind existing then, as well as in our day of greater freedom, is the trial of several of Dürer's assistants for holding opinions dangerous to Church and State, opinions as obnoxious to the reformers as to the most conservative of the older view. These men are well known, too; we give them the name of the "Little Masters," and their work merges gently into all the religious images of a time which still kept in touch with the mediæval past. But the two Behams and George Pencz, three of these assistants, were perfectly willing to acknowledge that the existence of God was to them a matter of great doubt; that they "knew nothing" of Christ and of His teachings in the Bible, and of baptism and other doubtful graces, and that all they believed in were views of a new form of society more or less socialistic, or, as we should say today, based on anarchy. They were exiled for a time, but returned later, and seem to have remained the somewhat inoffensive citizens that artists mostly are.

Dürer remained in the same sentiments. His work was less, for he was ailing since his return. He still worked upon theories of drawing and proportion, and questions of engineering, and he painted the four great images of John and Peter, Mark and Paul, which he presented to the city, a city never too kindly to him in the way of patronage. They were sold long ago, and are in Munich, but the city retained the inscriptions the painter had attached to the pictures. In these he asked his fellow-citizens to "hear these four right worthy men, Peter, John, Paul, and Mark," and wrote texts from the second of Peter, the first of John, the second of Paul to Timothy, and the twelfth chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark, which contain warnings against false prophets and teachers of heresy, repudiators of the divinity of Christ, blasphemers, and arrogant scribes.

On April 6, 1528, Dürer's continued illness ended in death, suddenly and peacefully. As Luther said of him, "Christ took him away in good time from stormy days destined to become more stormy still." Praise and regret followed him. The great city slowly learned to understand the value of her greatest citizen, and to-day his memory is sacred with Germany.

In his works, "Nürnberg's hand goes through every land," according to the proverb. But the German side of his work is its limitation. The national or race side of any work of art is its weakness. What is called German is probably nothing more than a form of less lengthy civilization. The reason of the superiority of Italian expression in art is the extreme antiquity of its origins, which for thousands of years have never aimed at a national, but, on the contrary, at a general human expression. Not that Dürer was guilty of error in this, but his habits were those of his training (a training struggling into shape). His personal expression is not exactly Teutonic; rather, perhaps, that of his Hungarian ancestry. Whatever may be the hidden causes upon which his own efforts worked, he is one of the world's great masters. His fortunes were so shaped by duty as to prevent his having obtained the desire of his life, to become a painter equal to his extraordinary capacities. But the history of engraving cannot be understood without him. The work of his life is behind every print we see.

"'What!' roared Mountain, leaping to his feet"

THURSDAY AT THREE

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Illustrated by Frank Craig

I

SOON after Fenimore Dayton became a reporter his city editor sent him to interview James Mountain. That famous financier was then approaching the zenith of his power over Wall Street and Lombard Street. It had just been announced that he had "absorbed" the Great Eastern and Western Railway System—of course, by the methods which have made some men and some newspapers habitually speak of him as "the Royal Bandit." The city editor had two reasons for sending Dayton—first, because he did not like him; second, because any other man on the staff would walk about for an hour and come back with the report that Mountain had refused to receive him, while Dayton would make an honest effort.

Seeing Dayton saunter down Nassau Street—tall, slender, calm, and cheerful—you would never have thought that he was on his way to interview one of the worst-tempered men in New York, for a newspaper which that man peculiarly detested, and on a subject which he did not care to discuss with the public. Dayton turned in at the Equitable Building and went up to the floor occupied by Mountain, Ranger, and Blakehill. He nodded to the attendant at the door of Mountain's own suite of offices,

strolled tranquilly down the aisle between the several rows of desks at which sat Mountain's personal clerks, and knocked at the glass door on which was printed "Mr. Mountain" in small gilt letters.

"Come!" It was an angry voice—Mountain's at its worst.

Dayton opened the door. Mountain glanced up from the mass of papers before him. His red forehead became a network of wrinkles and his scant white eyebrows bristled. "And who are you?" he snarled.

"My name is Dayton—Fenimore Dayton," replied the reporter with a gracefully polite bow. "Mr. Mountain, I believe?"

It was impossible for Mr. Mountain altogether to resist the impulse to bow in return. Dayton's manner was compelling.

"And what the dev—what can I do for you?"

"I'm a reporter from the——"

"What!" roared Mountain, leaping to his feet in a purple, swollen-veined fury. The short hair on the nape of his fiery neck rose;

"'Don't answer me now, I don't want you on impulse'"

his eye-teeth gleamed through the hairs of his drooping, ragged mustache. Dayton returned his blazing gaze calmly—he had a curious power of remaining calm before storms of anger without exasperating the stormer.

"How dare you enter here?" Mountain's voice was low. All its force was going into intensity, leaving none for loudness.

"But—why not?" Dayton looked surprised. "No one tried to stop me."

"Impudence!"

"Pardon me—not impudence." Dayton smiled agreeably. "Impudence is unsuccessful audacity. For example, if you had failed to get the Great Eastern and Western, they'd have said you were impudent to try. As it is, men call it audacity. Now, if I'd failed to get here—perhaps——"

Mountain listened with a grim smile. He saw in young Dayton the signs of a quality he especially admired—he couldn't help softening toward him. "I stand corrected," he said gruffly. Then he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and pointed toward the large room. "Do you see those clerks?" he demanded.

"I do," said Dayton.

"There are thirty-seven of them—and that big numskull at the door makes thirty-eight. I employ those thirty-eight men to save me from—audacity such as yours. Yet here you are—in my private office! How do you explain it?"

Dayton laughed—his laugh was very contagious. "I don't know, I'm sure," he said. "Perhaps if they were the sort of men who could outwit me, they'd be doing my work and I'd be doing theirs."

Mountain's eyes smiled. The longer he looked at Dayton's refined yet resolute face the better he liked it. "Sit down," he said in an ironic tone of mock resignation. "But be quick, and be careful not to irritate me with questions that are—audacious. My digestion is poor, and therefore my temper is not—what it might be."

***

That is the first recorded story of Dayton's "colossal cheek." Now for the last one—the one since which his "cheek" has been thought of and spoken of, admired and envied, as "Napoleonic daring."

He soon rose to be a notable special correspondent. One winter afternoon at a musicale in the studio of his friend, Brownlee the artist, he met a girl with whom he straightway fell in love. She was Elsie Grant, the only daughter of Mrs. James Wickford Grant. She had spent most of her life abroad, and her mother was even then negotiating for an Italian prince who thought well of Elsie and also of her large *dôt*. As for Elsie, she had been brought up to the fate of marrying a nobleman, educated for it, convinced that any other marriage would be a failure. But in her winter in New York she had mingled with a "mixed crowd"—Mrs. Grant was a patron of arts and letters, as became a *grande dame* whom a freak of fate had condemned to one earthly pilgrimage as a common American woman. Elsie had a quick mind and a latent streak of Americanism—unsuspected by her mother, and at first shamefacedly concealed by herself, even from herself. And then Dayton had come—and he was never the man to shy at obstacles.

He beguiled her mother into not seeing what was going on. He made love to her daughter in a straightforward way. To Elsie, who then could think only in terms of the Almanach de Gotha, it seemed the way of a Rudolph of Hapsburg issuing from his barren mountain farm in Switzerland to conquer men with his sword and women with his smile, and to found an empire. When the Grants went abroad in March he succeeded in getting a roving European commission from his newspaper and went in the same steamer. He put the issue squarely before her the day before they landed—he did not speak of love until she had given him the right, not only by encouraging him, but also by making it plain that she passionately wished to hear the words that lay behind his looks and tones. "Don't answer me now," he said. "I don't want you on impulse. You're going down into the country for a week. When you come up to London, you will know."

He went on to London, and began to cast about for something out of the ordinary to send his paper. In a "Times" report of a meeting of the Royal Society he found the hint he was seeking. The world-renowned philosopher and scientist, Lord Frampton (Hubert Foss), had addressed the society on "The Destiny of Democracy." Incidentally he had said of America, that in his opinion the swift segregation of wealth there meant "a cruel and conscienceless despotism in the near future, with a bloody but probably futile attempt at revolution as an immediate consequence."

"I'll interview Foss," said he to Iveagh, the London correspondent of his paper. "Everybody in America knows his name. And what he'll say along those lines will make a lot of talk over there just now."

"But"—Iveagh was an Englishman, unused to and abhorrent of American ways—"you can't do it, Mr. Dayton. Lord Frampton," with emphasis on the title, "is a very old man—almost ninety. He lives as quietly as possible; sees no one. He wouldn't think of interviewing. He's very old-fashioned, dislikes even our newspapers. And he's been a sort of recluse all his life."

"No harm in trying," said Dayton. "I'll just drop him a line."

Iveagh went away with an expression of irritated amusement—irritation because Dayton did not accept his judgment as final, amusement because he knew what a blow Dayton's "damned Yankee cheek" would get. Dayton sat at his desk for two hours preparing the "line" he was to "just drop" Lord Frampton. "I've got to hit the old fellow between the eyes," he muttered, as he struggled with the thirtieth draft of his note. "I must reach his vanity, stir his curiosity, make him feel how important and valuable what I'm asking him to do would be." The letter that resulted from this travail was not long, but Dayton felt that it was a masterpiece. "He'll bite at that bait if he's human," he said to himself.

In the mail two mornings later came the answer. Dayton opened it in the presence of Iveagh. It was a printed slip which read:

"Lord Frampton appreciates your courtesy. He regrets that age and the state of his health make it impossible for him personally to thank you."

"I thought so," said Iveagh, not concealing his delight at Dayton's discomfiture. "He sends that to everybody who tries to intrude upon him."

Dayton mechanically turned the printed slip over. "What's this?" he said. There was writing in a feeble, cramped hand:

"My dear sir: I am lunching at the Athenæum Club the day after to-morrow (Thursday), and shall be pleased to see you there afterward—at three. FRAMPTON."

Dayton thrust the note into his pocket, concealing his feeling of triumph. "I may cable what he says—if it's worth while. It might make a good feature for them on Sunday." And he went away.

Iveagh looked after him, dazed. "Yet there are some people who say there's no such thing as luck," he grumbled. "Who'd have thought old Frampton had gone stark mad?"

At the Carleton Dayton found a telegram:

"Shall be at Claridge's to-morrow. Be sure to come at three, precisely. ELSIE GRANT."

"Whatever shall I do?" he said after he had re-read the telegram and Lord Frampton's note, to make sure. "Both for Thursday. Both at the same hour. I can't put either of them off. What shall I do with Foss?"

No, Foss could not be put off. He must be seen at the time he had appointed or the great Sunday feature would be lost. "I must send some one in my place. But who? It must be a newspaper man, a man with the newspaper instinct and training; it must be a man of the best possible address, and up in philosophy and sociology and Foss. Where can I get him?"

It seemed absurd to think on such a problem. Yet after nearly an hour, Dayton jumped up and said, "Why, of course—just the man—better than I could possibly do it myself," and began fumbling in a compartment of the trunk that was full of letters, papers, and cards. He soon found what he was searching for—a card bearing the address of Henry Carpenter. A common friend in New York had given it to him, saying, "Look Carpenter up, and, if you can, put something in his way. I hear he's badly off."

As Dayton said to himself, Henry Carpenter was probably the best-equipped man in the world for an interview with Foss for an American newspaper. He was a Yale man with a Ph.D. from Göttingen, and a writer on economic subjects who had won some fame. But philosophy is not profitable, and Carpenter made his living as a newspaper reporter. He had been one of the cleverest in the profession, then had married, had taken to drink, had gone to the bottom. Discredited, harried by debt, humiliated, he carried his family off to England, there to try to recover himself.

The address on the card was in the far end of Pimlico. Dayton set out, calling at the Victoria. There were several New York newspaper men in the lounge. He asked them if they had seen Carpenter. "Just left him," said one. "He was bound for the Criterion." Dayton drove to the Criterion and began a search of the crowded rooms. He soon saw Carpenter wandering about the bar, noting each face as if he were looking for an acquaintance. His clothes, his very expression, proclaimed poverty and failure. And Dayton, knowing his habits, was particularly impressed by the weakness of his chin. But in spite of the air of "hard luck," Carpenter looked the gentleman, the man of superior intelligence. He greeted Dayton effusively, and as soon as the business was disclosed eagerly offered his services.

"There's only one difficulty—will Lord Frampton receive you when he is expecting me?"

"Before him, gaping at him, sat an old man"

"We'll have to take our chances on that," said Carpenter.

"But I never take chances if I can help it. I've been thinking—he doesn't know me and he doesn't know you. Why shouldn't you send in one of my cards—impersonate me?"

Carpenter's face brightened.

"Yes—that is the best plan," continued Dayton. "With your special knowledge you'll do the interview far better than I could. He'll really profit by the deception."

It was so agreed, and Carpenter went away, Dayton advancing him two sovereigns. When he returned the next afternoon, his appearance was in every way satisfactory, and Dayton's last misgivings disappeared. He went with Carpenter to the Athenæum. "It's a little early, old man, but you can send in your, or, rather, my card, and wait. And don't forget—you're both under assumed names. If you are calling yourself Dayton when you're Carpenter, isn't he calling himself Frampton when he's Foss?"

"You may rely on me—I'll do my best," said Carpenter.

He saw Carpenter enter the club-house, saw him give his card to the attendant. Not until then did he drive away. His heart was light. Fate had been kind to him. On the stroke of three he was in the writing room at Claridge's. Elsie did not keep him waiting.

"Mother has changed her plans," she said, hurrying in. "I thought we'd have a clear hour. But she may be back at any moment."

He was looking at her steadily. "Well?" he asked.

She flushed and cast down her eyes. Then she lifted them and returned his gaze steadfastly. "Yes," she said.

He gave a long sigh.

They were silent for a few minutes. "Mother—" she began.

"She will not consent?"

"It's of no use to ask her. You know that."

He nodded cheerfully. "But we don't need her consent. You're of age."

"What do you suggest?"

"Well, I had arranged—in case you accepted and your mother wouldn't have it—that we should marry at the American Con-

sul-General's. He's an old friend of mine, and has promised to attend to everything for me. All we have to do is to let him know when we're coming. He's even got an American preacher at hand."

She laughed. "And when did you dare to do this?"

"Yesterday—as soon as I had your telegram. It wasn't daring, was it, to assume that you meant what your telegram implied?"

"Whatever it was or was not, I like it."

"I thought," he continued, "that we would better marry in some way that would leave her a chance to come round quietly afterward."

"Yes—that is better than going to Scotland," said Elsie reflectively.

Dayton laughed. "And who dared to think out an elopement away off to Scotland?" he said.

Elsie was still blushing when her mother came in. Dayton invited them to dinner and the theatre, and Mrs. Grant accepted. Mrs. Grant was gracious to Dayton; she had often told her daughter that she regarded him as a "very worthy person in his way." That night, when she and Elsie were alone, Elsie tried to draw her on to talk of Dayton. But Mrs. Grant's suspicions had been aroused; during the evening something—perhaps a kind of electric disturbance in the air between her daughter and the "worthy person"—had set her to thinking that she had not been so prudent as she might. "Of course," she said to herself, "Elsie has been too well brought up to think of him for an instant. Still——"

II

At eight the next morning, as Dayton had finished shaving and was going into his bath, there was a knock at the outer door of his sitting-room.

"What is it?" he called.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," came through the door.

"Carpenter," he said to himself. Then to the servant: "Show him up, please. Bring him into the sitting-room and tell him I will see him directly."

With this he unlocked the outer door and went back through the bedroom into his bathroom. Soon he heard the outer door open and the servant showing his caller in. When he had

"Lord Frampton was more than cheerful, he was gay"

bathed he returned to the bedroom—the portière was drawn across the door into the sitting-room. He could wait no longer. "I say, old man," he shouted, "did you get a good yarn?"

There was a sharp rustling, then silence. He went to the portière and threw it back and stood in the doorway, his bath-robe half open, his face and neck red from the cold water, his hair tumbled. He was transfixed. Before him, gaping at him, sat an old man, a study in the black of broadcloth and the white of linen and skin, and wool-like hair and side-whiskers. His head was wagging, and his mouth ajar as he stared stupidly at Dayton. He raised himself with the aid of a gold-headed cane and put up his eyeglass. "I must apologize to you," he quavered. "I'm so disturbed that I hardly know what I'm about this morning. I fancied I was in the rooms of a Mr. Fenimore Dayton."

"I'm Fenimore Dayton," said Dayton. And then, a horrible thought flashed into his mind.

The old man's mouth had flown open again. "What!" he exclaimed. "Impossible!"

Dayton, all the blood in his body in his face, stood there, unable to speak or move. "Great heavens!" he thought, "what shall I do? What *has* Carpenter been up to?"

Lord Frampton passed his hand over his face. "Impossible!" he muttered. "Incredible!" And he again rubbed his face confusedly. "Tell me!" He looked strangely at Dayton. "Did you or did you not have a talk with me at the Athenæum Club yesterday in the afternoon?"

Dayton opened his mouth several times before he could articulate: "I did not—that is——"

"Then who was it? Where is he?" Lord Frampton looked angrily round. "I insist upon an explanation, sir!"

"Excuse me—just a few minutes—I must finish dressing—I was and I wasn't there—I'll explain." Dayton withdrew to the bedroom, pulling the portière over the doorway. He sat on the end of the bed. "What can have happened?" he said to himself. "Did Carpenter sneak away and get some drinks while he was waiting? What *has* he done? What shall I say?" He could hear the old man muttering and mumbling.

He hurried into his clothes and returned to the sitting-room. He stood before Lord Frampton, looking ashamed, repentant, honest. "I am going to make a clean breast of it, sir," he said. "I could not keep my engagement with you yesterday. I did not wish to lose the interview. I sent a perfectly competent man, thinking it made no difference to you, as you did not know me or care especially who did the interview, so long as it was done properly."

"But—where is he? Where is he?" Lord Frampton tapped his cane angrily on the floor.

"I—I don't know, sir. I——"

"This is outrageous. A person representing himself to be a Fenimore Dayton, an American journalist, wrote me a note. I don't know what demon of ill-luck possessed me—I had never submitted to an interview—I am a very old man and in poor health—I permit no strangers to come near me. But something—perhaps in the note—I don't know—at any rate I consented to receive this person at my club. He—or some one representing himself to be him—came and we talked for about two hours. He was most agreeable—most intelligent—but—he had been drinking—at least, I feared so—I became nervous about the interview. He promised to bring me what he had written last night. As he did not—I came here this morning—I wish to recall the interview—I forbid the publication of a word from me—I shall hold you responsible, sir! It is an outrage! It is scandalous! I shall protest publicly, sir!"

The old man, who had risen in his excitement, seated himself again, and, trembling from his exertions, fell to rubbing his face violently with the head of his cane. "At my age! What folly!" he fumed, more to himself than to Dayton. "To intrust my reputation to an unknown, irresponsible creature! He may publish anything—have the whole world laughing at me."

"I've no excuse to offer, sir," said Dayton humbly. "I can only throw myself on your mercy. But first let me say that your interview is safe—at least it has not been published—and will not be." Then he went on to confess the whole truth, holding back nothing—his love for a young American, the impossibility of keeping both engagements, the impossibility of breaking either. "And I suppose, sir," he said in conclusion, "that Carpenter slipped away and took several drinks before seeing you and then kept on drinking afterward. In spite of his habits, sir, there isn't a man in the world more competent to get such an interview than Henry Carpenter."

"Hasn't he written on sociology?" inquired Lord Frampton. He had been interrupting Dayton's narrative with a descending series of exclamations, beginning with "Shock-

ing!" and "Depraved!" and "Insolent!" and ending with such milder ejaculations as "Most astonishing!" "Extraordinary!" "Surprising!"

"Yes," replied Dayton, eagerly entering the opening, and hurrying on to remind Lord Frampton of the titles and subjects of Carpenter's best-known essays.

Lord Frampton was somewhat mollified. He said: "It was a disgraceful trick to play upon an old man, sir—but—I've been young myself. You Americans! A wonderful people, sir, but,"—with a sudden twinkling in his old eyes—"will you get the young lady?"

"I think so," said Dayton.

"I don't doubt it if impudence is as effective with the ladies as it was when I was a young fellow," Lord Frampton chuckled.

"Would you mind if I showed you a photograph of her, sir?" asked Dayton, shamelessly using his bride-to-be as a pacifier of the old man's wrath. He brought the photograph—a fair-haired, clear-eyed girl with a resolute face looking straight out of the picture at you.

"A fine American type," said Lord Frampton.

They talked for a few minutes of America, then Lord Frampton suddenly remembered his wrongs and was angry all over again. "I am very old," he said peevishly. "This will shorten my life. And where, sir, is that associate of yours; this Carpenter?"

"The three of them advanced upon Claridge's in a cab"

"We'll find him," said Dayton, and after he had hastily taken coffee and a roll, they set out for the far end of Pimlico. They found Carpenter's lodgings down a dismal alley in a house which, had it been built of wood instead of stone, would have been obliterated decades before. A pinched New England female face answered the knock at the door, to which the slattern in charge had directed them. "What do you want?" said she in what is sometimes called the "pie and pickles" voice.

"Where is Mr. Carpenter?"

"That's what *I'd* like to know," Mrs. Carpenter answered.

While Dayton could not blame the woman for any degree of exasperation against Carpenter, still the tone, the manner, the look combined to convince him that she was not without her share in the responsibility for the disintegration of Carpenter's character. "She would have either held him together or left him years ago," he said to himself, "if

she'd been of the right sort." As if to strengthen this conviction, four dirty and ill-mannered children now swarmed rudely from behind her and stood gaping at Lord Frampton and Dayton.

A few minutes' talk made it clear that no news was to be got there. "We'll have to look for him," said Dayton, as if they were sure to find him. And on the way back to the Piccadilly-Strand district, he tried to persuade Lord Frampton to go quietly to his club and wait.

"No," said Lord Frampton crossly, "I go with you. Really, Mr. Dayton, this is a most extraordinary proceeding. When peace and quiet are absolutely necessary to me, I find myself rushing about London in search of a wild drunken creature. My whole life has been spent in quiet. And now, at ninety, thanks to my accursed folly in answering a note from a wandering American journalist —I must have been out of my mind! I feel like pinching myself to see whether I am awake. I shall not leave you until we find him. I must look to my reputation. Why did I, why did I answer that devilish note?"

It was a strange afternoon and evening they spent, looking for Carpenter in his haunts, so far as they were known to his newspaper acquaintances. The world-famous philosopher went through a succession of diverse moods. Now he would heap reproaches on Dayton, and now make sly inquiries about Elsie. Now he would rage frantically against Carpenter, and now would be profoundly interested in the unfamiliar sights of the seamy side of London. Most of the time he seemed to be in a daze. "Did ever man of my age and habits and reputation have such an experience?" he repeated again and again. "Why *did* I answer that note?"

Toward nine at night Dayton, in the effort to calm one of the old man's tirades—he was very tired and sleepy—told him that Elsie and he were to be married on Monday. "As her mother won't consent, we shall go quietly to the American Consulate. I've arranged it all with a friend of mine."

"Most extraordinary!" muttered Lord Frampton. "More impudence! And what am I doing here—at my age—in my health——"

"Will you come?" interrupted Dayton.

"Come! Come where?"

"To the wedding. We'd be delighted."

Lord Frampton stared. "God bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "Am I dreaming? *I* —invited to take part in a runaway marriage —*I!*"

"I suppose you're afraid there might be a mistake and you'd be the bridegroom."

Lord Frampton smiled, then chuckled, then laughed. But they were just at Carpenter's lodgings—their fourth visit. Yes, Carpenter had returned, had staggered in about an hour before, and was now up-stairs. His wife opened the door. There he lay upon the bed, his clothes torn and mud-bedaubed. He was in a stupor, and was exhaling fumes like an open barrel of bad whiskey. Dayton shook him violently. He snorted and struck out with his fists, but did not awaken. Lord Frampton, very dignified and very dazed, looked on in disgust.

"Roll 'im on the floor," suggested the eldest boy. "Let me throw water on 'im—mar'm always does, don't you, mar'm?"

All, including the renowned philosopher, who used his cane vigorously as a prod, joined in the effort to revive the drunken man. When he at last opened his eyes, Dayton said: "Here, here, Carpenter, where's that interview?" and kept on shaking him to prevent his lapsing into the stupor.

"Pocket," mumbled Carpenter. "Iss a gran' ol' man. Ol' Frampy passed 't out hot. Gran' ol' man, Frampy——"

Dayton reached into the inside pocket of the coat and drew out a note-book.

"Ha!" "Ol' Frampy" clutched it, put on his eye-glass and glanced over the pages. "Yes—this is it. I never expected to see it. Bless me, what a relief!"

Dayton gave Mrs. Carpenter a sovereign—"on account," he said, for lack of any other disguise of the charity, "and when he comes around tell him I want to see him."

Dayton and Lord Frampton hurried away. "Where shall I set you down, sir?" said Dayton.

Lord Frampton gave the number of a private hotel in Dover Street. They drove in silence for ten minutes, then the philosopher chuckled. Dayton glanced at him furtively. He had been devising a plan for approaching the subject of the interview—perhaps he could induce Lord Frampton to give up the note-book. When the old man chuckled again, he ventured to speak:

"Will you forgive me, sir?"

"Forgive you, you young rascal? I oughtn't, but—it is certainly very ridiculous—how my friends, my readers all over the world, would laugh if they could know what I've been doing." He chuckled again.

"Then you'll come to the American Consulate on Monday at ten—to the wedding?"

"The spirit of adventure has got into my blood. Yes—I'll be there—if I don't die of the reaction."

"And that interview——"

"There—there! Not a word about that. I'll overlook it——"

"But I mean—it's a great impertinence to ask it—only——"

Lord Frampton turned in the cab and looked at Dayton's calm, earnest face in amazement. "You don't mean, my dear sir, that you are daring to ask me to—no, it's impossible—even *you* wouldn't dare!"

"But, sir, it seems a shame for you to have all this annoyance for nothing. I can transcribe the notes and have them typewritten and bring them to you. And if you are not satisfied, you can tear them up, or use them for some other purpose."

Lord Frampton was laughing. "I have always held," said he, "that surprising results were to come from your race under the political, social, and geographic conditions of the New World. But—I must say——"

"And," pursued Dayton, "I could cable it over to-morrow for Sunday's paper, and I'm sure it would be a great hit. The Americans are tremendous admirers and readers of your work."

"Yes—I have been much gratified at the sales of my books over there—far better than here. But—it is tempting fate."

Dayton was discreetly silent. "You Americans!" Lord Frampton exclaimed humorously, as he after a few minutes handed over the note-book. "I've rescued my reputation from a drunken man only to give it into the keeping of a harum-scarum rascal who is probably crazed by—by—she is a devilish pretty girl, young man!"

"But wait till you see her on Monday," said Dayton. "I'll call with the copy at—what hour in the morning?"

"I shall rise late. I need rest. Call at eleven."

And at that hour the next morning—Saturday—Dayton brought the typewritten interview. Lord Frampton was looking fresh and cheerful.

"How do you feel, sir?" inquired Dayton.

"I ought to feel done. But the fact is I never felt better. I think it did me good—stirred me up. Astonishing! I must be out of my mind!"

Lord Frampton sat at his desk, reading, making slight changes, nodding approval. "A most interesting young man," he mumbled, "in spite of his bad habits—most intelligent. I certainly talked surprisingly well—bless me! I had no idea I had put that so effectively."

"Are you satisfied to have it go, sir?" asked Dayton, when the old philosopher had finished.

"I think so—I think so."

"And I'll see that you get a copy of it, and also all that is said about it in the American journals."

"That will be very interesting—I think it will cause a profitable discussion—I've long wished to say those things—but there seemed no way—I knew of no way—of getting them before the public I wished to reach—the wider public."

On Monday, at the appointed hour, with Lord Frampton as one witness and the Consul-General as the only other, Dayton and Elsie were married. Lord Frampton was more than cheerful—he was gay. He had come with his top hat a little back on his head, and noticeably tilted to one side.

"Oh! I almost forgot," said Dayton. "Here's a cablegram from the office on your interview."

Lord Frampton read:

"Dayton, Carleton, London: Frampton stuff howling success. Congratulations."

"Stuff"—"Howling"—Lord Frampton repeated the words as if he delighted in them. "Most gratifying," he said, "most gratifying, I'm sure. God bless me! I'm getting demoralized."

"And now for your mother," said Dayton to Elsie.

Lord Frampton noted with astonishment the calmness of these two young people. "Will she be angry?" he inquired.

"Angry? She'll be wild," said Dayton cheerfully. "She's mad on the subject of titles. Now, if Elsie were going to tell her that she had married you——"

Lord Frampton laughed till his sides ached at the implications of this idea. It seemed to take another ten or twenty years from his rapidly rejuvenating mind.

"That suggests an idea," he said. "If I went with you—interceded for you—do you think it would help?"

Elsie put out her hand to him. "Isn't he fine?" she said to Dayton.

And the three of them advanced upon Claridge's in a cab, Lord Frampton with his arm along the back of the seat, patting Elsie on the shoulder—merely to encourage her. Mrs. Grant went rapidly through her moods—from fury to hysteria, to tears, to reproaches, to a discussion with Lord Frampton, to acquiescence, to "making the best of it."

Lord Frampton left them, but came toddling back.

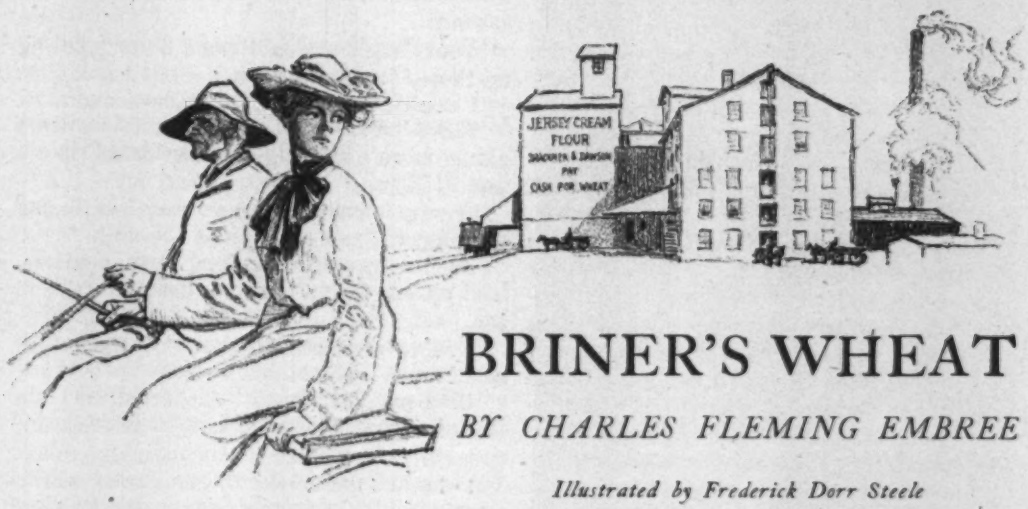
"Oh!" he said, and took Elsie to one side.

"If there should be—you know"—he chuckled—"my name is Hubert, and I haven't got any of my own."

Elsie blushed and he almost ran away, his old legs springing with a ludicrous affectation of youth.

"How can I thank you?" said Dayton as he put him in a cab.

"Thank me? How can I thank *you?*" said the old man heartily. "Send that disreputable friend of yours to me. Something may be done for him. Good-bye! You Americans!"



BRINER'S WHEAT

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

Illustrated by Frederick Dorr Steele

I

AT the edge of Princeton stood the Summit Mill. Dry, dusty, and sunny-yellow was the stretch of wagon ground in front, and the box-like office was in the middle of it, a lone wooden thing. It was half-past eleven. A breeze swayed the corn stalks across the way. An Air-Line engine, switching at the bottom of the descent behind the mill, rumbled and coughed and clattered empty freight cars. The sound that issued from the six wooden stories of the building was like an undercurrent to all things, and the gray edifice trembled—a perpetual agitation, as of palsy. Ed McNair, the negro packer, came to the door with a flour-sack cap on his head; little Aleck Mynn, in the dust, was throwing stolen wheat to his fluttering pigeons. And the negro's voice rolled out on the September air in mock-tragic warning:

"I take yo' livah, boy; I take yo' livah!"

Tom Jordan, the young office-man, sat on his stool in the rear room of the box. The desk and the ledger were dusty, the safe was sprinkled over with spilled samples of wheat. The weights that hung from the scale beam by the window swung idly to and fro. In the front room young Mr. Dawson argued with old Mr. Shackner.

"It's the second offer from Rome, Georgia, in a week, and the third from Tallahassee. It's good; we must conciliate. We must keep their trade whatever we do." Jordan could see black-bearded Dawson fidgeting.

"We wouldn't have done it five years ago," came Shackner's slow and querulous answer. "Three dollars and fifteen cents for a barrel of patent flour. Oh, my—oh, my. We used to make a profit of a dollar a barrel. Dear me—we can thank the Lord if we make five cents now. But go on—do as you like. I'm semi-retired."

"Conciliation, you know; following the times," cried Dawson, running about and rubbing his hands. "Now, Tommie; write out that telegram, Tommie."

Outside there was the shrill grating of a brake on a wheel, and a farm wagon heavily laden came round the corner of the cooper-shop. James Briner, a weather-beaten, strong-faced farmer, drove the team, and by his side sat a girl in a wide blue hat. Her face was daintily colored; her features were mobile and beautiful. Her eyes were smiling. Jordan made a mistake in the telegram, tore it up, and wrote another, with quick jabs of the pen.

"Why, Jamie—why, I'm mighty glad to see you, Jamie!" Mr. Dawson was trotting into the street. "And Miss Maude—well! I thought you were in Greencastle at college. Brought in a little wheat, Jamie? All right—*all* right!"

"Times too hard for college!" blurted Briner's staccato voice. His face was rough-cut, not unlike an Indian's, hairless, brownish red, vaguely humorous, plainly rendered ruggeder by trouble. "What you goin' to give me for this wheat, hey?"

"Oh, Mr. Briner," came old white Shackner's sick and complaining tones, as the senior proprietor of the Summit Mill sauntered into the street, "fifty-eight is the best we can do; dear me."

"The Lord's tryin' to kill off the farmers —huh—I see that," was the grim reply.

"Why, Jamie," cried Dawson, examining the wheat. "We'll make you the very highest price the market allows."

Shackner's face was whiskerless. One of his old brown eyes always had a look intensely shrewd, half shut; the other was wide, child-like, even plaintive. Maude smiled on him, and cautiously, shyly, stretched her pretty neck and strained her eye a second, sidewise toward the office door, and twisted a little restlessly on the wagon seat. She was flushed and beaming, full of expectant nerves.

"Drive right on, Jamie. Tommie, weigh Mr. Briner's wagon, now, Tommie." The horses' feet pounded the wooden platform.

"Good morning," cried Tom, through the scale window.

"Mornin'," ejaculated Briner.

"Good morning," caroled Maude. She bent far over to see the young office man, and then looked up into his eyes out of a summer countenance.

"Your daughter would make a fine painting up there," called Jordan.

"I'd call it 'July,'" laughed Dawson affably.

"She'll freeze up to January if you don't gimme more'n fifty-eight cents," was Briner's jest. "Git up."

The wagon made the long sweep, scattering the pigeons, and drew up at the mill.

Tom, in gray trousers and vest, coatless, lead pencils in his pockets, came over here too.

"You've promised to show me the mill," said Maude, a little diffidently.

"Give me your hand," he cried, and she leaped down. She was trimly dressed and graceful. They entered the rumbling edifice. The support under the wagon's rear wheels gave way, the wagon slumped, and its river of wheat ran into the bowels of the earth, where screw conveyors received it.

"I'm afraid you'd better let me hold your hand along here," said Tom. "These passages are dangerous, here where the cog-wheels are." He stopped suddenly.

"What makes you look so scared?" laughed she, timidly letting him have a finger.

"I was thinking how awful it would be if you got your blue skirt caught in there." He was staring at the dress, holding to her finger in oblivious delight.

"It—it would be bad. But it would be more dreadful if you got your hand ground up in there—ugh!"

It was necessary, all over the mill, for him to lead her by her hand; and she shrank, and was afraid, and laughed full of joy at the same time.

Descending from the sixth story, they went down into the bowels of the earth. Here, in a kind of big, infernal cavern, endless mysteries of wheels and belts and mighty shafts whirled round. It was dusty and rather dark.

"I'll show you where your father's wheat comes in," said he, leading on among those steel monsters.

"There it comes." He pointed to a hole, where a line of grain began its screw-like progress. "Maude, I'm glad you couldn't go back to Greencastle. Through the high-school, and one year at De Pauw, is education enough."

"Down into the bowels of the earth"

"I was sorry," she murmured, her face turned away. "It's Papa's money troubles. I'll maybe have to teach."

"Maude—if you love me, you'll never have to teach!"

She, startled, uttered a faint cry, like a sob and one note of happy laughter mingled together. He put his arms round her and kissed her.

"But—what will father say? He's desperate all the time of late. He doesn't like college men very well. You'll have to be very careful, Tom, to say the right things to him!" she cried appealingly.

"I'll come to-morrow and I'll try to win him," said he, determined.

II

THE farm was only a mile from town. The fields wore an unmistakable air of prosperity. The house, near the road, with a lawn in front, was of brick. A tall poplar tree shaded it; a turkey who had made a success of life strutted at the kitchen door.

Briner trod in and out of the barn, in big boots, his face iron-like, his eyes giving a hint of wild pain. The brim of his hat flopped down over one ear.

"That's Shackner and Dawson's buggy, I see that," muttered he, striding to the front gate. "Come in, Mr. Jordan; if you can eat mortgaged victuals you're welcome to 'em."

Jordan tied his horse and stepped on to the lawn.

"Mr. Briner, I'm sorry if you've been having any trouble," he said.

"Trouble! Huh. It's the man that lent me the money that's been havin' the trouble," mused James, standing there, a horny specimen, gazing with grief, wherein his humor was barely evident, over his fields. "Mine comes next."

They went in.

"You had to come into the country to get something to eat, I know," said Mrs. Briner. "Town folks starve, poor things. I've seen a whole family eat breakfast, and it wasn't a thing but half a little pasteboard package of meal, labelled fancy. And they're all dyspeptics at that. Walk to the dining-room Mr. Jordan, I was just putting it on."

As he and Maude entered last, he stole the pressure of her hand behind her back.

The dining-room door was open to a rear porch. The well looked very cool outside. Away over the stretch of fields the sunny air held a bluish-white haze. All during the meal Tom was aglow, seeing nothing but high-

"'I'm afraid you'd better let me hold your hand along here'"

strung Maude, who sat opposite him. And she, conscious, pressed down the red bow under her chin.

"Mr. Jordan, I have to coax this girl to eat," said Mrs. Briner, pointing at Maude. Mrs. Briner was tall, her face was long and old, and because she was bent a little her chin was thrust pleasantly forward, to counterbalance the angle of her body. She had shy brown eyes. "Maude never eats."

"She blooms on it," blurted Briner.

Tom sought vaguely for some acceptable speech to bestow on the grum farmer.

"About the wheat," ventured he. "I've wondered why the farmers all raise wheat, anyhow. That's why the price goes down. I've wondered now if you couldn't raise something new. I've heard of a jasmine farm in Texas."

"Aw!" cried Briner, gazing at the well. He was quite disgusted, but forgot about it at once, and sat, a hewn monument with a cast of tragedy over its features.

"They have big flower dealers in Indian-

apolis. Why don't you turn your farm into—well, say——"

Maude's eyes looked scared.

"A violet farm, for instance," said Tom.

"What!" burst out Briner, and got suddenly up, the sum of his troubles overpowering him. "Never mind—never mind—young folks have got to talk," and he stalked away.

"Oh, Tom; you said the wrong thing," cried Maude.

III

THE sorrows of James Briner were coming to a crisis, and of that crisis the barn was the fitting scene. At four o'clock he entered the red edifice. There were bins of good wheat, waiting. He looked at them sorrowfully. He went to other bins, and gazed at them also, and took up some grain in his hand.

"Smutty," muttered he. "Three fourths of the crop. James Briner, the devil's tempting you."

He took a letter out of his pocket and read it over. It meant only one thing, pay—pay, the creditors can wait no more. He read his doom in that epistle, and, chewing it up, he thought of Maude.

"Lord!" cried he, as though his thoughts were half a prayer, "I've slaved too many years for this. It's a great fall, old Briner. And they've called you the richest farmer in Gibson County for years. If I put in the smutty wheat just once, enough to tide over, maybe I could make it up some time again, and the price'll go up next year—sure, the price'll go up next year."

"'Smutty,' muttered he, 'three fourths of the crop'"

He heard the gentle ripple of Maude's laughter by the well, and looking out saw her seated there, the breeze blowing the red bow, her love looking from her eyes on Jordan.

"You've been a just man all your life," the farmer said. "You can afford to sin once—to give it to her. A layer of good on top, and the bad underneath. They don't have to examine your wheat any more. Why, they've known my honesty, O Lord, these thirty years—these thirty years."

He in the shadow could see the little sunlit scene at the well, without being observed.

"Will he lose everything, Maude?" asked Jordan.

"I'm afraid"—her eyes were wet—"I'm afraid so, Tom."

Briner's heart smote him. The world had made him, without, a rock. The tears of Maude, sitting by the well with her lover, broke him. He rested his head against the boards of the bin of smutty wheat.

"The devil's won for once," groaned he.

When, in the evening, Tom would have sought him out, wishing to tell him of his love for his daughter, Briner was not to be found.

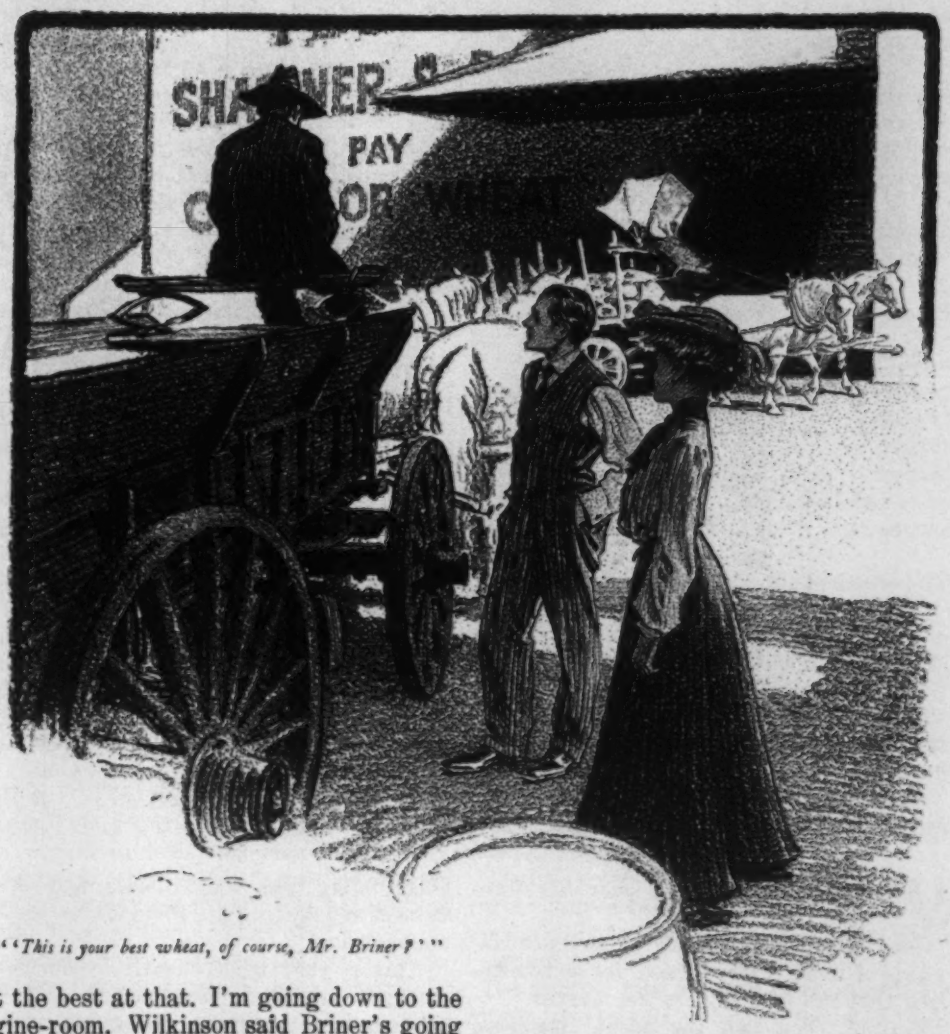
IV

"I'M going up to the depot," whined Shackner. "Here Jim came down and said there weren't any cars for us. Oh, my—what kind of a railroad, anyhow? How do they expect us to ship flour—in the engine, maybe?"

"No freight cars? No freight cars?" cried Dawson. "Why, Tommie, you told them we had that Nashville order ready to fill. Why, Tommie—O, say, Mr. Shackner, now I thought I'd make an offer of two-forty for that—Oh, Jim! Jim! come in here. Never mind—go ahead! I said go ahead! Now, I thought two-forty for that low grade——"

"Go on, go on," mumbled Shackner as he moved away on the cinder path. "Give it away for nothing if you want to—I'm semi-retired." And Shackner's childlike and plaintive eye looked round over his shoulder, the shrewd one remaining invisible.

"Tommie," ran on Dawson, "now make out that invoice, Tommie. Wheat's gone down a cent; offer fifty-seven, and don't buy anything



"'This is your best wheat, of course, Mr. Briner?'"

but the best at that. I'm going down to the engine-room. Wilkinson said Briner's going to haul to-day. Ah, Tommie—ha! ha!—where did you drive to Sunday? Try to get it over and your wits back before the busy season." He poked Tom in the ribs and went out.

The low rumbling of the mill was the undercurrent to another day; a breeze swept through the wooden box and blew Tom's hair on his temples. He was lost in successive reveries, from which he woke himself every little while with a start.

A buggy came round the corner of the cooper-shop at a brisk rate, drawn by a trim little black horse which trotted to the office. Out came a blue hat and a pair of dancing eyes, and a girl jumping to the ground.

"Isn't father here yet?" cried Maude, daintily confused. "I was just going to town. Good-by. I wanted to see him."

"Don't get in!" implored he.

She paused, with her hand on the dashboard, and turned to smile a little, lingering.

"Why?" faltered she.

"Is that all you came for?"

"I—I thought he would be cold. I brought his muffler," she said, blushing, holding the white thing up.

"It's hot as can be," ejaculated he. "But—oh, of course, it'll probably get cold. You'd better come in and wait for him."

"To—to give it to him?"

"Yes."

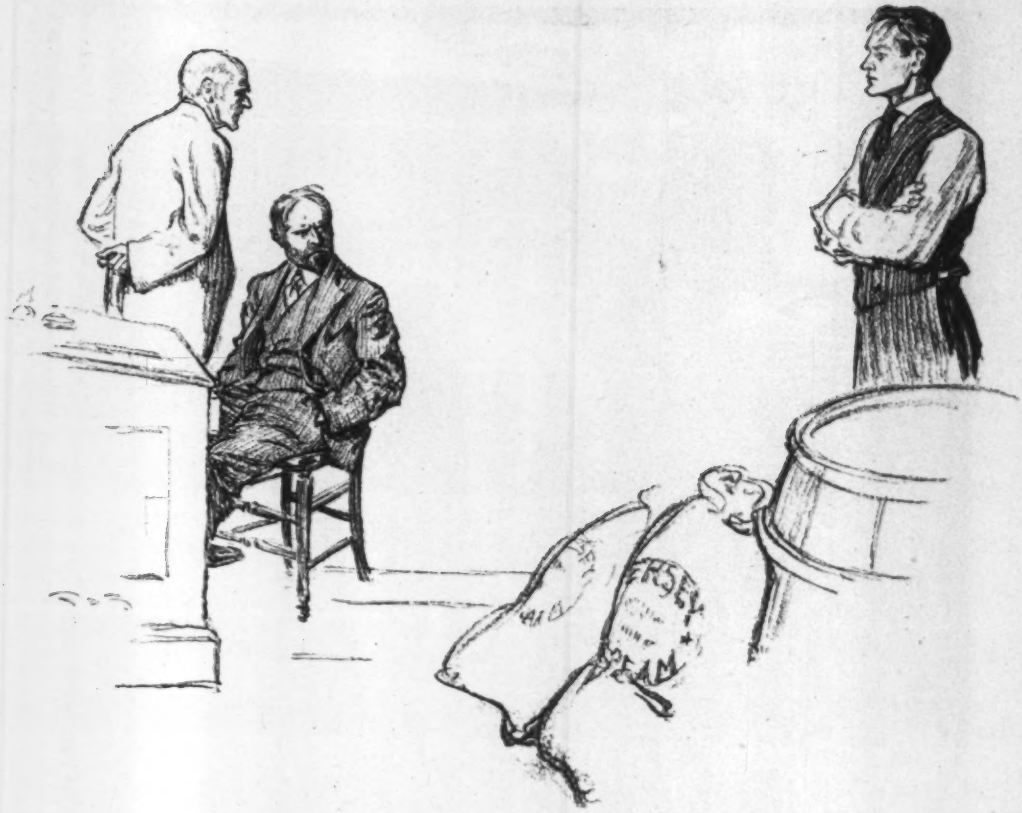
"But—you said it was hot."

"I've been cold ever since Sunday."

She cast mischievous eyes at him.

"Since the violets?" sang she.

The familiar sound of the grating brake pierced the air, followed by the rasping, angry torture of other brakes, and up the road came four heavily laden wagons, creaking; powerful draft horses straining, heads down. On the seat of the first wagon sat Briner, his red hands gripping the lines, his face set,



"'The one time a good man falls down is the one time to be charitable'"

his hat brim flopping down over his forehead.

"Good morning, Mr. Briner," said Jordan, a shade of anxiety on his face, for he remembered that fall of a cent in the market.

"Mornin'. You like the millin' business, Maude?" grimly.

She marked a little in the dust with her toe.

"We're glad to get your wheat to-day," said Tom, still anxiously. "We need it."

"I've waited my head off for the price to rise. What you gimme to-day?"

"I'm sorry. The market's very bad, Mr. Briner." Tom was rather pale just now. "We can't give you but fifty-seven to-day."

"Git up!" The words were grated in Briner's throat, and a savage desperation was in the quick sweep of his whip. The horses' feet pounded the scale platform. Maude came in to see Tom weigh the wheat.

The four loads were weighed. As the mill wagon was being heaped with sacks of "Jersey Cream" at the sink, Briner must wait. His teams stood in a row, while he stared at the horses' hips. His hands gripped the lines so hard that they ached. The wheat was in bulk, filling the wagon-beds, and spread smooth and shining to the gaze of the September sun.

"This is your best wheat, of course, Mr. Briner?" Jordan climbed to a hub and twirled his fingers in the grain. Briner said:

"Yes. Forty loads."

Maude thought her father's face looked haggard. She sighed, and stood in the sun. Tom glanced but casually at the wheat. Briner was known to be as honest as the very United Presbyterian Church, whereof he was a pillar.

At length the mill wagon drove off, its Clydesdales stamping the earth.

"Git up," said Briner.

One quick fall of the wheels would do it. Wheat always ran out swiftly—and the bottom should run evenly with the top. What was the dread law of nature, which unschooled Briner knew not, about the running of wheat out of a wagon? Would some inexorable principle of friction cause the surface to break, and let the guilty shadow be seen? Briner looked strangely on his daughter and Tom. What brought those young things here, in the very middle of his sin?

Maude, with a wistful yet a happy face,

stood there to see the wheat run out—for no reason at all.

The wagon's end-gate was removed, the wooden lever was shifted, the timbers under the rear wheels teetered violently down, with a crash the wagon slumped, and the river of wheat flowed into the depths. Briner now stood at his horse's side, and Tom perceived that this rugged farmer had a singular stare in his eyes. Jordan glanced at Maude; she was infinitely beautiful, thought he. He turned his eyes to the vanishing wheat. There was a queer shadow in it.

"Why, Mr. Briner!" cried he—then stopped.

The blood leaped to his face, and departed entirely. He stooped and caught up a handful of grain as the last disappeared. His trained eye knew too well the matter. He stood a moment, silent, looking at it.

"A little smut has got into this, Mr. Briner," he said.

Maude was coming to see, half interested, not imagining danger. In Briner's eyes was the truth, unrouted—for they had been honest eyes for sixty years. But his face was a blank. The woman's instinct all at once read the whole thing aright, and Maude, full of shame and stronger pity, turned a sudden pale countenance to her father.

"Git up!" This time the words were ground between Briner's teeth.

The wagon rattled with slow movement. Maude stood forlorn, alone in the dust, suffering. The moment was a crisis for Jordan. This was the hardest thing he had ever had to do. He wanted this girl—he wanted her now! He might let the smut go. After all, maybe it was only in the one wagon. Briner—Briner of all men on earth! Yet Briner was tempted. To do nothing would be to be faithless to a trust Forty loads of that wheat would color the flour, perhaps lose thousands of dollars, and a reputation more valuable still, for his employers. One of those seconds of battle which wrench a man left him with a heart full of misery and a blind determination to do right. The wagons must wait. He walked to the office. The day had darkened, but Jordan had won.

Maude sat in the door of the mill, full of fear, while Briner walked yonder. Jordan came out of the office with a little pointed tin tester. He climbed to the hub of the second wagon, thrust that cone to the bottom of the wheat, and drew out a sample. It was smutty. So—it seemed to be Tom who was to be punished. With her eyes on him, he must walk to the third wagon, climb up, and find smut there. Then he must get down, seeing her pallid face, and go to the fourth, and climb up, and find yet smut—smut that colored life itself.

Round the corner of the cooper-shop came feeble Shackner, disgruntled about the freight cars. Up from the engine-room Dawson was trotting with a smile on his face. Briner was standing stock-still in the sun.

"Why, Tommie, why, Tommie, what's the matter, Tommie? Good morning, Jamie—brought in your——"

"It's full of smut," said Jordan, casting the sample into Dawson's hand.

"Smut? What's this? Hm. Why, Jamie—Why, there's some mistake here; this is a little—this isn't just— Oh, Mr. Shackner!"

Shackner put on spectacles; his trousers were all dusty and his old knees were bent.

"Oh, my—oh, my," complained he.

"Is it all like this, Tommie?" Dawson was excited.

Tom was in the office now, and cried out with a somewhat anguish-laden cry:

"All!"

Briner now strode up, a fierce look on his face.

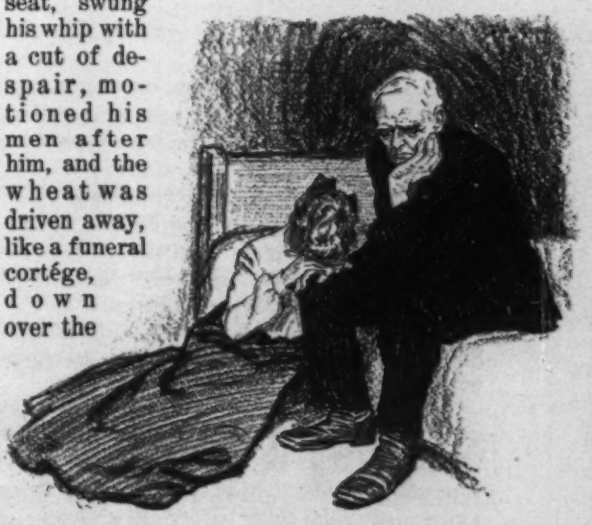
"I tell you it's good!" swore he terribly.

"Dear me—we'll have to see," and Shackner, grunting, drew himself to a hub and pulled out a sample.

"It's smut," he complained. "Oh, James, what did you do it for?"

"Some error—it's *all* right—it'll be all right!" cried Dawson, agitated, patting Briner on the moveless shoulder. "Why, Jamie—where did you—how did it come?"

The farmer, like some gray crag, gazed at his wagons of ruin. Then he mounted to his seat, swung his whip with a cut of despair, motioned his men after him, and the wheat was driven away, like a funeral cortége, down over the



"'You're a-huggin' the devil'"

dusty road, round the corner of the cooper-shop, wheels grating, horses straining with heads down, old James Briner's back disappearing as he sat and gripped his lines and felt the brim of his hat flop on his weather-beaten brow.

Shackner and Dawson stood gazing after. Maude got up from the door-sill of the mill, and stumbled to the buggy. She climbed in, and the white muffler fell and lay in the dirt. Tom, looking out of the office door, saw her drive down the road, letting the little black horse have his way, for Maude was weeping.

"'I'm fond of Tom'"

"The old scoundrel, the old rip!" cried Dawson.

"Mr. Dawson," said Jordan, coming in from the rear office, where he had been sitting with his fingers in his hair, "I have something to say about this."

Shackner's dissimilar eyes swung round slowly to Tom, with a vague hope in them.

"I'm going to try to prove to you," said Tom, with firmness, "that this is a case in which there is reason to excuse."

"I don't see how we could," murmured Shackner, seeming, nevertheless, to grasp with the invalid's eagerness at that idea.

"It happens," cried Tom, flushing a little and standing before the two, "that I've seen the cause of this. Mr. Shackner, you've known that man for thirty years, and you never knew him to do a wrong thing before. Every summer, year after year, you've paid him a big check for the best crop in the county. You've lent him money in advance, and without interest. And there was a time, too, when you weren't so well known here yourself but that Briner's word at the bank gave you a lift."

"True," quavered Shackner. "James was sitting here when I got the telegram about the elevator burning down in Petersburg."

"You know how long he's worked, for you've worked with him. He never bought a piece of ground or built a barn without telling you his plans first. You know what the slow accumulation of his property has meant to him, and how it is that his farm and the prosperity of his wife and daughter have been his life. Well—now he's in debt."

"They're always in debt, I tell you," cried Dawson. "Who ever heard of a farmer that wasn't in debt?"

"I have," said Tom. "There's been many a year when Briner wasn't. Think what it meant to him to lose everything—forty years' work wiped out. Maybe I don't know much about business, Mr. Dawson, but I do know this, that the one time a good man falls down is the one time to be charitable. Now, I don't say that Briner is going to be trusted as he was before. You can watch his wheat. It's easy enough to keep smut out of the mill, if that's all you want. What I do say is that you men ought to drive out to James Briner's farm and clear this matter up. And if he did this thing because he's been tempted past his powers, you ought to stand by him."

"We can't," said Dawson. "The only ground you could possibly do such a fool thing on is that it might be business—conciliation."

"I'll declare," said Shackner, mooning about unhappily, "you're right—I was going to anyhow."

"To what?" sharply rasped Dawson.

"Oh—just drive out," whined the other. "James, James, I'd be willing to advance you a little, but——"

"But!" exploded Dawson, under his breath. "Oh, I'd begrudge him every cent of it, Mr. Dawson, dear me."

V

"I DON'T know what the business is coming to," said Shackner, in plaintive distress, "if all our old standbys go like that. Oh, my, James, you've made me sick."

VI

THE women, because they can see why a man falls, forgive him. The world seldom sees why. There were three loaded wagons standing horseless at Briner's barn; the fourth had been left at the gate. There were two days which seemed like Sundays. Nobody worked much, and James stalked twice into the sun, gazed bareheaded out over the scene, turned again and sat down in the bedroom. He sat

for hours in there, with the blinds drawn. Mrs. Briner wept, and brought him things to eat. Maude came and hugged him, and kissed his big hand.

"You're a-huggin' the devil," was his remark, as he lapsed into infinite gloom.

On Thursday morning, along the road drove Shackner and Tom in a buggy. Having hitched the horse in front of the house, and come through the gate, they were admitted to the parlor, whose shutters Mrs. Briner threw open in haste, for the room had been dark for a month. She, face thrust forward in a white mockery of its customary pleasantness, and her body more bent, grasped the hand of each, and said in agitation:

"He isn't like himself; oh, Mr. Shackner, don't forget that he's getting old."

Shackner and Tom stood up, and Maude came in and sat on a sofa. Now Briner loomed in the door, entered, and stood by a what-not with his wife.

"Oh, James, you've made me sick," said Shackner, his wide eye shining on the farmer. "What did you do it for? Is it a debt? I'd begrudge every cent; but, say now, this won't do—tut, tut. How much is it? Or was it just a mistake?"

"No," said James, "it wasn't a mistake. I took that smut and I put it in them wagons, and I took good wheat and I smeared it on top. If there's any mistake, the devil made it. Now, you men have been my friends, and I take it kindly that you've come out here. But you'd better go away. For I say plainly, Mr. Shackner, I was tryin' to stick you." He walked to the window. "Look at them fields, look at that corn, look at these barns. Mr. Shackner, you know what I've done to get 'em. Well, they're in soak, and they can stay there to kingdom come." A haggard look came over his face. "I'm busted."

Mrs. Briner wept aloud. Maude was resting her head against the back of the sofa.

"Why, James, I can't see you busted," complained Shackner. "I could lend you some. You don't deserve it; I'd begrudge every cent of it—dear me. Wilkinson told me how much you lacked. That's an awful sum. I've made you a check. I hated to do it, my—but it's on the corn, mind you, and next year's crop, don't you forget it; you're not going to get out of that. But I can't see your farm go; we mightn't get the wheat off of it—from Wilkinson. Here, take it—I'm just doing it because Jordan there made me. Jordan explained the thing. It's the way Jordan saw it. You can blame Tom for it. He mouthed around so. I begrudge you every cent of it."

"Take it away," groaned Briner.

"Now look here," quavered Shackner's voice, "that time you fixed things at the bank for me—you recollect?"

"Aw—" cried Briner, gazing out of the window.

"You just did it as a pure matter of business—to keep in touch with a good buying firm. Now don't deny it. Didn't you now?"

"Of course," said James. "I didn't have no more use for you."

"Well, that's what I'm doing. Now take it, James. Now, see here, James."

Maude arose, walked to Shackner, and said: "If you really mean it, Mr. Shackner, and will take my word that father will pay it back, *I'll* take it."

"Your word's better'n his," said Shackner, staring at Briner.

She took it and laid it on the what-not.

"Now don't come round me about this any more," said Shackner, walking out with a highly disgruntled air. "I've got nothing to do with the business—I'm semi-retired."

Briner at length sat down stiffly on a chair, and his wife came and clung to him.

"Look here, young man," said he after a long time to Tom, at whom he had been staring. "Ain't you the feller that made some crack about jasmines?"

Tom's eyes turned to Maude.

"Something about a violet farm," continued Briner.

"That was a joke, father."

"Wuz it? What have you got to do with it? Say, are you still so fond of the millin' business?"

"I'm fond of Tom," she said, with her head down. "I told you last night."

"Tawm, Tawm," mused Briner. "Young feller, do you want that girl?"

Tom's answer was not uncertain.

"Well"—he meditated a long time—"why don't you git hold of her?"

DARBY O'GILL and the LEPRECHAUN

BY

HERMINIE TEMPLETON

Illustrated by Garth Jones

THE news that Darby O'Gill had spint six months with the Good People spread fast and far and wide.

At fair or hurlin' or market he would be backed be a crowd agin some convaynient wall, and there for hours men, women, and childher, with jaws dhroppin', and eyes bulgin'd stand ferninst him listening to half frightened questions or to bould mystarious answers.

Alway, though, one bit of wise adwise inded his discoorse: "Nayther make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies," Darby'd say. "If you're going along the lonely boreen at night, and you hear, from some fairy fort, a sound of fiddles, or of piping, or of sweet woices singing, or of little feet pattering in the dance, don't turn your head, but say your prayers an' hould on your way. The pleasures the Good People'll share with you have a sore sorrow hid in them, an' the gifts they'll offer are only made to break hearts with."

Things went this a-way till one day in the market, over among the cows, Maurteen Cavanaugh, the school masther—a cross-faced, argifying ould man he was—contradicted Darby pint blank. "Stay a bit," says Maurteen, catching Darby by the coat collar. "You forget about the little fairy cobbler, the Leprechaun," he says. "You can't deny that to catch the Leprechaun is great luck entirely. If one only fix the glance of his eye on the cobbler, that look makes the fairy a presner—one can do anything with him as long as a human look covers the little lad—and he'll give the favors of three wishes to buy his freedom," says Maurteen.

At that Darby, smiling high and knowledgeable, made answer over the heads of the crowd.

"God help your sinse, honest man!" he says. "Around the favors of thim same three wishes is a bog of thricks an' cajoleries and conditions that'll defayt the wisest.

"First of all, if the look be taken from the little cobbler for as much as the wink of an eye, he's gone forever," he says. "Man alive, even when he does grant the favors of the three wishes, you're not safe, for, if you tell any one you've seen the Leprechaun, the favors melt like snow, or if you make a fourth wish that day, whiff! they turn to smoke. Take my adwice, nayther make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies."

"Thrue for ye," spoke up long Pether McCarthy, siding in with Darby. "Didn't Barney McBride, on his way to early mass one May morning, catch the fairy cobbler sewing an' workin' away under a hedge. 'Have a pinch of snuff, Barney agrah,' says the Leprechaun, handing up the little snuff-box. But, mind ye, when my poor Barnev bint to take a thumb an' finger full what did the little villain do but fling the box, snuff and all, into Barney's face. An' thin, whilst the poor lad was winkin' and blinkin', the Leprechaun gave one leap and was lost in the reeds.

"Thin again, there was Peggy O'Rourke, who captured him fair an' square in a hawthorn bush. In spite of his wiles she wrung from him the favors of the three wishes. Knowing, of course, that if she towldt anyone of what happened to her the spell was broken, and the wishes wouldn't come thrue, she hurried home, aching and longing to in some way find from her husband, Andy, what wishes she'd make.

"Throwing open her door, she said, 'What would ye wish for most in the world, Andy dear. Tell me an' your wish'll come true,' says she. A peddler was crying his wares out in the lane. 'Lanterns, tin lanterns!' cried the peddler. 'I wish I had one of thim lanterns,' says Andy, careless and bendin' over to get a coal for his pipe, when, lo and behold, there was a lantern in his hand.

"Well, so vexed was Peggy that one of her fine wishes should be wasted on a palthry tin lantern that she lost all patience with him. 'Why, thin, bad scran to you,' says she, not mindin' her own words, 'I wish the lantern was fastened to the ind of your nose.'

"The word wasn't well out of her mouth till the lantern *was* hung swinging from the ind of Andy's nose in a way that the wit of man couldn't loosen. It took the third and last of Peggy's wishes to relayse Andy."

"Look at that now," cried a dozen voices from the admiring crowd. "Darby said so from the first."

Well, after a time people used to come from miles around to see Darby, and sit under the straw stack beside the stable to adwise with our hayro about their most important business—what was the best time for the settin' of hins and what was good to cure colic in childher, an' things like that.

Any man so parsecuted with admiration an' hayrofication might aisily feel his chest swell out a bit, so it's no wondher that Darby set himself up for a knowledgeable man.

He took to talking slow an' shuttin' one eye whin he listened, and he walked with a knowledgeable twist to his chowldhers. He grew monsthrously fond of fairs and public gatherings, where people made much of him; and he lost every ounce of liking he ever had for hard worruk.

Things wint on with him in this way from bad to worse, and where it would have inded no man knows, if one unlucky morning he hadn't rayfused to bring in a creel of turf his wife Bridget had axed him to fetch her. The unfortunit man said it was no work for the likes of him.

The last word was still on Darby's lips whin he rayalized his mistake an' he'd have give the worruld to have the sayin' back agin.

For a minute you could have heard a pin dhrop. Bridget, instead of being in a hurry to begin at him, was crool dayliberate. She planted herself at the door, her two fists on her hips an' her lips shut.

The look Julius Sayser'd trow at a sarvant girl he'd caught stealing sugar from the rile cupboard was the glance she waved up and down from Darby's toes to his head and from his head to his brogues agin.

Thin she began an' talked steady as a fall of hail that has now an' then a bit of lightning an' tunder mixed in it.

The knowledgeable man stood purtendin' to brush his hat and tryin' to look brave, but the heart inside of him was meltin' like butther.

Bridget began aisily be carelessly mentioning a few of Darby's best known wakenesses. Afther that she took up some of them not so well known, being ones Darby himself had sayrious doubts about having at all. But on these last she was more savare than on the first. Through it all he daren't say a word—he only smiled lofty and bitther.

'Twas but natural next for Bridget to explain what a poor crachure her husband was on the day she got him, an' what she might have been if she had married aither one of the six others who had axed her. The step for her was a little one thin to the shortcomings and misfortunes of his blood relaytions, which she follyed back to the blaggardisms of his fourth cousin, Phelim McFadden.

Even in his misery poor Darby couldn't but marvel at her wondherful memory.

By the time she began talking of her own family, and especially about her Aunt Honoria O'Shaughnessy, who had once shook hands with a bishop, and who in the rebellion of ninety-eight had trun a brick at a Lord Liftinant, whin he was riding by, Darby was as wilted and as forlorn as a roosther caught out in the winther rain.

He lost more pride in those few minutes than it had taken months to gather an' hoard. It kept falling in great drops from his forehead.

Just as Bridget was lading up to what Father Cassidy calls a pur-roar-ration—that being the part of your wife's discoorse whin, afther telling you all that she's done for you, and all she's stood from your relaytions, she breaks down and cries, and so smothers you entirely—just as she was coming to that, I say, Darby scrooged his caubeen down on his

head, stuck his fingers in his two ears, and making one grand rush through the door, bolted as fast as his legs could carry him down the road toward the Sleive-na-mon Mountains.

Bridget stood on the step looking after him too surprised for a word. With his fingers still in his ears, so that he couldn't hear her commands to turn back, he ran without stopping till he came to the willow tree near Micky Doolan's forge. There he slowed down to fill his lungs with the fresh, sweet air.

'Twas one of those warm-hearted, laughing autumn days which steals for a while the bonnet and shawl of the May. The sun from a sky of feathery whiteness laned over, telling jokes to the worruld an' the goold harvest-fields and purple hills, lazy and contínted, laughed back at the sun. Even the blackbird flying over the haw tree looked down an' sang to those below "God save all here," an' the linnet from her bough answered back quick an' sweet, "God save you kindly, sir."

With such pleasant sights and sounds an' twitterings at every side, our hayro didn't feel the time passing till he was on top of the first hill of the Sleive-na-mon Mountains,

"Alway . . . one bit of wise adwise inded his discoorse"

which, as every one knows, is called the Pig's Head.

It wasn't quite lonesome enough on the Pig's Head, so our hayro plunged into the valley an' climbed the second mountain—the Divil's Pillow—where 'twas lonesome and desarted enough to shuit any one.

Beneath the shade of a three, for the day was warm, he sat himself down in the long, sweet grass, lit his pipe, and let his mind go free. But, as he did, his thoughts rose together, like a flock of frightened, angry pheasants, an' whirred back to the owdacious things Bridget had said about his relations.

Wasn't she the mendageous, humbrageous woman, he thought, to say such things about as illigant stock as the O'Gills and the O'Gradys?

Why, Wullum O'Gill, Darby's uncle, at that minute was head butler at Castle Brophy, and was known far an' wide as being one of the foinest scholars an' as having the most beautiful pair of legs in all Ireland.

This same Wullum O'Gill had tould Bridget in Darby's own hearing, on a day when the three were going through the great picture gallery at Castle Brophy, that the O'Gills at one time had been kings in Ireland.

Darby never since could raymember whether this time was before the flood or after the flood. Bridget said it was durin' the flood, but surely that sayin' was nonsinse.

Howsumever, Darby knew his Uncle Wullum was right, for he often felt in himself the signs of greatness. And now, as he sat alone on the grass, he said out loud:

"If I had me rights I'd be doing nothingallday long butsittin' on a throne, an' playin' games of forty-five with me Lord Liftinant an' some of me generals. There never was a lord that liked good ateing or dhrinking betther nor I or who hates worse to get up airly in the morning. That last disloike, I'm tould, is a great sign entirely of gentle blood the worruld over," says he.

As for his *wife's* people, the O'Hagans and the O'Shaughnessys, well—they were no great shakes, he said to himself, at laste so far as looks were consarned. All the handsomeness in Darby's childher came from his own side of the family. Even Father Cassidy said the childher took afther the O'Gills.

"If I were rich," says Darby to a lazy ould bumble bee who was droning an' tumbling in front of him, "I'd have a castle like Castle

Brophy, with a great picture gallery in it. On one wall I'd put the pictures of the O'Gills and the O'Gradys, and on the wall ferninst thim I'd have the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys."

At that idea his heart bubbled in a new and fierce delight. "Bridget's people," he says again, scowling at the bee, "would look four times as common as they raylly are, whin they were compared in that way with myownrelations. An' whenever Bridget got rampageous, I'd take her in and show her the difference betwixt the two clans, just to punish her, so I would."

How long the lad sat that way warming the cowld thoughts of his heart with drowsy pleasant dhrames an' misty longings he don't rightly know, whin—tack, tack, tack, tack, came the busy sound of a little hammer from the other side of a fallen oak.

"Be jingo!" he says to himself with a start, "'tis the Leprechaun that's in it."

In a second he was on his hands an' knees, the tails of his coat flung across his back, an' he crawling softly toward the sound of the hammer. Quiet as a mouse he lifted himself up on the mossy log to look over, and there, before his two popping eyes, was a sight of wondheration.

"Then she began an' talked steady as a fall of hail"

Sitting on a white stone, an' working away like fury, hammering pegs into a little red shoe, half the size of your thumb, was a bald-headed ould cobbler of about twice the height of your hand. On the top of a round snub nose was perched a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, an' a narrow fringe of iron-grey whiskers grew under his stubby chin. The brown leather apron he wore was so long that it covered his green knee-breeches an' almost hid the knitted grey stockings.

The Leprechaun—for 'twas he indade—as he worked, mumbled an' mutthered in great discontent.

"Oh, haven't I the hard, hard luck!" he said. "I'll never have thim done in time for her to dance in to-night. So thin, I'll be kilt intirely," says he. "Was there ever another quane of the fairies as wearing on shoes an' brogues an' dancin' slippers? Haven't I the—" Looking up he saw Darby.

"The top of the day to you, dacint man," says the cobbler, jumpin' up. Giving a sharp cry, he pinted quick at Darby's stomach. "But, wirra, wirra, what's that woolly ugly thing you have crawlin' an' creepin' on your weskit?" he said, purtendin' to be all excited.

"Sorra thing on my weskit," answered Darby, cool as ice, "or anywhere else, that 'll make me take my two bright eyes off'n you—not for a second," says he.

"Well! Well! Will you look at that, now!" laughed the cobbler. "Mark how quick an' handy he took me up. Will you have a pinch of snuff, clever man?" he axed, houlding up the little box.

"Is it the same snuff you gave Barney McBride awhile ago?" axed Darby, sarcastic.

"Lave off your foolishness," says our hayro, growin' fierce, "and grant me at once the favors of the three wishes, or I'll have you smoking like a herring in my own chimney before nightfall," says he.

At that the Leprechaun, seeing he but wasted time on so knowledgeable a man as Darby O'Gill, surrendered and granted the favors of the three wishes.

"What is it you ask?" says the cobbler, himself turning on a sudden very sour an' sullen.

"First an' foremost," says Darby, "I want a home of my ansisthers, an' it must be a castle like Castle Brophy, with pictures of my kith an' kin on the wall, and then facing them pictures of my wife Bridget's kith an' kin on the other wall."

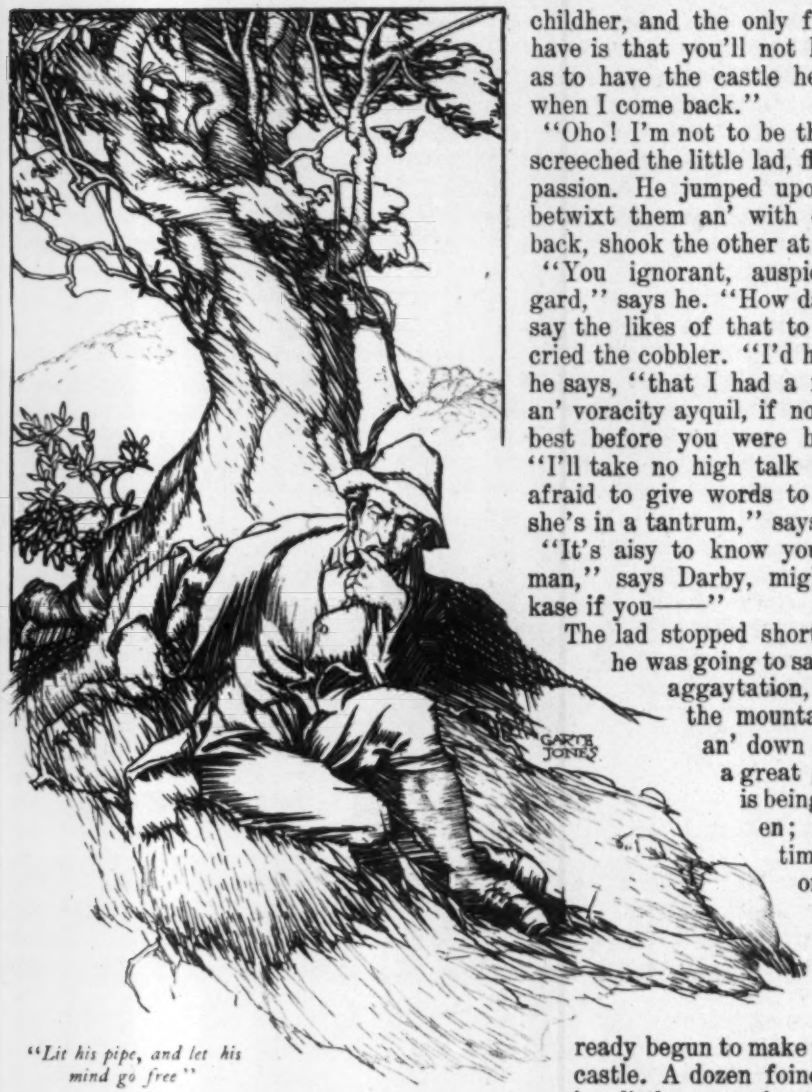
"That favor I give you; that wish I grant ye," says the fairy, making the shape of a castle on the ground with his awl.

"What next?" he grunted.

"I want goold enough for me an' my generations to enjoy in grandeur the place forever."

"Always the goold," sneered the little man, bending to dhraw with his awl on the turf the shape of a purse.

"Now for your third and last wish. Have a care!"



"Lit his pipe, and let his mind go free"

"I want the castle set on this hill—the Divil's Pillow—where we two stand," says Darby. Then sweeping with his arm, he says, "I want the land about to be my demesne."

The Leprechaun struck his awl on the ground. "That wish I give you; that wish I grant you," he says. With that he straightened himself up, and, grinning most aggravatin' the while, he looked Darby over from top to toe. "You're a foine knowledgeable man, but have a care of the fourth wish," says he.

Bekase there was more of a challenge than friendly warning in what the small lad said, Darby snapped his fingers at him an' cried:

"Have no fear, little man! If I got all Ireland ground for making a fourth wish, however small, before midnight, I'd not make it. I'm going home now to fetch Bridget an' the childher, and the only fear or unaisiness I have is that you'll not keep your word, so as to have the castle here ready before us when I come back."

"Oho! I'm not to be thrusted, amn't I?" screeched the little lad, flaring into a blazing passion. He jumped upon the log that was betwixt them an' with one fist behind his back, shook the other at Darby.

"You ignorant, auspicious-minded blaggard," says he. "How dare the likes of you say the likes of that to the likes of me?" cried the cobbler. "I'd have you to know," he says, "that I had a repitation for truth an' voracity ayquil, if not shuperior, to the best before you were born," he shouted. "I'll take no high talk from a man that's afraid to give words to his own wife whin she's in a tantrum," says the Leprechaun.

"It's aisy to know you're not a married man," says Darby, mighty scornful, "bekase if you——"

The lad stopped short, forgetting what he was going to say in his surprise an' aggaytation, for the far side of the mountain was waving up an' down before his eyes like a great green blanket that is being shook by two women; while at the same time high spots of turf on the hillside toppled sidewise to level themselves up with the low places. The enchantment had already begun to make things ready for the castle. A dozen foine threes that stood in a little groove bent their heads quickly together, and thin by some inwisible hand they were plucked up by the roots an' dhropped aside, much the same as a man might grasp a handful of weeds an' fling them from his garden.

The ground undher the knowledgeable man's feet began to rumble an' heave. He waited for no more. With a cry that was half of gladness an' half of fear, he turned on his heel an' started on a run down into the walley, leaving the little cobbler standing on the log, shouting abuse after him an' ballyraggin' him as he ran.

So excited was Darby that, going up the Pig's Head, he was nearly run over by a crowd of great brown building stones which were moving down slow an' ordherly like a flock of driven sheep; but they moved without so much as bruising a blade of grass or bendin' a twig, as they came.

Only once, and that at the top of the Pig's Head, he trew a look back.

The Divil's Pillow was in a great commotion; a whirlwind was sweeping over it, whether of dust or of mist he couldn't tell.

After this, Darby never looked back agin, or to the right or the left of him, but kept straight on till he found himself, panting and puffing, at his own kitchen door. 'Twas tin minutes before he could spake, but at last, whin he tould Bridget to make ready herself and the childher to go up to the Divil's Pillow with him, for once in her life that raymarkable woman, without axing, How comes it so? What rayson have you? or Why should I do it? set to work washing the childher's faces.

Maybe she dabbed a little more soap in their eyes than was needful, for 'twas a habit she had; though this time, if she did, not a whimper broke from the little hayros. For the matther of that, not one word, good, bad, or indifferent, did herself spake till the whole family were trudging down the lane two by two, marching like sojers.

As they came near the first hill, along its sides, the evening twilight turned from purple to brown, and at the top of the Pig's Head the darkness of a black night swooped suddenly down on them. Darby hurried on a step or two ahead, an' resting his hand upon the large rock that crowns the hill, looked anxiously over to the Divil's Pillow. Although he was ready for something foine, yet the greatness of the foineness that met his gaze knocked the breath out of him.

Across the deep walley, and on top of the second mountain, he saw lined against the evening sky the roof of an imminse castle, with towers an' parrypets an' battlements. Undher the towers a thousand sullen windows glowed red in the black walls. Castle Brophy couldn't hould a candle to it.

"Behold!" says Darby, flinging out his arms and turning to his wife, who had just come up, "Behold the castle of my ansisthers, who were my forefathers!"

"How," says Bridget, quick and scornful, "How could your aunt's sisters be your four fathers?"

What Darby was going to say to her he don't just raymember, for at that instant, from the right hand side of the mountain, came a cracking of whips, a rattling of wheels, an' the rush of horses, and, lo and behold! a great dark coach with flashing lamps, and drawn by four coal-black horses, dashed up the hill and stopped beside them. Two shadowy men were on the driver's box.

"Is this Lord Darby O'Gill?" axed one of them in a deep, muffled voice. Before Darby could reply, Bridget took the words out of his mouth.

"It is," she cried, in a kind of a half cheer, "an' Lady O'Gill an' the childher."

"Then hurry up," says the coachman, "your supper's gettin' cowld."

Without waiting for any one, Bridget flung open the carriage door, an' pushin' Darby aside, jumped in among the cushins. Darby, his heart sizzlin' with vexation at her audaciousness, lifted in one after another the childher, and then got in himself.

He couldn't understand at all the change in

"There, before his two popping eyes, was a sight of wondheration"

his wife, for she had always been the odherliest, modestist woman in the parish.

Well, he'd no sooner shut the door than crack went the whip, the horses gave a spring, the carriage jumped, and down the hill they went. For fastness there was never another carriage ride like that before nor since. Darby hildt tight with both hands to the window, his face pressed against the glass. He couldn't tell whether the horses were only flying, or whether the coach was falling down the hill into the walley. By the hollow feel in his stomach he thought they were falling. He was striving to think of some prayers when there came a terrible joult, which sint his two heels against the roof, an' his head betwixt the cushins. As he righted himself the wheels began to grate on a graveled road, an' plainly they were dashing up the side of the second mountain.

Even so, they couldn't have gone far whin the carriage dhrew up in a flurry an' he saw through the gloom a high iron gate being slowly opened.

"Pass on," said a woice from somewhere in the shadows, "their supper's getting cowld."

As they flew undher the great archway Darby had a glimpse of the thing which had opened the gate, and had said their supper was getting cowld. It was standing on its hind legs; in the darkness he couldn't be quite sure as to its shape, but it was ayther a bear or a loin.

His mind was in a pondher about this when, with a swirl an' a bump, the carriage stopped another time; an' now it stood before a broad flight of stone steps which led up to the main door of the castle. Darby, half afraid, peering out through the darkness, saw a square of light high above him which came from the open hall door. Three sarvents in livery stood waiting on the thrashol.

"Make haste, make haste," says one in a doleful voice, "their supper's gettin' cowld."

Hearing these words, Bridget imagetly bounced out an' was half way up the steps before Darby could ketch her an' hould her till the childher came on.

"I never in all my life saw her so audacious," he says, half cryin' and linkin' her arm to keep her back; an' thin, with the childher follying, two by two, according to size, the whole family payraded up the steps till Darby, with a gasp of deloight, stopped on the thrashol of a splendid hall. From a high ceiling hung great flags from every nation an' domination, which swung an' swayed in the dazzlin' light.

Two lines of men and maid servants, dhressed in silks an' satins an' brocades, stood facing aich other, bowing an' smiling an' wavin' their hands in welcome. The two lines stretched down to the goold stairway at the far ind of the hall.

For half of one minute, Darby, every eye in his head as big as a tay cup, stood hesitaytin'. Thin he said, "Why should it flutther me? Arrah, ain't it all mine? Aren't all these people in me pay? I'll engage it's a pritty penny all this grandeur is costing me to keep up this minute." He trew out his chest. "Come on Bridget!" he says, "let's go into the home of my ansisthers."

Howandever, scarcely had he stepped into the beautiful place, whin two pipers with their pipes, two fiddlers with their fiddles, two flute players with their flutes, an' they dhressed in scarlet an' goold, stepped out in front of him, and thus to maylodious music the family proudly marched down the hall, climbed up the goolden stairway at its ind, an' thin turned to enter the biggest room Darby had ever seen.

Something in his sowl whuspered that this was the picture gallery.

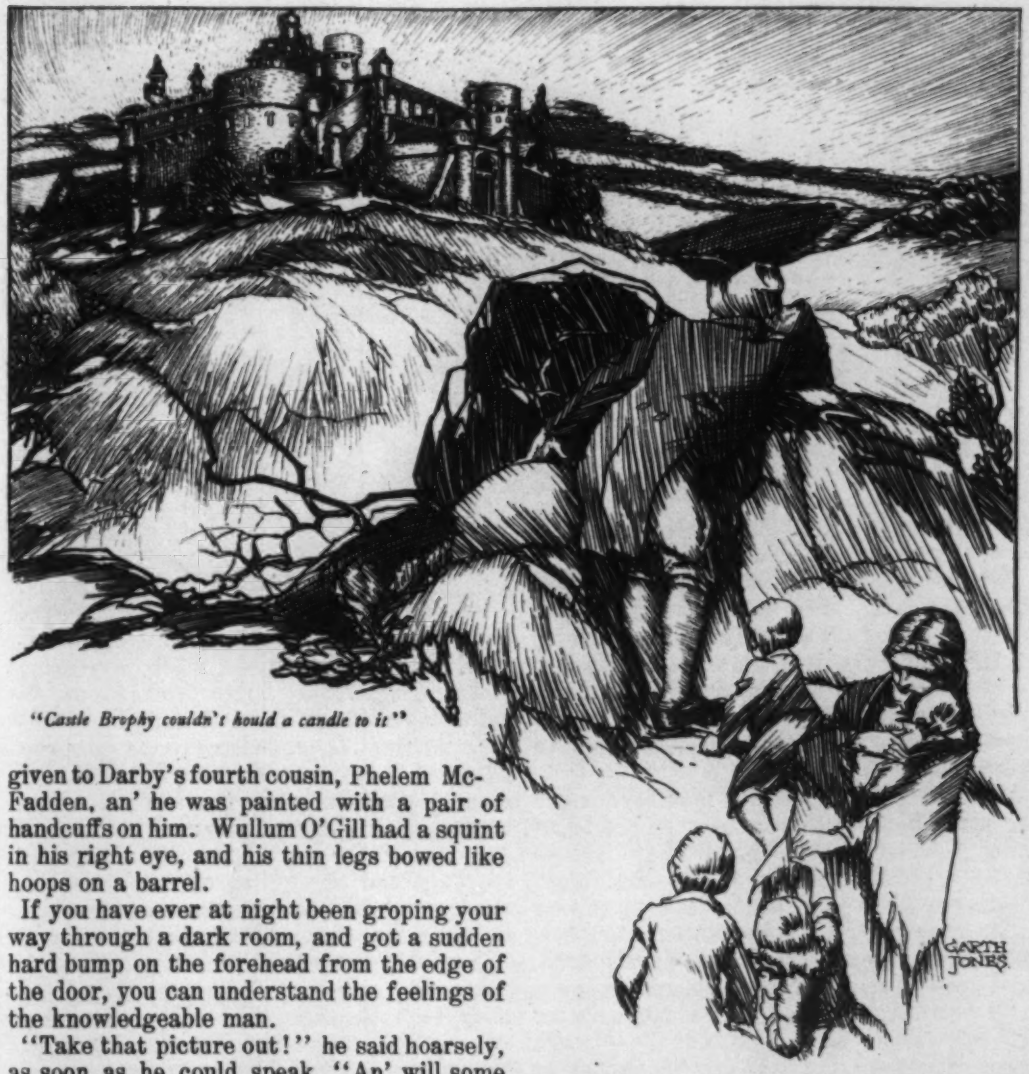
"Be the powers of Pewther," says the knowledgeable man to himself, "I wouldn't be in Bridget's place this minute for a hatful of money. Wait, oh just wait, till she has to compare her own relations with my own foine people! I know how she'll feel, but I wondher what she'll say," he says.

The thought that all the unjust things, all the unraysonable things Bridget had said about his kith an' kin were just going to be disproved and turned against herself made him proud an' almost happy.

But wirrasthrue! He should have raymembered his own adwise not to make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies, for here he was to get the first hard welt from the little Leprechaun.

It was the picture gallery sure enough, but how terribly different everything was from what the poor lad expected. There on the left wall, grand an' noble, shone the pictures of Bridget's people. Of all the well-dhressed, handsome, proud-appearing persons in the whole worruld the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys would compare with the best. This was a hard enough crack, though a crushinger knock was to come. Ferninst them, on the right wall, glowered the O'Gills and the O'Gradys, and of all the ragged, sheepstealing, hangdog looking villains one ever saw, in jail or out of jail, it was Darby's kindred.

The place of honor on the right wall was



"Castle Brophy couldn't hould a candle to it"

given to Darby's fourth cousin, Phelem McFadden, an' he was painted with a pair of handcuffs on him. Wullum O'Gill had a squint in his right eye, and his thin legs bowed like hoops on a barrel.

If you have ever at night been groping your way through a dark room, and got a sudden hard bump on the forehead from the edge of the door, you can understand the feelings of the knowledgeable man.

"Take that picture out!" he said hoarsely, as soon as he could speak. "An' will some one kindly inthrojuice me to the man who med it. Bekase," he says, "I intend to take his life. There was never a crass-eyed O'Gill since the world began," says he.

Think of his horror an' surprise whin he saw the left eye of Wullum Gill twist itself slowly over toward his nose and squint worse than the right eye.

Purtending not to see this, an' hoping no one else did, Darby fiercely led the way over to the other wall.

Fronting him stood the handsome picture of Honoria O'Shaughnessy, an' she dhressed in a shuit of tin clothes, like the knights of ould used to wear—armor I think they calls it.

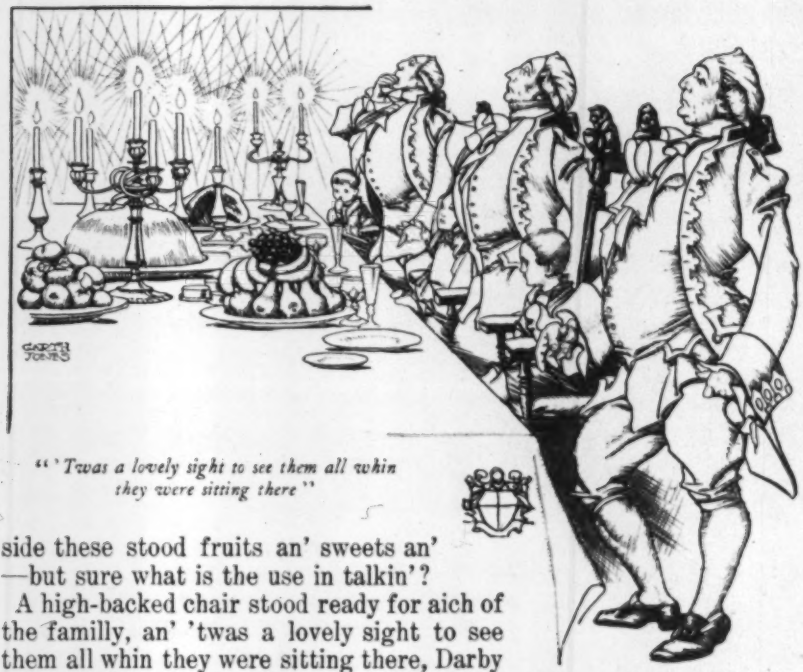
She hildt a spear in her hand, with a little flag on the blade, an' her smile was proud and high.

"Take that likeness out too," says Darby, very spiteful. "That's not a dacint shuit of clothes for any woman to wear."

The next minute you might have knocked him down with a feather, for the picture of Honoria O'Shaughnessy opened its mouth and stuck out its tongue at him.

"The supper's getting cowld, the supper's getting cowld," some one cried at the other ind of the picture gallery. Two big doors were swung open, an' glad enough was our poor hayro to folly the musicianers down to the room where the ateing an' drinking were to be thransacted.

This was a little room with lots of looking glasses, and it was bright with a thousand candles, and white with the shiningest marble. On the table was biled beef an' reddishes an' carrots an' roast mutton an' all kinds of important ateing an' drinking. Be-



"'Twas a lovely sight to see them all whin they were sitting there"

side these stood fruits an' sweets an' —but sure what is the use in talkin'?

A high-backed chair stood ready for aich of the familly, an' 'twas a lovely sight to see them all whin they were sitting there, Darby at the head, Bridget at the foot, the childher —the poor little paythriarchs—sitting bolt upright on aich side, with a bewigged and befrilled serving man standing haughty behind every chair.

The ateing and dhrinkin' would have begun at once—in troth there was already a bit of biled beef on Darby's plate—only that he spied a little silver bell beside him. Sure, 'twas one like those the quality keep to ring whin they want more hot wather for their punch, but it puzzled the knowledgeable man, and 'twas the beginning of his misfortune.

"I wondher," he thought, "if 'tis here for the same raison as the bell is at the Curragh races—do they ring this one so that all at the table will start ateing an' drinking fair, an' no one will have the advantage; or is it," he says to himself agin, "to ring whin the head of the house thinks every one has had enough? Haven't the quality quare ways! I'll be a long time learning them," he says.

He sat silent and puzzling an' staring at the biled beef on his plate, afeared to start in without ringing the bell, an' dhreading to risk ringing it. The grand servants towered cowldly on every side, their chins tilted, but they kep' throwing over their chowlders glances so scornful and haughty that Darby shivered at the thought of showing any uncultivaytion.

While our hayro sat thus in unaisy contimplaytion an' smouldhering mortification an' flurried hesitaytion, a powdhered head was poked over his chowlder, and a soft beguiling woice said, "Is there anything else you'd wish for?"

The foolish lad twisted in his chair, opened his mouth to spake, and gave a look at the bell; shame rushed to his cheeks, he picked up a bit of the biled beef on his fork, an' to consale his turpitaytion gave the misfortunit answer,

"I'd wish for a pinch of salt, if you plaze," says he.

'Twas no sooner said than came the crash. Oh, tunderation an' murdheration, what a roaring crash it was! The lights winked out together at a breath, an' left a pitchy, throbbing darkness. Overhead and to the sides was a roaring, smashing, crunching noise, like the ocean's madness when the winthry storm breaks agin the Kerry shore; an' in that roar was mingled the tearing and the splitting of the walls and the falling of the chimneys. But through all this confusion could be heard the shrill laughing voice of the Leprechaun. "The clever man med his fourth grand wish," it howled.

Darby—a thousand wild woices screaming an' mocking above him—was on his back, kicking and squirming and striving to get up, but some load hilt him down an' something bound his eyes shut.

"Are you kilt, Bridget asthore?" he cried.

"Where are the childher?" he says.

Instead of answer, there suddenly flashed a fierce an' angry silence, an' its quickness frightened the lad more than all the wild confusion before.

'Twas a full minute before he dared to open his eyes to face the horrors which he felt were standing about him; but when courage enough to look came, all he saw was the night-covered mountain, a purple sky, and a thin new moon, with one trembling goold star a hand's space above its bosom.

Darby struggled to his feet. Not a stone of the castle was left, not a sod of turf but what was in its ould place; every sign of the little cobbler's work had melted like April snow.

The very threes Darby had seen pulled up by the roots that same afternoon now stood a waving blur below the new moon, an' a nightingale was singing in their branches. A cricket chirped lonesomely on the same fallen log which had hidden the Leprechaun.

"Bridget! Bridget!" Darby called again an' again. Only a sleepy owl on a distant hill answered.

A shivering thought jumped into the boy's bewildered sowl—maybe the Leprechaun had stolen Bridget and the childher.

The poor man turned, and for the last time darted down into the night-filled walley.

Not a pool in the road he waited to go around, not a ditch in his path he didn't leap over, but ran as he never ran before, till he raiched his own front door.

His heart stood still as he peeped through the window. There were the childher croodled around Bridget, who sat with the youngest asleep in her lap before the fire, rocking back an' forth, an' she crooning a happy, continted baby song.

Tears of gladness crept into Darby's eyes as he looked in upon her. "God bless her," he says to himself. "She's the flower of the O'Hagans and the O'Shaughnessys, and she's a proud feather in the caps of the O'Gills an' the O'Gradys."

'Twas well he had this happy thought to cheer him as he lifted the door latch, for the manest of all the little cobbler's spiteful thricks waited in the house to meet Darby—nayther Bridget nor the childher raymembered a single thing of all that had happened to them during the day. They were willing to make their happydavitts that they had been no farther than their own petatie patch since morning.

"His heart stood still as he peeped through the window"

MR. POTTER'S VACATION

BY HERBERT D. WARD

Illustrated by W. R. Leigh

MR. PELEG POTTER staggered into his private office as if he were a drunken man. Potter, of the great brokerage firm of Brooks & Potter, with connections in Boston, Chicago, and Washington, and branch offices in two of the huge, insolent, uptown caravansaries, was not what might be called a dissipated person. He was simply "worn to a frazzle." He was the younger member of the firm, its energy and brains, and he had not even time to grow old. Marry? When could he have wedged in fifteen minutes for the marriage ceremony, to say nothing of the necessary hours of courting, deleterious to a successful business career? Why, for years he could not remember when he had had all the time he needed for eating, and sleep was a lost art.

Peleg Potter was rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, but with a wealth that sucks vitality as a leech sucks blood.

As Arthur Brooks, the head of the firm, looked in, he caught Potter's gaze fixed upon vacancy, while both of the man's hands were

going through the motion of tearing strips of paper tape.

"Why, Potter!" exclaimed Brooks. With a sinking heart he recognized symptoms familiar to every old Wall Street broker.

"*Potter!*" he called again, and shook his almost unconscious partner by the shoulder. Potter steadied his eyes and looked up.

"I say, Potter!"

"Well—old man," was the mumbling answer.

"It's no use, Potter. You've got to get off and take a long rest. You can't stay here——"

Peleg shook his head stubbornly. "Can't do it. You know it. Cashier's laid up, and I got to see that deal of U. S. Telegraph through—by——"

His eyes lapsed again into vacancy.

Brooks went into his own private office, leaving his junior partner in this semi-comatose condition. The senior called his confidential clerk, gave him a few instructions, and sent him off. He then rang up the office of a great steamship line. The "Victoria Regina" sailed that day at twelve for Naples, and, at a ridiculous advance, Brooks engaged the purser's cabin for his sick partner.

"If I can only get him away from the daily papers, the office, and the ticker," Brooks said to himself, "a month on the water will make a new man of him."

At precisely a quarter of twelve an automobile stormed the Syndicate Wharf, and between Brooks and a valet Peleg Potter was led up the gangway and gently deposited, like a precious bundle of securities, in the purser's deck stateroom. Before he could understand or protest his partner had left him.

The last fluffy visitor had gone ashore, the last inevitable passenger had barely caught the steamer after the gangway had been cast off, and the voyage had begun.

Two days after this preposterous event, Peleg Potter awoke, himself and alert. The last thing he remembered was booking the order of a rich lamb to buy ten thousand shares of T. and P. when he knew the fool ought to have sold.

The stateroom door was open, and he looked out upon the heaving horizon with amazement and growing indignation. A young lady was lying in a steamer chair observing the same vastness. Potter could catch against the sky a clear-cut, pure profile, in spite of the thick blue veil that hid the girl's face.

"Heavens!" he cried. "Buster! God!"

The young lady, aroused from her drowsing, turned her head slightly at the sound of these strange ejaculations. This motion caused Peleg such a spasm of modesty that he hastily pulled the blanket over his head, thus muffling a last agonizing call of "Buster!"

Although the heavens did not fall, and God did not respond, "Buster" did, for the respectful form of the valet darkened the cabin and obstructed the young lady from Peleg's distracted view. As the shadow fell upon him Peleg peeped out.

"For God's sake," he cried, "shut that door, and tell me what this game means!"

In a few minutes Peleg had grasped the essential facts of the situation.

"I thought at first I had been kidnapped," he mused, for he knew one person who would give many thousands of dollars for his absence for ten days. Here he had been at sea two days. What might not have happened in that time? The cold sweat inundated his pallid face. But Mr. Potter was used to blows. He drew a long breath, and instead of the dust of a fetid city, ozone, life-giving and exhilarating, filled his lungs.

Oh, for news! Oh, for a ticker! Two weeks without a breath of Wall Street seemed impossible, incredible.

By this time Potter was half-dressed. He cast a glance out of the port-hole. There, before him, at rest, peaceful, relaxed, as if there were nothing in the broad world to do but to exist and sleep, the girl lay, a dream of health, a picture of repose. Mr. Potter opened his mouth and took another huge gulp of uncontaminated Atlantic air. He felt as if something around his chest snapped. Somehow or other stocks did not seem as important as they did a minute ago.

"To —— with the Stock Exchange!" he cried in his heart. He felt almost on the utterance of that heresy as if he had been bathed in a benediction.

"Buster! I say, Buster! Bring me a passenger list, and be quick about it; and have the steward send me up something to eat. Drink? Not on your life, you—blanked idiot! Hurry, or I'll——"

But Buster had long since disappeared, grinning like a boy playing hookey. For Buster (who was christened Benjamin Boyd Buster) was having the time of his life.

In ten minutes Peleg Potter was scrutinizing the passenger list for familiar names. The first thing he noticed was that his own was not down. This was accounted for by the fact that his passage had been engaged literally at the eleventh hour, and that he was occupying the purser's private cabin. There were plenty of familiar names, but none that seemed to suit the lady in the chair. Yet he knew

her or ought to. His door was now hooked back, and as he gazed at the fair figure and the fairer profile, stocks fell from his soul, and the joy and the hope of life coursed through his veins as they had never before.

"What, sir?" asked Buster, respectfully, bringing in a heaping tray.

To the imperative gesture Buster lent a grave face.

"You may find out that young lady's name," whispered Potter, with great dignity, and pointing through the door.

***

"Alice Emery!" The name held the financier like a combination lock. He had never thought much of women before, and names had never been associated in his mind with people, only with corporations. It now occurred to him as he lay there on his sofa alone, looking out upon the interminable blackness fringed with electric glare, that Alice was the most beautiful name in the world. For time was hanging heavily on his hands, and in that unaccustomed ennui sentiment took possession of a soul that had never harbored her before.

"Her father is sick in the stateroom, sir," repeated Buster, as he put his patient to bed, "and the young lady has no friends and eats alone in the dining-room."

"At what table?"

"The purser's, sir."

"Ask the purser if I cannot be placed next to her at breakfast to-morrow."

As Peleg Potter dressed the next morning, he felt life stirring within him. How fatuous the existence, how ignoble the struggle that he had left behind! To spend one's best thought in scheming how to ruin your friend legally did not seem as admirable as it had. As the steamer sped on, the Street, the Exchange, the Ticker, and all that these instruments of joy and woe represented, receded and thinned. These few days of seclusion from men, from the excitement of internecine warfare in which rumor was the disappearing gun, and a chance drouth the smokeless rifle, and the ever-ready lie the hammerless revolver—this respite had brought Potter on speaking terms with higher values. Solitude always does that. And then that girl, so lovely, so restful, so beautiful and self-contained, was unconsciously training the gambler into an inexplicable (to him) disgust for the bawling pit where, as the toss turns, a plunger may become a millionaire or a suicide when the clock strikes three.

Now, for the first time, Potter understood the charms of a newsless life. The thought of a morning paper or of a stock quotation nauseated him. Perhaps the ocean performs as many miracles as love or religion—who knows? At any rate, here were the dregs of life beginning to be turned into strong wine, and Peleg Potter was assisting at the transubstantiation, without a suspicion that he was already a changed man.

So, when he started downstairs a little after nine that morning for the dining-room, he thrust out his chest, drank the air deeply, so that his waxen cheeks became tinged with a healthy red, and blessed his partner.

As he entered the huge dining-room, following his mournful valet, he heard a flutter of paper that annoyed him. Every one seemed to be reading. No person noticed him as he approached his seat. As he slipped into his chair, he noticed that the lady of his hopes sat on his left, with an empty seat beyond. Her calm face was flushed, and bent almost motionless over her plate. Before him lay a gray sheet about the size of a magazine, with four pages of printed matter. The name arose as if upon stilts.

"*The Trans-Atlantic Herald.*
Morning Edition."

And on the upper part of the first column in large italics there appeared the following announcement:

"The 'Victoria Regina' is in constant communication with land. Messages can be sent to the United States or England by the Marconi system at any time of day or night. Important news and quotations are Marconigramed hourly to the steamer from our New York and European offices."

Astounded, dazed, troubled, outraged, Peleg Potter pushed the sheet away from him. God! Must the subtle poison of daily news inoculate his system again! He felt as if his very manhood were on trial. If he succumbed now to quotations he knew that he would be bound in tape for the rest of his life. He was at the parting of the ways. Indignant, that in mid-ocean, of all places, where a man should be most protected and least disturbed, he should be pursued by north, east, west, south—coined into that fateful word, NEWS,—he was about to thrust the sheet under the table, when the following headlines leaped at him and snared him unawares:

"*Terrible Defalcation!*

"HENRY C. SOULE THE CASHIER OF THE FAMOUS
"BROKERAGE FIRM OF BROOKS & POTTER
"HAS DISAPPEARED.

"There is a shortage of over two hundred thousand dollars in his books. Detectives are on his track. His daughter has disappeared with him. The well-known firm is able to bear the blow, but has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the capture of the thief," etc., etc.

Potter looked up from his morning paper. His eyes encountered the exquisite profile of his neighbor. She had not raised her head. Dreamily he noted that she was flushed, and he could have sworn that tears were falling into the poor girl's plate.

Mr. Potter's morning paper had dropped from his hands. Although there were over a hundred people in the dining-room, he was unconscious of the rustle and bustle and clatter about him. He had even forgotten his cashier's defalcations. He only saw those precious pearls drop fast and faster. The young lady must have felt his impertinent stare without divining his sympathy; for, with a sudden superb motion of the head, she arose from her seat, turned her back upon Potter, and calmly walked out.

"As I was saying"—the words floated stridently into Mr. Potter's ears from the opposite side of the table. "I know the firm of Brooks & Potter very well. Brooks is the heavy weight, while Potter is more of a room-trader. Why I used to go to school with Potter. He's as bold as a lion, cautious as a hyena, with no more heart than a cod. Why, I took passage in order to be present at the birth and christening of the 'Trans-Atlantic Herald.' I tell you this steamer marks an era—the most portentous era the world has ever——"

The traveler looked up and caught the cold, contemptuous look from Peleg Potter's eyes. But Ananias Eli was not to be abashed. He had property, but no home. He was one of those eternal travelers who changes his acquaintances as you change a ten dollar bill, and who, consequently, throws off a reminiscence or an experience as easily as you puff out smoke, and with as little feeling of responsibility as to how it will evaporate.

Not ten feet away, at the head of the table, sat Phineas Sutton, the purser, sleek, good-natured, resourceful, whose easy eyes saw everything, and whose bland countenance betrayed nothing. When he caught Mr. Potter's warning glance he obeyed it.

The rustle of the papers continued. Each one seemed absorbed in his own news. That Potter should be entrapped in the first steamer that should keep in continual touch with the land was exasperating. Besides, he felt, somehow or other, that Miss Emery's tears were due to some news brutally thrust before her notice.

Mr. Potter was in a somewhat dangerous mood. He had not yet looked at the stock quotations, and was therefore less dangerous than he might have been.

"Excuse me"—he bowed politely to his *vis-à-vis*—"I am a little interested in this Mr. Potter, whom you know."

"Oh, yes, sir, I knew him quite well. They say he is dying of paresis—burning arc light at both carbons—not bad, that? Can't stand the pace; is about thirty-eight, my age, and looks fifty. Oh, these brokers are sad dogs! I'm A. Eli, of Eli, Pa.—own the town there. I—I travel, that's all. What is your line?"

"Oh, I am one of those sad dogs, a stock-broker, broken down, on a vacation." Mr. Potter spoke with great suavity.

"Oh, hah! Why then—you must have a lot of pointers." Mr. Eli bent half-way over the table, eyeing his new acquaintance with ardor.

Mr. Potter shook his head mysteriously.

"I'm always taking flyers," persisted Ananias Eli. "I took one before breakfast. Perhaps you——?"

"Never!" The broker allowed himself an alluring smile, for there had come to Mr. Potter an inspiration, whose portent Mr. Ananias Eli could not suspect.

"In the smoking-room—say—at—eleven?" Ananias Eli insinuated this appointment in an ostentatious whisper. But only the purser took the trouble to notice this circumstance.

"I should be happy to meet you there." Potter's face was inscrutable. A slight flush on the forehead was the only danger signal, and that his most intimate enemies knew well when to heed.

The little sheet—the triumph of Marconi—lay neglected beside his plate. His mind, never complex, was now for the first time confused and alloyed. The defalcation of one of his most trusted employees and friends—that was enough to worry any man—but added to that was the vision of a perfect profile, that seemed to arise from out of a mist of memory. Where had he met or seen Miss Emery before? Should he look at the quotations or not? They were on the inside page, and he could see all down the line of the table men devouring the poison instead of breakfast. Opposite to him little Ananias Eli, of protruding watery eyes, fat bullet face, and upturned nose, had just dropped his weak jaw in horror, for he had discovered a loss of two points in one of his latest speculations, and the fact was ruefully advertised in every puffy, shaven feature. Then Peleg Potter felt the madness of the Street sway the soul he thought quieted by ozone and an unbroken horizon. A feeling of shame overswept him. He cast his eyes furtively around, and then softly opened the sheet.

"U. S. T.—79!" That quotation made a bulldog of Peleg. The defalcation, the girl,

his illness, everything was swept aside by the knowledge that his enemies were at his throat. Instinctively he reached out his hand for his desk telephone. He recovered, and looked at his watch. Taking all variations of time in consideration he had plenty of leisure to think and act before the market opened at ten. He now ate his breakfast slowly, luxuriously, for the smoke of battle was in his nostrils, and he rejoiced at the coming onslaught, and his blood tingled like a boy's.

But Phineas Sutton, the purser, watched the broker with more than usual interest. He also detected the mustard seed of a romance, and quickly decided that Miss Emery of Boston, whose name was not in the Blue Book, was not a proper party for his wealthy and generous guest; the purser made up his mind to save his roomer. But Potter retired to his cabin after his breakfast to prepare his cipher code.

Peleg Potter had planned a stupendous campaign on the Street. It was as simple as a grizzly chasing a man without a gun. And, moreover, it was based upon the very circumstance that was now ruining the broker's first and forced vacation. Believing in the ultimate and universal triumph of the wireless telegraph, he had sold all the United States Telegraph that he could lay his hands on, short. He had already hammered the stock down fifteen points by all the tactics known to a resourceful room-trader. But the Bulls were after his hide, and the stock was rising. With Potter a decision was generally a victory. He made up his mind to take his profits, force the stock up forty points, and let those that caught him napping pay his vacation expenses. So he sent the following Marconigram to his partner; it went in the firm cipher:

Am fully recovered. Buy U. S. T. on my personal account until further notice.

This was a royal order. It meant a royal struggle. With an unconcerned manner, as if he might have ordered a scotch and soda, Mr. Potter handed the telegram to his stateroom steward to be sent immediately. He then sauntered into the smoking-room as the clock pointed eleven.

At his entrance Ananias Eli sprang to meet him, and leading him to a corner, gave the orders, and then poured into a swash of talk.

"But, Mr. Eli," said Mr. Potter when the other's breath was exhausted, "I make it a point never to advise a friend to speculate on the Street. A broker is only another name for a robber. I couldn't possibly advise a stranger what to buy. The only advice I could give you is to get out of the Street altogether, and put your money into stocks or bonds, or call loans and——"

"But, sir—Mr.——"

"My name is unimportant, I assure you."

"Very well, sir, but you speculate yourself, continually—don't you know?"

"I do it for a living."

"Just so—just so—" persisted Ananias Eli triumphantly. "Could you not tell me what stock you could now buy for a living? That is all I want to know."

Mr. Potter looked the globe-trotter over silently and with a smileless eye. He knew the type well—a toy balloon puffed to the importance of an airship, a boy's tricycle thinking itself a Panhard racer. At last the broker spoke frankly and pleasantly.

"If I cannot persuade you to give up speculation, I can only tell you what I bought myself until I boarded the steamer. You probably understand the value to the world, Mr. Eli, of Marconi's wonderful discovery. In five years it will replace all other systems of telegraphy. Have you ever thought what United States Telegraph will be then worth? I have sold U. S. T. for the last three weeks. But you—you—might buy if you choose."

The purser casually looked out of the nearest port-hole.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Ananias Eli, sweating exultation, "do not say any more. Excuse me a moment. I want to wire an order. And you must allow me to use my own judgment regarding the disposal of my own property. I am a thousand times obliged to you." And with that Ananias Eli precipitated himself from the room.

Mr. Phineas Sutton, the purser, thoughtfully looked after the retreating figure of the globe-trotter. He then strolled out slowly. Mr. Potter left the smoking-room and was about to enter his cabin, when he heard a dismal groan from the second or third stateroom forward of his own.

Mr. Potter looked around to call a steward. It happened that only a few passengers were in sight, far down the deck, and no steward. The groans continued, accompanied by fluttering feminine cries. Mr. Potter located the door from behind which the sounds came, and gently knocked. The cries of anguish seemed to be redoubled, and no attention was paid to him. Feeling that something ought to be done, and that he was the man to do it, Peleg Potter gently tried the knob and opened the door.

There, kneeling upon the floor of the cabin with her head upon the bed, the young lady

of his sudden passion lay convulsed with weeping.

"Leave me, daughter!" Potter caught the broken words and saw the gaunt specter of a hand vainly trying to pat the dear head before him. "Go—go—child, and leave your poor dishonored parent to die alone."

There was something so familiar in the agonized tones of the voice, and so suggestive in the words, that Potter pushed the door wide and strode in. The girl jumped from her knees with a half-articulate protest. But the sick man, when his eyes caught Mr. Potter's familiar face, uttered an outcry of horror.

"Mr. Potter!" he cried. "God of my soul! It is Peleg Potter himself!" With that he fell back as if he were about to lose consciousness, if not life itself.

Potter looked down upon the ghost of his absconding cashier, changed beyond recognition, shaven, hollow, white, a broken and perhaps a dying man. At that moment the financier forgot the beautiful woman who was watching him with wild, horrified eyes. All he remembered was that there lay before him his old trusted friend, the man whom he had deemed worthy of the fullest confidence, the man, of all men, who should have been faithful unto death, and who had betrayed him. Although the cashier was ten years older than himself, Potter had always called Soule by his first name. At this moment of distrust and indignant recognition, the broker ejaculated the familiar name:

"Henry!"

Sound has electric properties. At times the sound of a dear name may change nascent distrust or hate back to faith and love. As he spoke the word "Henry" the tide of Potter's risen indignation turned. He no longer saw the malefactor; before him lay his old friend and confidant, desperately sick, and needing him. With a short cry of sympathy, Peleg Potter jumped to the bed and took Henry Soule's head in his arms.

"Go and get the doctor!" He spoke quietly to the stricken girl. "Go quickly."

"Don't," wailed the sick man. "Damn me! But don't be kind. I can't bear it."

"Never mind, Henry," said Potter softly. "We'll fix it as soon as you get well." He looked down upon the drawn and pallid shaven face with a happy, hopeful smile.

Henry Soule looked up and saw a world of kindness beaming from features hitherto expressionless to him, and he groaned aloud.

"I might as well tell you," he whispered slowly. "It was U. S. T. I was wiped out with everything I took. God only knows why I didn't kill myself. I hadn't the courage. It would have killed Alice. She knows it all, and forced me to take her with me."

But Potter was looking out of the port-hole. His thoughts were dancing, receding, and surging like storm-driven crests. It was *he* who had ruined his own cashier. His own coup had brought this dishonor. He had ruined many others, but it had never touched home before. Then it occurred to him that he had no home; then the exquisite face of the girl rose and filled his horizon.

"Henry!" he said slowly, "I only wish you had told me before—I could have fixed you all right."

But his heart belied his words, for he was glad it came just this way, and that his friend's honor lay in his hands—a god-like gift, to be returned intact.

The door of the cabin opened. The doctor strode in, followed by the purser.

"This gentleman, Mr. Emery, is my best friend," explained Mr. Potter. "Everything must be done to save him." The doctor advanced to the patient eagerly, and took his head from Potter's arms. Beyond him, on the sill of the door, stood the sick man's daughter, with despair upon her face, for which her father's sickness could not account.

The broker looked beyond the purser, and his heart leaped to calm the terror of the girl.

"Miss Emery," he said as quietly as he could, "will you take my arm and walk a while? The doctor and the purser are able to take care of your father for a few moments."

It seemed hours to Potter that they walked the deck without speaking. The nearness, the touch of her arm, the thought that he was lord of her future—these sensations sent spasms to his heart. He had dealt in "futures" before, but never in such a one as this. How should he govern it, and make it his own? And every time he felt that dear arm shivering in sympathy with her convulsive grief, he softly patted her fingers with a fatherly feeling that comforted her greatly.

"My dear Miss Soule, I want to tell you a secret, and I want you to promise not to breathe it to a soul."

Before she knew it, her woman's curiosity had been entrapped into a questioning "Yes?"

"And you promise not to think any the worse of me?"

"Y—Yes," in a trembling whisper.

"Well—" The financier took a long, audible breath. "I—and I alone am responsible

for your father's condition." After uttering this preposterous statement, he accelerated his pace, dragging the girl along with him, as if he were laboring under terrible excitement.

"What do you mean, sir?" She dropped his arm.

"There! There! Don't. Let us not make a scene here." He caught her arm dexterously, and imprisoned it again. "Try not to judge me harshly. I will tell you all." He uttered the last five words in a stage whisper.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Potter, that my father is innocent, and that you took the money, and—and ran away? Is that the reason your name is not on the passenger list?" Alice Soule stopped and looked her father's employer in the face with blazing eyes. Her head was now high with sudden relief, and her cheeks burned with indignation. Potter began to understand what it was to be a guilty man, and he cast his eyes down consistently.

"The stateroom door was open"

"Won't you let me explain?" he asked abjectly.

"If you must," rigidly.

"Well—you see—confound it all, let's walk on—there! that's better. He put all the money he could scrape together and bought U. S. T. I scraped all I could together and sold U. S. T.

"Then, instead of the stock going up, as Henry expected, the bottom dropped out of it. He borrowed a lot of the firm's money, in a quiet sort of way, and lost it all."

"Who got it?"

"Well, I suppose I got all he lost, and perhaps a little more besides."

Peleg Potter cast a quick glance down to see how she was taking it. He saw a face regal in its rigidity.

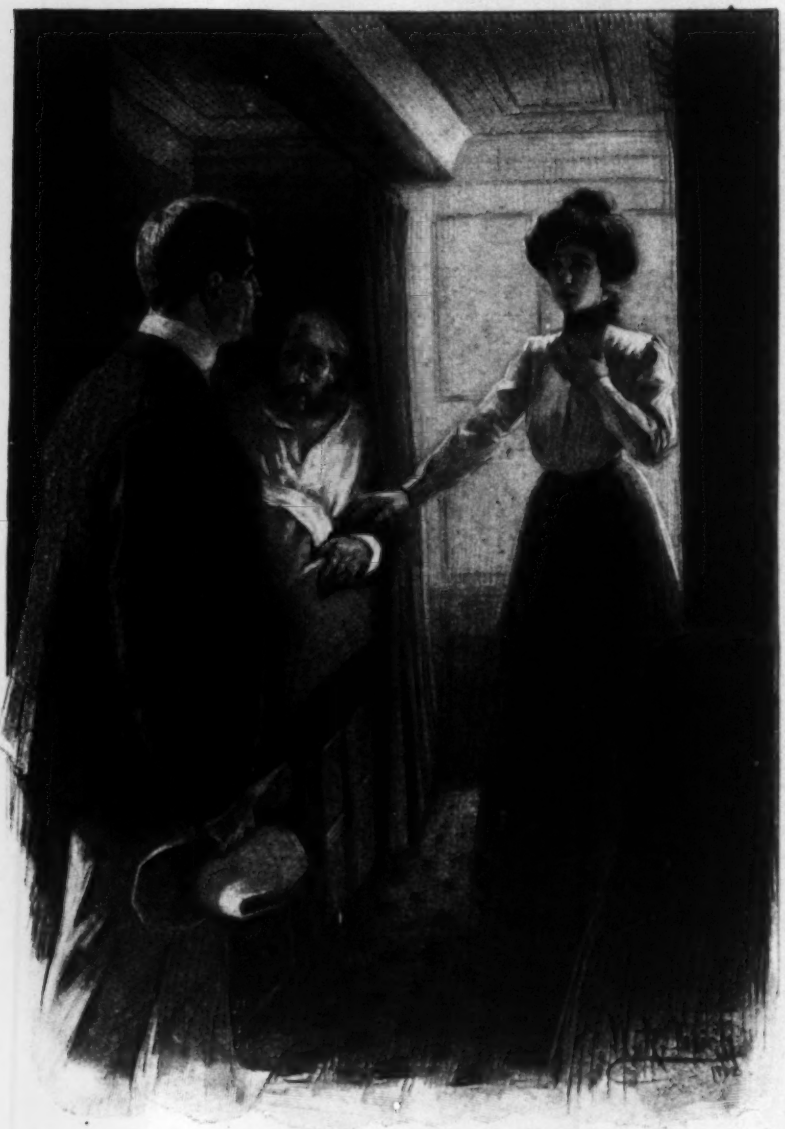
"Why didn't you return it?"

"I didn't know who lost it until this morning—and I——"

"Oh, you robber, you!" The lady came to a sudden standstill and clutched the rail with both hands, looking out over the sullen, heaving sea.

"But," urged Potter meekly.

"Don't say another word, Mr. Potter." The



"'Mr. Potter . . God of my soul!'"

words came out sharp and crackling, like icicles. "You rob a poor man of all he has. You allow the blame to rest upon him. And then you would make restitution when it is too late."

The smack of Mr. Potter's lips opening in fruitless protest did not check the girl, who had been brought up in utter ignorance of stock and its infamous transactions.

"There is nothing more to say," she added coldly, "except good morning!" and with a stately sweep of her skirts she had gone.

As the "Victoria Regina" sped eastward, the air became more and more electric with messages to the west. Like an emperor of the middle ages summoning his vassals to his banner, so Potter summoned his clients and his friends to his standard. Under the sign of "U. S. T." in the pit of the stock exchange, a mob of howling traders wrestled for their lives.

United States Telegraph commanded the attention of the world. It was "buy" or "sell," "long" or "short," live or die. But the life of the victor meant the death of the vanquished, and in that remorseless alternative lay the sulphur of the strife. For three days the quotations staggered up and down like groggy combatants, and men swooned in the frenzy of uncertainty. And Peleg Potter, sitting quietly in his cabin, generaled the battle from afar and farther off, a modern master, if not monster, of speculation—a wizard of the pit.

On the fifth morning after the steamer had sailed, Alice Soule arose from the breakfast table and walked straight to her father's stateroom. In her hand she held that morning's edition of the "Trans-Atlantic Herald," and on her cheeks fluttered a pink danger signal.

"At last, papa, Mr. Potter has righted you in the eyes of the world. I didn't think he was man enough to do it. Read what the papers say."

Henry Soule snatched the gray, damp sheet, and read eagerly:

"The brokerage firm of Brooks & Potter have issued a statement to the press and the Street that their cashier, Henry C. Soule, with his daughter as nurse, is on board the 'Victoria Regina,' bound for Naples, in company with Mr. Potter, of the firm. Mr. Soule was stricken with a sunstroke that left him temporarily deranged. He did not know where he was until he came to himself on the steamer, in the arms of his daughter. The firm has sustained no shortage, as the missing sum of $200,000 had

been transferred to Mr. Potter's account by a clerical mistake. The firm deeply regrets the unfortunate aspersion upon Mr. Scule's character, has full confidence in his integrity, and has profound sympathy for him in his sudden illness. His place is ready for him when he returns from his much-needed vacation."

Alice watched her father's face as he read this extraordinary statement. She saw shame and anxiety fall from his features as if an invisible angel had removed a horrid mask.

"What do you think of that, papa," she said sternly. "He has righted you, but nothing is said about *him*."

Then Henry Soule sat up straight in bed, his countenance rejuvenated almost past belief, and shining like a boy's. Down two little white grooves tears were trickling unashamed.

"Alice," he said, "get down on your knees and thank God for Peleg Potter."

"I can't do that, papa, dear," very calmly, "for he told me himself three days ago that he robbed you and got all your money, and he hasn't dared to show his face since. He said he sold you all you bought."

The absconding cashier looked his daughter blankly in the face. Gradually a light broke upon his mental horizon, and he gave a hysterical laugh. Then very gently he took his daughter's hand, forced her on her knees beside his cot, with her beautiful head buried in the clothes, in the same attitude that had been one of Peleg Potter's most cherished visions. Then and there the man explained to the girl, as well as he could, the remorseless vortex that sucks down honest men and casts some up on its arid banks, ruined and dishonored and criminal, and that tosses others upon green fields, where extravagant plenty reigns. He told her how the number of the lost can never be reckoned, except at the last day, and how a chance more tenuous than the flip of a coin decides the coquettish curve of the current. Then he told her again of his own sin, and how Peleg Potter saved him because of their old friendship and still unshattered trust. And Alice at last understood, and sobbed a little, and kissed her father, and went out into the strong, salt air to be alone and understand, if she could, a personality new to her experience.

In the late afternoon of the same day, when the mysterious unconducted current had told Potter that the Exchange had just closed in unparalleled excitement, and then added the final quotation, the man heaved a deep sigh of relief and arose quickly. The jaws that for three days had snapped together, relaxed gently into a genial and charming smile—a smile such as had but recently been born within a nature broadened and deepened and softened by an overmastering love. The feeling of elation and of victory had already passed. His mind had traveled beyond the smoke and noise of battle. He was thinking of Alice.

"Buster!" he called, "a bottle of champagne!" It was the time-worn way of celebrating, and Buster was not averse to it.

"Very well, sir."

"No." Mr. Potter came to himself. "Buster, you get out. I don't want you before ten o'clock."

"Very well, sir—and——"

"Well, what?"

"I saw Miss Emery sittin' alone, lookin' awful lonesome, and——"

"That will do," replied his master.

Five minutes later, Peleg Potter emerged from his cabin.

He had not gone ten paces before a lurch of the vessel landed him in the arms of a fellow traveler, enveloped in a plaid mackintosh with hat to match. It was Mr. Ananias Eli, and as the two disentangled themselves that gentleman glared at the broker viciously. Peleg Potter returned the glance pleasantly. At that moment he couldn't have quarreled with a rattlesnake.

"Mr. ——?" questioned Ananias Eli with hauteur.

"Potter—at your service, of the firm of Brooks & Potter—you know them."

"Mr. Peleg Potter!" ejaculated Eli, his weak jaw taking a sudden droop.

"Oh, yes; you know me well. You went to school with me. The other morning—don't you remember? Paresis—burned arc light at both carbons—awfully good! You remember!"

The poor man paled, but his eyes darkened obstinately. It takes more than a little thing like this to abash a professional globe-trotter. Ananias Eli recovered his aplomb as one would pick up a dropped pencil.

"You—you told me to sell United States Telegraph, and the damned stock closed eight points up this afternoon," he stormed. "Why did you take me in like that?"

Mr. Potter smiled. "If you *can* remember rightly, Mr. Eli, I advised you not to sell, and not to dabble in stocks at all. Didn't I?"

Expression after expression chased itself over Ananias Eli's flabby face, like catspaws over a duck pond.

"Well," he admitted slowly, "that may be, but what do you advise me now?"

"Jump overboard," was Potter's prompt

advice, for at that moment, on looking over the liar's head, he discovered a familiar figure far toward the stern, and looking as lonely as a butterfly in mid-ocean.

But Potter strode on. So he came upon her, looking far beyond the shining waters, out upon the boundless, healing sea.

"Miss Alice," began the broker, bending

"They walked the deck without speaking"

as low as he dared, "won't you ever trust me again?"

The woman in the girl rose to the wail, for she knew that his words were this time no play nor mockery. Her lips unconsciously uttered her father's protest.

"Don't—don't!" she sobbed. "I can't bear it."

He put out his strong, masterful hand, and took one of hers, and held it in the grip of a late, unalterable love. She could not help but look up into his compelling eyes. Then the two found the sight of each other good, and they gazed long and steadily, with hearts bare and beating. Then Peleg Potter knew he had checkmated fortune, and had won another victory, compared with which the greatest success on the Street shone like a firefly in a blazing sun. This time he took both her hands, and this time she did not refuse.

All the world now knows how Peleg Potter fell upon the "shorts" and slaughtered them, and made one of the greatest "killings" of this decade. That is part of the history of the "Street." But few know how he won his bride, and that no man has a right to tell.

"'Miss Alice . . won't you ever trust me again?'"

Days later, as the great steamer neared the dock, Mr. Potter stopped the purser, resplendent in lace and importance.

"My dear Sutton," he said, linking arms, "if it were not an impertinence I should like to make you a little present." He fluttered a small sheet of paper with edges on one side half perforated. "You see—you see, I've won everything, hands down,—and I want you to share my good fortune, if you will."

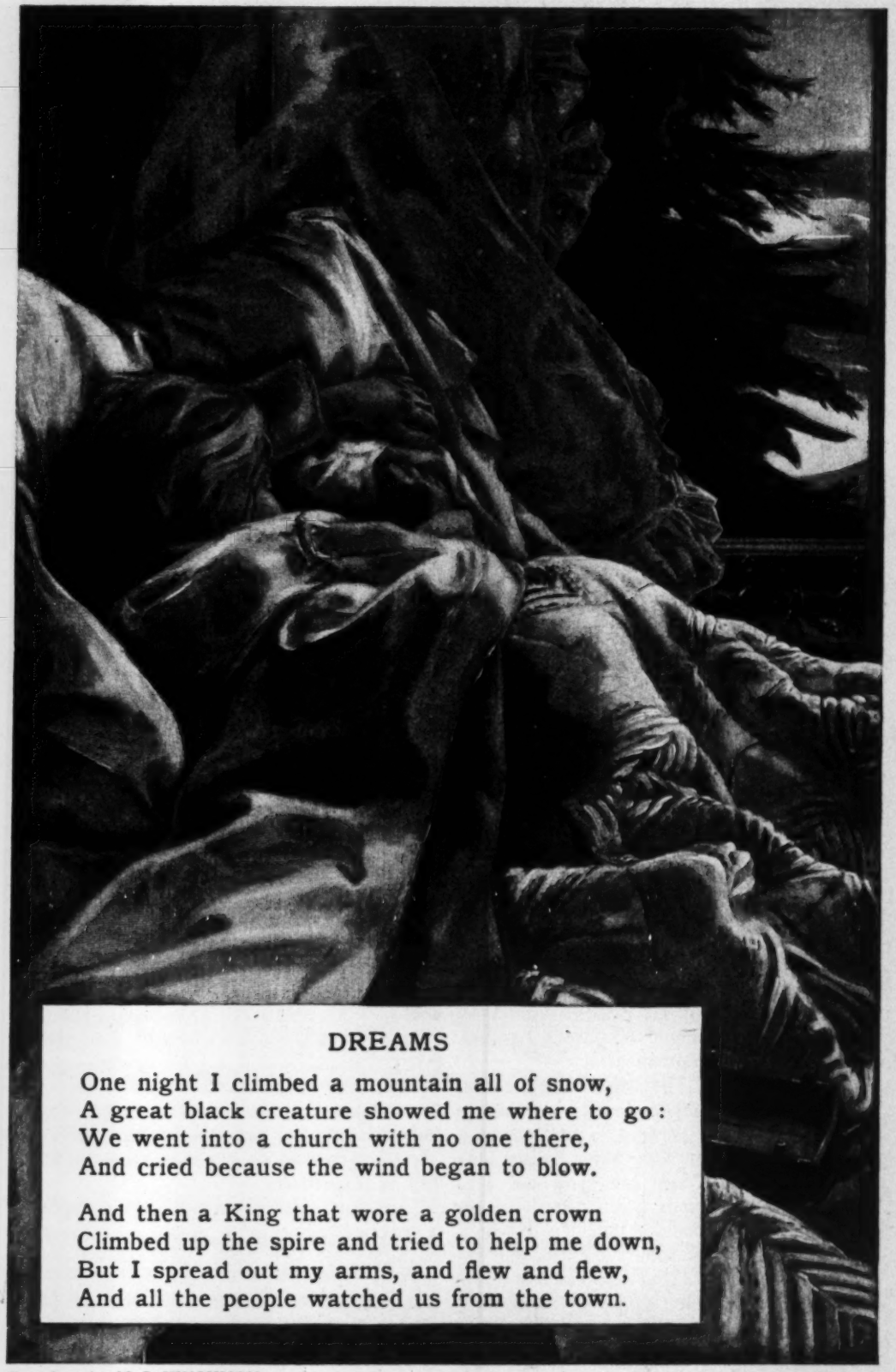
Mr. Phineas Sutton took the check and examined it coolly, without astonishment. He had never handled such a princely fee before. Then he leisurely tore it up, and tossed the white leaves overboard.

"This is not an insult, Mr. Potter," he said, laughing, "it is a privilege. You see, when that idiot Eli sold U. S. Telegraph, I thought I knew my business and I bought. I borrowed every shilling I could lay my hands on—and bought, and bought, and bought. Well—you know the rest. I don't need to work any now, unless I want to; and it's due to you."

The two men shook hands as men will when talk is superfluous.

"And now, Mr. Potter, when you come back a married man—as I guess you will fast enough—you two shall occupy my cabin—that is, if you don't want to charter the whole ship."

Peleg Potter did not reply. By a bondless system older than Marconi's, and swifter than the "wireless," his thoughts had leaped into the paradise of his future.

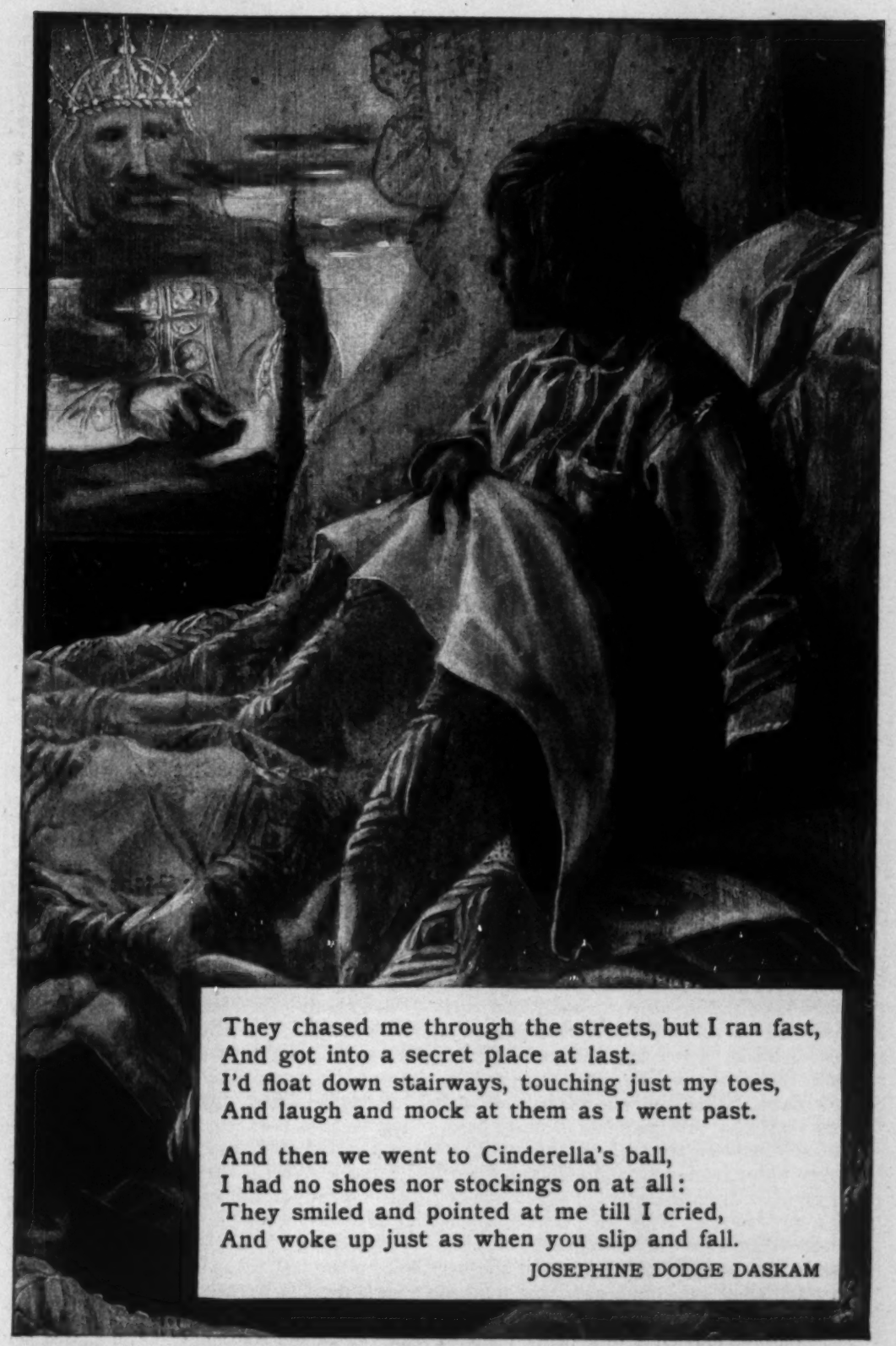


DREAMS

One night I climbed a mountain all of snow,
A great black creature showed me where to go:
We went into a church with no one there,
And cried because the wind began to blow.

And then a King that wore a golden crown
Climbed up the spire and tried to help me down,
But I spread out my arms, and flew and flew,
And all the people watched us from the town.

Drawings by M. S. HINCHMAN



They chased me through the streets, but I ran fast,
And got into a secret place at last.
I'd float down stairways, touching just my toes,
And laugh and mock at them as I went past.

And then we went to Cinderella's ball,
I had no shoes nor stockings on at all:
They smiled and pointed at me till I cried,
And woke up just as when you slip and fall.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

AT THE LAST OF THE EBB

BY

HENRY C. ROWLAND

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

I

WHEN the quick-rising tropic sun had cleft the velvet darkness into long, thin shadows, the Baronet and the Banker found the Countess and the Mate. Already the inquisitive ripples of the rising tide were washing back and forth the skirts of the Countess's pongee gown, now wantonly uncovering the graceful limbs, now deftly smoothing the silk-lace trimmings over the dainty feet, uncertain whether the filmy garment was to be regarded as a vanity or a shroud.

She was lying on her side, with one rounded arm half hidden in a tangled mass of hair that matched the sunrise; the other was clenched in the cold, iron grasp of Jordan Knapp, the mate, whose massive frame was sprawled face downward, his forehead resting on his other hand. Strewn along the beach were fragments of wreckage and the stove-up whale-boat, and all around was the soft, warm desolation of a South Sea isle. A few hundred yards off the beach the giant combers, opalescent in the early dawn, thundered across the reef and were shattered into wavelets of fairy hues. Half-way between the reef and the beach the broken water swirled around a slender, tapering topmast, from the truck of which was flying a torn burgee. When the bubbling spume of a breaking wave had passed, there suddenly rose to view the splintered stump of another mast and slack ends of shrouds that writhed around it like sea-snakes.

The Baronet carried a thin plank whittled shovelwise, the blade of which was frayed and splintered from contact with the hard-packed sand. The Banker carried a large sailor's bandana, caught up at the corners, and bulging from the personal effects that he had taken from the drowned sailors whom they had just interred. When he saw the Countess, a corner of the kerchief slipped from his fingers, and the pitiful little trinkets rolled unheeded across the shining sands.

They tried to pry the Mate's stiffened fingers from their grip, and as they were doing so he suddenly gasped and awoke.

The Baronet handed him a little flask, and the Banker took the woman by the shoulders and dragged her above high-water mark. When he laid her down an eyelid fluttered. The Banker with a beating heart filled the hollow of his hands with sea-water. The Mate, leaning on his elbow, watched him sleepily—and divined his intention.

"Good Lord! she's had water enough; try a little sunshine and whisky!"

"We thought, of course, you were both drowned," murmured the Baronet.

"Thought almost right," said the Mate; "might have been, so far as you were concerned. Why didn't you wait for her?"

"I don't know. I don't remember a great deal of what *did* happen. The boat was sirking as it was—did sink, in fact, before we had taken a dozen strokes," replied the Baronet, holding the flask to the Countess's lips.

"Is *he* dead?" she asked feebly.

"No, dearest; I am here, safe and sound," said the Banker soothingly, as he chafed her hands.

"Oh, you! I do not mean *you*. I mean that

gran' man who plunge after me as I struggle in the sea. You—you go an' leave me to perish."

"You are unjust, dear. I thought that you were in the boat."

"Ah, yes—when I call to you from the vessel. But I do not ask you this; I ask you if he live?"

"Yes, Celeste, here he is—and none the worse for his ducking," said the Baronet.

"What happiness—*mon Dieu! je suis très fatiguée*. Why I have the so great wish to sleep?" The long lashes drooped drowsily over the deep violet eyes, and a gentle little sigh was lost in the soft breeze that fanned in from the sea.

The Mate, watching her apathetically, roused himself from his lethargy. "Let her sleep right where she is. Give me your coat." The Banker slipped it off, and the Mate folded it and placed it under the Countess's head. She smiled drowsily and reached out a fluttering little hand.

"Ah! it is you—my preserver—*mon cher ami!*"

"There, there; you're all right now. Take a little nap; that's a good girl!" He rose stiffly to his feet, and stretched both great arms above his head.

The Baronet looked at him quizzically and smiled.

"Don't you think that you are a little proprietary in your manner, Knapp?" asked the Banker in a sulky voice.

The Mate brought down his arms, threw out his chest, and stared at him a moment. The deep lines on his face threw darker shadows, and the heavy brows came together.

"Who's got a better right?" he growled.

"It seems to me that as I am her *fiancé*——"

"You're a jim dandy *fiancé*. What made you leave her on the yacht?"

"Oh, well, we won't argue that point. But inasmuch as I am the owner and you——"

"Yes, I am not disputing that the schooner was your schooner, nor the mate your mate. But you've got no schooner left, and therefore no mate. Savvy?"

"But your pay goes on just the same," said the Banker.

"Oh, does it? Well, I'm no sea lawyer, and I don't know whether I'm entitled to any more pay or not; but it seems to me that I *am* entitled to some salvage on this little craft that you abandoned in a sinking condition," and the Mate jerked his thumb at the Countess.

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, you'd better stick to your pay, young man; it's more negotiable."

The Mate studied the sand at his feet thoughtfully. "Got anything to eat?" he asked presently.

"One can of biscuits," said the Baronet; "and there's a spring back from the beach a way."

"Good! That's worth more to us than coin—or countesses, just now."

The Mate took a survey of as much of the island as he could see. Then his eyes inventoried the fragments of wreckage along the beach.

"Uninhabited, of course. Wouldn't support a jack-rabbit so far as chow goes. And just about enough flotsam to ferry one away! Gentlemen, the situation has its drawbacks."

"Aw; we have observed that already," drawled the Baronet. "The island goes about as far as you can see in each direction. There is saved from the wreck of the yacht one lady, five men, one can of biscuits, one boat compass, one hatchet, one dipper, a jar of marmalade, and about a dozen matches—besides such uninventoried articles as may be scattered along the beach. Have you—aw—anything to suggest?"

"Darn little," said the Mate, who had finished his survey. "There isn't enough material to work on."

"Shall we carry the Countess to the camp?" asked the Banker.

"Better carry the camp to the Countess," said the Baronet. "It's more portable, and won't be disturbed by moving."

"How much of a camp have you got?" asked the Mate.

"An artist, a Jap mess boy, and the articles before mentioned," replied the Baronet.

The Banker sat on the sand, and with his shovel shielded the Countess's eyes from the sun-rays. The Baronet led the Mate to the camp, where they found the Artist breakfasting on the sunrise tints over the sea, while the Jap, true to his professional instinct, was boiling some water in a biscuit tin. There seemed to be nothing beside the water to boil, but presently the Jap departed, and returned later with half of a very dead fish, some mollusks, and a large crab. Jordan Knapp eyed the crab with animosity.

"Don't cook that thing. The others *may* be safe, but that fish doesn't look like a good convalescent diet!"

"Maybe we can boil the ptomaines all out of him," said the Baronet; "and when the Countess wakes up, she'll want something more nourishing than wet biscuits."

"Well, since she hasn't been present at the autopsy it may be good for her," answered the Mate, doubtfully. "Boil up the whole business, barring the crab, and then thicken the mess with biscuit-crumbs."

"Is the Countess hurt?" asked the Artist, languidly.

"No," answered the Mate, shortly. "She's sort of dissolved, but otherwise all taut."

The three men sat down and watched the preparation of the chowder in silence, Knapp meanwhile munching a biscuit. Presently he arose.

"I'm going to take a pasear around the island. Want some exercise?" he asked the Baronet.

"Thanks, awfully; but I've had enough for one day, I fancy. It doesn't take long to do the place. You can walk all the way around it in twenty minutes."

Knapp picked up the cover of the biscuit tin, and, going to the water's edge, filled it carefully, and placed it in the sun.

"What's that for?" asked the Artist.

"Salt."

The Baronet nodded. "What are the chances of being taken off, Knapp?" he asked.

"Darn slim. Accidental, you might say. Everything passing gives this island a wide berth on account of the others on either side of us. Now, if we could manage to get to the next island;—but I don't quite see how we can." He wandered off down the beach.

When he returned an hour later, the Countess and the Banker had joined the group around the fire. There were dark shadows under the eyes of the Countess, but her face was almost childish in its animation.

"Nevair have I taste' a *déjeuner* so good!" she cried, as she set down the shell which contained the last of her "chowder." "Ah! here is my preserver. *Bonjour, m'sieu.* Before I am so *fatiguée* I cannot express my thanks." She rose to her feet and dropped a courtesy, while the vivacity of her features softened for an instant. "And what it is that you have in the panuela?" She gathered her skirts in both hands, and thrust out her pretty head inquisitively.

"'*Countess, . . do you believe in God, and heaven, and all that?*'"

"Something to bring back your strength again, Countess—fresh-laid from our farm," said the Mate. He set down the bundle, out of which rolled several large, round eggs.

"Right you are—turtles' eggs, by Jove!" exclaimed the Baronet.

When the eggs were cooked and eaten, a better feeling seemed to pervade the castaways. In their hunger none but the economical Jap observed that the Mate ate but one egg.

The Countess dropped off into a doze, and the others soon followed—all but the Mate, who arose and searched the horizon with a cold,

gray, anxious eye. Soon he stole away from the others, and prowled the beach, dragging fragments of wreckage away from the reach of the tide, searching shell-heap and riffle for objects of use. His hard face lightened, as, wading waist deep, he dragged from the water the sail of one of the boats and spread it out to dry. Three oars and a bucket were the next treasures. Later, he almost howled with joy as his eye fell upon a mass of cordage and a hatch tarpaulin.

When the others awoke, he set them all to search for turtles' eggs and anything else the grudging sea might give up. The Banker got more joy from finding a water-logged cask than ever the negotiation of a loan had given him, and the Baronet would not have exchanged the sailor's dunnage-bag he found for a quarter's rent-roll. The Artist, who said that he did not feel equal to joining in the search, amused the Countess by modeling the wet sand into profiles of the others.

Only the little Jap, turn by turn and twist by twist, unraveled long cotton cords from the sail cloth, wove them cunningly into a plaited line, bent a nail from a washed-up box, baited it with a piece of mollusk, and, wading into the sea, soon hooked a large fish of shining hues.

Far away on the horizon a hazy bluish cloud marked the location of an island to the eastward, and later in the day another appeared to the north. These gave foothold to the imagination and robbed the sea of its apparent loneliness. The Countess felt that but for these islands she would go mad from fear and desolation. But she prattled joyously, and praised the others for their finds.

When the shoal-green of the sea turned to deep ultramarine and the golden sands began to purple, they dined upon the rest of the eggs—and cautiously upon the fish, for tropic sea-food is sometimes better to admire than to eat. The little Jap appeared with two ripe palm-nuts, gleaned from the half-dozen trees upon the island, and none but he appeared once more to notice that the Mate's appetite was not in proportion to his efforts. A lean-to was constructed of the tarpaulin, and the dried sail furnished a common coverlet to all but the Countess, for whom the Mate cut off a separate generous slice. The Mate sat with his back to a tree, and fed the fire with tiny scraps of brushwood.

When all were sleeping, the Countess suddenly awoke, chilled to the bone from contact with the cold sand which the sun-warmth had long since left. The fire was almost dead, and beside the smoldering ashes lay Jordan Knapp, face downward, and sleeping heavily. His great shoulders were outlined against the moonlit sky, and as he breathed deeply and silently she could see them rise and fall against the white horizon. As she watched, too cold to move, a shudder shook the great frame; he turned partly on his side, and drew in his limbs to warm his body.

The Countess crept softly out, and threw a few sticks on the fire. As she slipped from beneath the edge of her coverlet a dark object across it caught her eye. It was the Mate's coat, and another glance showed her that he slept in his thin shirt, open at the neck.

She picked up the coat and held it over the coals of the fire. When it seemed that the heat had penetrated every fiber she spread it gently across the shoulders of the Mate, noticing as she did so that the cotton shirt was clammy from the dew. Almost as the garment touched him the Mate was broad awake, up on one knee, and tense as a forestay.

"Oh! it is you," he whispered, recognizing her in the moonlight. "I thought that I was in China again with Boles, and that the river pirates—pshaw! I'm half-asleep still. What's the matter, Countess?"

"*Dieu!* I have so cold I may not sleep. Perhaps I have sleep enough in the day. What pity I arouse you, *cher ami!* But you shiver in your sleep, and you have put your coat across my knee," she added reproachfully.

"I don't mind the cold," said the Mate almost roughly; "and I ought to have kept the fire up, but I was sort of sleepy, I guess." He was building the feeble flames as he spoke. "I'll make you a comfortable bed to-morrow, Countess, built up off the ground and thatched out with palm leaves. Seems like I might have thought of it before, but I was busy saving junk that we may need."

"How long you think we must remain on this islan'?" asked the Countess, holding her palms to the growing blaze.

"Not long, I reckon," he answered reassuringly. "We'll start to knock the pieces of the boat together to-morrow, and then we'll work our passage along this chain of islands until we strike an inhabited one. Maue can't be more than three hundred miles to the eastward, and the natives there are friendly."

"But the boat—how without tools may you make him sea-deserving?"

"Seaworthy? Oh, there are nails in the wreckage, and I can chip these shells into tools; and I have my knife."

"It will be a task like 'The Toilers of the Sea.' You have read that book?"

"Yes; but there are several of us, and we

have a sail and can wait for a fair wind. It will be easy enough. Don't worry, Countess, you'll be in 'Frisco in a couple of months."

"I do not worry when you are near, J-Jordin Knapp," she added softly.

"That's a brave girl," said the Mate, patting her hand. "Now you must go to sleep again."

The Countess made no reply, but gazed out over the still, moonlit sea.

The Banker awoke with a gasp. "Are you awake, Knapp?" he asked querulously. "I'm as cold as death. Can't you build up that fire?" He raised himself on his elbow and saw the Countess.

"If you're going to sit up by the fire, Celeste, do you mind if I take your piece of canvas? Who'd ever think that it could be so cold down here in the tropics!" he grumbled. "You know my lungs aren't very strong, Celeste, and the first thing you know I'll be having pneumonia!"

He tugged the scrap of sail partly off the Baronet. "I say, Knapp, just tuck that thing around my feet, will you? I believe I'm going to have a chill! Heat up the rest of that chowder for me, Celeste. D— the luck, anyway! You bet that the next time I hire any officers for a yacht I'll get men with the proper licenses, and who know their business. It's all your fault, Celeste. If you'd only been content to go right back this never would have happened. Why don't you heat up something, Celeste? Do you want me to have a——"

"*Shut up!*" growled the Mate.

"Eh! What's that?"

"Shut up, or I'll come over there and twist your neck! Savvy?"

"What do you mean? Is that the way——"

"*Shut yer mouth*, d'ye hear? The Countess 's got enough to bother her without your drool!"

The Banker glared across the firelit space, then grumbled off to sleep again. The Countess gazed pensively at the moon, and then turned to the Mate.

He rose suddenly, picked up the Countess's poor little canvas coverlet and held it to the blaze, then wrapped it gently around her and drew her up to him.

"Put your head on my lap—so. Now turn your back to the fire—so."

The fire was behind her, and the broad chest of the Mate sheltered her from the night breeze.

"But you—Jordin Knapp—you cannot sleep so!"

"Never fear, child; go to sleep." His voice was kind, but imperative.

"Ah, *mon ami*, nevair was I so comfortable." She gave a little sigh, and the eyelids fluttered down. The flames grew brighter.

Soon she slept, and after a little the Mate's chin sank on his chest, and he, too, slept. So until the morning, when the Baronet awoke.

He looked at them keenly in the early dawn, and the smile that parted his patrician lips was not altogether ironical.

II

A week passed, and no errant sail clove the distant sky-line. The supply of turtles' eggs was gone, and the fish caught by the Jap seemed a very lonely member of his species. The castaways ate but twice a day, and then scantily. The lines under the Countess's eyes deepened, and new ones appeared in the rugged face of the Mate. He made a bold pretense of eating, and only two of the party saw the deception; but as he grew daily more cadaverous his energy seemed to increase. With infinite toil he had chipped some of the broad sea-shells into the semblance of tools—a saw, a chisel, and an adze. Nails were drawn or dug from box and cask, the smashed ends of the boat neatly spliced and caulked with cotton fibers.

On the ninth day a bright idea suddenly seized the Baronet. He called the Banker, the Artist, and the Mate aside.

"I say, you chaps, I've been thinking that the grub is getting jolly low, and that the Countess is not getting enough to eat. She's a game little thing, and never whimpers; but she's going downhill fast. We men have got to cut down our rations—what?"

Knapp smiled a tired smile.

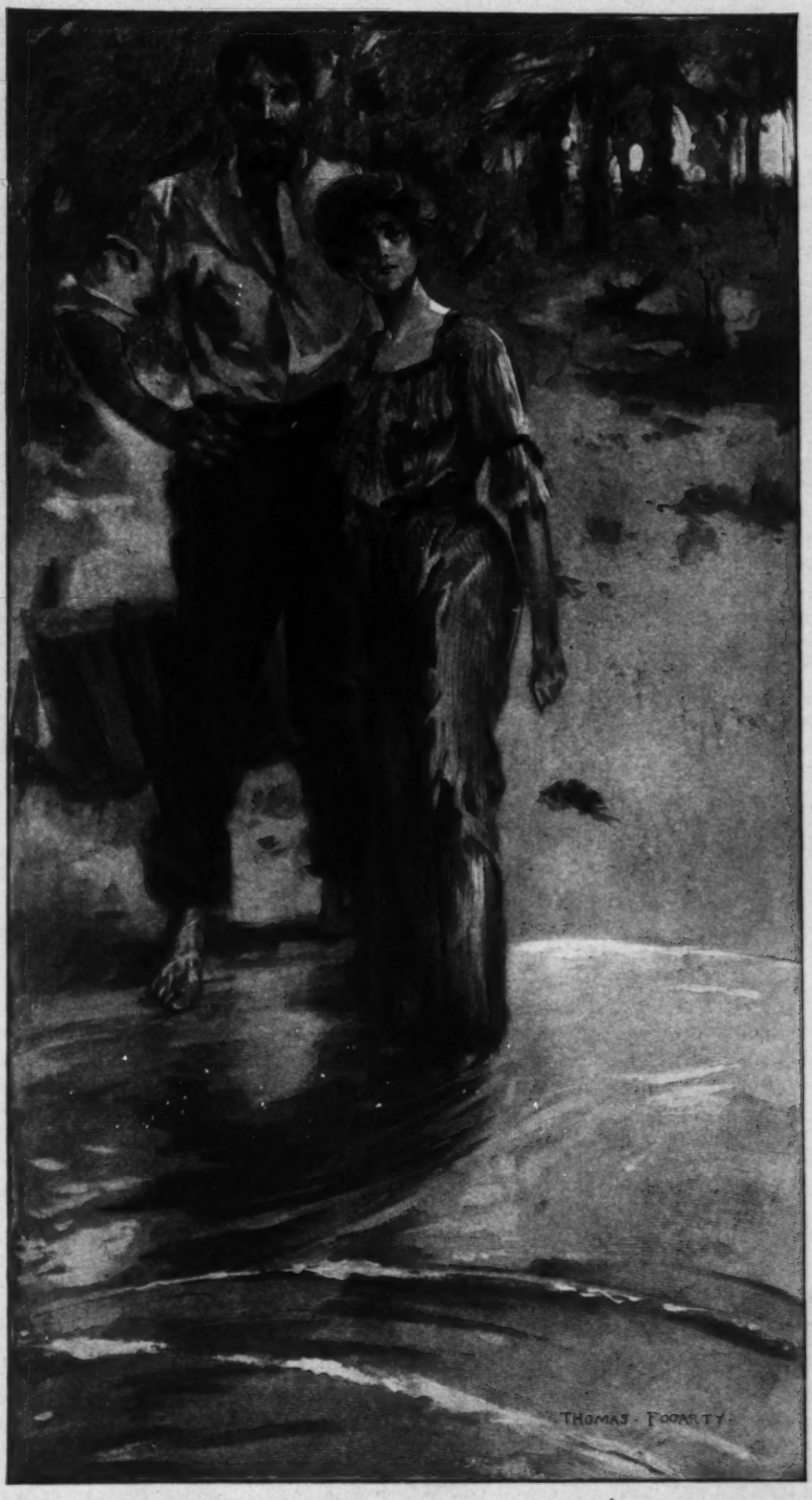
"Women don't need as much food as men, anyway. You'll find it in the physiologies," began the Banker.

"You're right, Sir Henry," interrupted the Mate; "we'll make you commissary officer, and let you dole out the chuck."

The Artist nodded a moody assent, and walked off up the beach.

When they had trimmed down the fore and after fragments of the boat all that remained to splice was about four feet of the after, and about the same length of the forward section. At the most, with the greatest economy of their scant material, the boat when completed would not be more than eight feet over all. The peculiar design, after they had pieced the fragments, brought a smile to the lips of the Mate, although its size gave him food for reflection.

"Looks like a bait car," he remarked to the Baronet, "or a punch-bowl!"



"She turned and faced them defiantly"

"Knapp, if you mention that word 'punch' I will attack you with this prehistoric weapon!" replied the Baronet, wielding his neolithic stone maul, made of rounded rock lashed in the end of a cleft stick.

While they worked wearily the Artist suddenly fainted. They carried him into the shade, and the Countess bathed his forehead until consciousness returned. He gazed dreamily up at the sunlight that filtered through the palm leaves over his head in green and yellow bands.

"Countess," he asked, presently, "do you believe in God, and heaven, and all that?"

"*Certainement, mon cher,*" she answered in surprise.

"So do I, and I think that God must have the artistic spark. No one but a great master could get such wonderful symphonies of color. Just see the play of color in the surf as it breaks, and consider the accuracy in the values of blues and greens over our heads. Who ever saw a clash or chromatic discord in a sunset? Or in wild flowers, or the leaves in the autumn? Yes; God is a great artist and a musician, and all that is broad and comprehensive. Do you suppose that the mind that conceived such wonders could misjudge a motive or direct the destiny of souls by a rule of three?'

The Countess's violet eyes grew round.

"Ah! but you must not try to think of such mysteries now. Rest, *mon cher;* sleep, and rest your tired brain!"

"I will, soon," drawled the Artist, and lazily closed his eyes.

That evening the Artist was the life of the whole party. The Mate, who had never approved of him, listened in amazement and joy to his sudden flow of wit and gaiety. Then to the astonishment of all, just as they were about to prepare for sleep he suggested prayers.

"Ah, yes; let us supplicate *le bon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Countess.

"What rot!" grumbled the Banker.

"I say, it can't do you any harm, you know!" said the Baronet, as one inspired by a sudden new idea.

Knapp rose slowly to his feet and took off his cap.

"Our Father—" he began, and the others joined in; all but the Banker, who took the opportunity to clean the Countess's unfinished shell of chowder.

"The Lord's Prayer doesn't seem to quite fill all of the requirements," cheerfully remarked the Mate when he had finished, "but it's the only one I know; and, after all, the "daily bread" part is the most important for us."

When they awoke in the morning the Artist was missing. The Countess was the first to find his writing in the sand.

"Dear friends," it read, "this is to apologize for leaving you so abruptly, but I've lost my nerve. Knapp says the boat can only safely carry four—possibly five. The grub is getting low and I'm sick of chowder; besides, my demand is greater than my supply. Love to all. May God bless you, and get you safely out of the mess! *Au revoir.*"

The "*au revoir*" was no sarcasm. Late in the afternoon the Artist returned—from the sea,—and they found him with his black hair full of sand, and a sea-gull on his chest.

The next day the Mate, with a smile at the Countess, pronounced the boat to be "sea-deserving." Then they spent three days in catching fish, which they dried in the sun. It was easier to catch the fish, now that they had a boat. Several bottles that had washed ashore, and the biscuit tin, were filled with water from the spring, which day by day was dwindling as the dry season advanced. Another day was spent in waiting for a fair breeze and recaulking the boat.

They towed her to the leeward side of the island, and there the Countess, the Banker, the Baronet, and the Jap embarked. The Baronet kept his face averted, and when he tried to answer a question of the Countess's his voice choked.

"Is it that you have grown fond of this beautiful islan'?" she demanded, half jokingly, half in surprise. "J-J-Jordin, what do you make? Get in the boat!"

"No," said the Mate, "I'm going to stop here until you send a schooner for me. It won't be very long. This tub wouldn't be safe with my extra weight in her when it breezes up this afternoon." He was wading behind the boat, shoving her through the shallows ahead of him. The Countess could not see his face as he was leaning over, the better to throw his weight against the stern.

"You're all right now. There's nothing more that I can do. Sir Henry understands about the courses, and as soon as you get clear of the island you can hoist your sail and get a fine fair wind. When you get to Maue you can send a schooner——"

"Celeste, sit down!" snapped the Banker. "You'll upset the boat if you don't look out!"

"Yes; sit down, Celeste," said the Baronet. "We've arranged it all, and it's the best way——"

Splash! The Countess had leaped nimbly into the water and was wading, waist deep, back to the beach before the Mate could intercept her.

At the edge of the water she turned.

"And you would leave J-J-Jordin Knapp so —alone, desolated—even as you left me on the vessel? *Mais non!* He have stay by me, an' I will remain with him. Think, *mes amis*, what it would be—*alone* on this terrible islan' at night, with the moaning of the sea!" She burst into a storm of tears.

The Mate turned to her fiercely. "Celeste, do as I tell you! Get in that boat; do you want to make me——. Oh, *go*, for heaven's sake. Can't you see that you're only making it worse?"

The Banker said nothing.

"I say, do be reasonable; why do you want to make it so hard for us, Celeste?" cried the Baronet, with a queer vibration in his voice.

The drooping head came proudly up. The bare, gleaming arms flashed down and outward. She turned and faced them defiantly, her back to the man she would not desert, her bosom rising and falling. Before her stretched salvation and the sea; behind, the green walls of her prison. Her thin, tattered gown hung in rags, while at her feet the glowing sands pressed hot kisses where the frail satin slippers had worn away. The rising trade-wind blew her tawny hair about her face.

"You ask me why I remain? I tell you. It is because that if I go I am the base ingrate. This man have risked his life for me when his blood run quick, an' when his life is low he give me his blood, drop by drop. Day by day he starve himself—an' he think I do not see. Ver' many times he bring me food an' say he have eat plenty, but I know it is only his dinnerwhich he save. When I am cold he cover me with his coat an' shiver; when I am *triste* he tell me the droll story, an' say how soon I will be home. An' now he have put everything of food an' shelter in the bateau, an'—an' you ask me that I leave him——"

Her voice choked, and she covered her face with her hands.

The Mate dug his foot in the sand, and gnawed the end of his new bristling mustache.

"Is there any other reason, Celeste?" he asked in a voice like the echo of the surf.

She raised her head, and the sunlight shone on her face. The little hands were tightly clasped.

"Ah, yes; there is more. I have known many men in many country, many who have the wit, the resource, the courage, the heart of gold. But never have I known a man who have them all, as this gran' man; and he has, beside—" she turned and covered her face with her hands—"*mon cœur!*" she sobbed softly.

"Oh, h—!" growled the Banker; "let's go!"

"Good-by, children," called the Baronet. "We'll have a schooner here for you in a fortnight!"

He dug his oar blade in the hard-packed sand, when suddenly a feeble spark of decency flared up from deep in the Banker's sordid soul.

"If Celeste's not coming, we might leave her a ration," he muttered.

"I say, by Jove! that's so—what? There's some hope for you yet, old man," said the Mate genially to the Banker.

"Who's going to chaperon you two until the schooner comes?" asked the Baronet jocosely.

"This!" said the Mate, in a deep-toned voice. He snapped a cord about his neck and drew forth a heavy golden ring. The blue eyes of the Countess opened wide.

"It was my mother's, Celeste. Will you wear it for me—always?"

She put her hand in his. "Yes, J-J-Jordin Knapp."

The busy little Jap, who had been swabbing the boat dry, leaped to his feet so quickly that he almost had a capsize.

"Eeeee——yah!" he squealed, pointing seaward.

The Mate's keen eye was the first to follow the boy's.

"SAIL, O!" he roared in a voice that sounded like a cry of pain. Suddenly he threw his hands above his head.

"They've come for us! The other boat's been picked up! What?—what?" He did a beach dance that would shame a cannibal.

The Banker stared out to sea as if uncertain of his part of the play.

Close to the shore the placid waters lay pearly gray, still unawakened in the shadow of the palms. Beyond, the sparkling waves danced sun-kissed and joyous with the life of the growing day. Far on the low horizon a widening band of ultramarine marked the advent of the trade-wind, and over the sky-line a pink puff rose steadily over the ocean's brim.

Larger it grew, coursing in the wake of the breeze, and soon the darker speck that marked the hull appeared. On she came, her topsails shot with the flaming crimson of the sunrise,

and soon a snowy streak beneath her forefoot showed each onward rush.

Close grouped, as if to concentrate their sight, they feasted with their eyes until the Countess's grew so dim she could not see. A little sob struggled to escape, and at the sound the Mate and the Banker turned to her. The eyes of the two men met in a look different from that thrown seaward.

"Well," said the Banker, "there's no need for heroics after all. We'll all go together, and let's try to forget this chapter. I say we call everything that's happened on this blooming island off. Celeste, don't cry, my——"

The Mate's arm encircled the Countess. She turned to the Banker.

"Ah, yes, *mon cher!* it shall be as you wish. Everything is off—but the ring!" she added softly, turning to the Mate.

A SPEEDWAY SERMON

BY EMPEIGH MERWYN

THE famous driveway skirting the wooded heights that overlook the valley of the Harlem, where New Yorkers assemble on Sunday mornings to witness "brushes" between pedigreed, record-breaking equines, might not be considered a vicinity favorable to the delivery and suitable reception of a sermon. Nor would the lofty bridge on which the Croton water crosses the Harlem to its destination in the faucets of Manhattan Island shape itself at first glance into the semblance of a pulpit. Yet it was on High Bridge, from which I had been regarding the scene on the Speedway below, that I first met Dicky and listened to his conversation.

It is not popular to view the racing from the bridge; the gay world flocks along the walks below, on either side of the magnificent roadway. I preferred to be aloof. There are moods when even a horse-race cannot charm. Sometimes brilliant spectacles do not tempt one to mingle in them, but serve only as a basis for gloomy philosophizings.

Things were not going well with me. Well planned efforts have a way of lurching off and arriving nowhere. It is hard to see others succeed where you have failed. And at that time I had misgivings about the state of mind of a certain Person. I was tired of the whole confounded muddle, and I knew just how a fellow feels when he concludes to stop trying.

A shrill cry arrested me as I walked moodily along.

"Wait fer me, Jimmy—Jim-my!"

A very little chap, in a shabby brown overcoat, was sending this appeal after some larger boys scampering eastward across the bridge at a pace impossible to his short legs.

The other boys ran on unheeding. From previous observation of the genus sometimes know as "kid," and from the size of the present specimen, I braced myself against a howl that I judged would develop. But I erred. The short legs ceased the vain effort; then two brown eyes gazed sadly up into mine, and Dicky said—for this was Dicky—"Jimmy has went off an' left me!"

But it was merely the enormity of Jimmy's depravity that saddened him, not his own forlorn situation, as I soon learned.

"How will you get home?" I asked.

He surveyed the long stretch of bridge leading to the Bronx side, where the boys had disappeared, and gravely decided upon a course of action suited to the occasion.

"I'll go 'way 'cross the bridge," he said deliberately; "then I'll go down them stairs, *all* of 'em, an' then—" He hesitated, but resumed manfully, "I guess I c'n see where I live then."

"Suppose you can't see?"

His resourcefulness did not fail. "I'll ask a cop," he said firmly. "The cop'll know where I live."

The noble faith in the omniscience of "the force" might have impressed me, if I had not been occupied with my surprise at this remarkable decision of character and courage. He was much too small to be there alone—he was scarcely more than a baby—and I was pausing, pondering the division of responsibility between myself and the cop. Dicky himself had dropped the whole subject—myself along with it—and was stuck as close as possible to the bridge railing, through which he was gazing intently upon the scene below.

Suddenly the brown overcoat was violently

agitated, its occupant turned and called shrilly, "Mister, come 'ere—they's a feller fell in the lake!"

Sure enough, there was a fine young fellow struggling in the water, while his capsized shell floated swiftly away. The conflicting currents of the Harlem "lake" must have taken him in an unguarded moment. Fortunately, a rowing costume is also adapted to swimming, and he was making a gallant fight.

"See 'im wiggle!" cried Dicky excitedly.

The Speedway throng below had also seen, and they began to shout advice and encouragement. A launch was visible, but some distance away. The swimmer began to call at intervals, "Hurry up; hur-ry up!"

An inevitable comparison of his struggle with my own flashed over me. I set my teeth hard at the thought of the possible fate of the brave fellow down there, in view of the thousands powerless to help. A woman near us began to wring her hands, crying out, "Oh, why don't they help him!" But Dicky's hopefulness sustained us in the ordeal.

"Don't cry, Missis," he said kindly to the woman. "He's goin' to git out soon. See 'im wiggle!" he added enthusiastically.

And later, when the swimmer's shouts were not so loud, and you clenched the railing and held your breath, it was Dicky who sang out, "They's a boat a-comin'!"

Another shell, propelled by four athletic fellows, swept from under the bridge, and we saw our swimmer, first seizing an oar, and then clinging to the side of the boat, conveyed safely to a landing-place.

It was this accident that secured me the boon of Dicky's acquaintance; in discussing it, the gulfs of age and position were bridged and we met as equals.

"What 'ud you do if you'd fall in the water?" he asked with keen interest. But evidently fearing the effect that the direful suggestion might have upon my possibly delicate susceptibilities, he hastened to say, with a sunny smile, "You won't fall, Mister; the bridge is tight. But *s'pose* you had fell, what 'ud you do?"

I asked him what he would do.

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "I'd wait till some fellers comed with a boat, an' I'd climb right up on the boat."

"But suppose a boat shouldn't come?"

"Then I'd wiggle an' wiggle an' keep *on* a-wigglin' till a boat *did* come," he said resolutely.

Having given me this succinct statement of his idea of a man's behavior when in misfortune, he glued himself to the railing again. Surprise was rapidly deepening in my mind to profound interest and growing respect for the character of my chance acquaintance. I desired to probe farther into this clear mind. His interest in the proceedings below appeared to be inordinate.

"Do you like to see the horses?" I asked.

"Yep," he replied politely and even with polish, for he had the manners of an archbishop—or of an archangel. The monosyllable was uttered dispassionately, however. But his next remark revealed the source of his absorbing interest. "Mebby my Pa's down there."

"Ah, your father drives horses there?"

"I don't know, but mebby he does." Dicky sighed profoundly, and I saw that there was trouble. He must have judged me to be worthy, for he went on, "Mamma and me don't know where he is. He has went off and left us. Oncet we lived in a flat"—he glanced at me to see if I comprehended the grandeur of this—"Mamma's got to work now, an' she cries 'bout Papa's bein' gone."

I perceived that this was not the reaching out of a weak spirit for sympathy; it was merely a dignified statement of facts due to a friend. I said with respect, "That is very hard!"

"But she don't cry *always*." He was hastening to cheer me up out of my depression! When I was feeling better, he gave me various details of the family affairs. What impressed me most was his own unflagging endeavor to dispel his mother's terrible fear that his father would never return. He spoke of this as a curious example of feminine idiosyncracy. "Mamma's just a poor, weak woman," he said kindly. "She can't help cryin'."

The spectacle of this rare soul rising up in unflinching fortitude from the paternal defection and the maternal tears so moved me that I took out my field-glass and urged Dicky to try it.

It was his first experience, and his delight was absolutely without limit. But after he had learned how to adjust the glasses, and had looked his fill, he reverted to the subject that engrossed him.

"If my Pa had them glasses down there," he cried, with sparkling eyes, "he c'ud see me up here. And then he'd git right outen the wagon an' come up here!"

"What would he do with the horses?" I asked. It was becoming an absorbing employment to me to suggest difficulties—just to see how this undaunted spirit would meet them. I was conscious, too, of a desire to lay

before him my own affairs and get his advice and the glow of his sunny hopefulness upon them!

He laughed heartily. My lack of resource tickled him. "W'y, don't you know?" he said. "He'd hitch the horses to the legs of the bridge!"

"What makes you think that he is down there?"

"'Cause they's horses there. My Pa's a—a—" He said apologetically, "It's a big word." Then he made a manful effort to make me understand. "They's a wagon an' lots of trunks." When I suggested "expressman," he beamed with pleasure. "Yep, 'spressman! An' if I come here an' come here an' keep *on* comin' here lots an' lots of times, mebby I'll see my Pa down there, an' then he'll come back to Mamma 'n me." Then he resumed his eager scrutiny of the Speedway.

I checked an impulse to uncover my head in the presence of this sublime faith, while I stood aghast at the daring picture of the delinquent parent, in the midst of those elegant turnouts, mounted upon his express wagon, returning to the deserted fireside!

I hadn't the heart to speak for some time. Then, feeling the need of encouragement from Dicky, I asked, "Was your Papa a very good man?"

Dicky turned and surveyed me silently. It was not rebuke in the large eyes. It was a surprised pity for the darkness of my unenlightened outlook. Then he said quietly, "Pa and God is the best men in the world."

This simple confession of faith was too much for me. I took off my hat, making a pretense of smoothing my hair. It was distinctly a stained-glass effect—the sunlight actually seemed to be streaming through a rose window over an organ loft, and I heard for an instant the voices of the choir.

I took Dicky's hand and we sauntered along together conversing. In a thoughtless moment I asked him this question, "What would you do if your father should not come back?"

He withdrew his hand and turned his great brown eyes upon me, and I realized my error.

"Of course he will come back," I hastened to say. "I only meant *suppose* he shouldn't."

It took time for him to grasp that this was only abstract speculation, similar to his own suggestion, "S'pose you'd fell down into the water." Then he faced the problem with his usual spirit.

"W'y, I'd grow an' grow, *awful* fast, and be big like my Pa, and work for Mamma."

As we walked on, he became silent. Again he withdrew his hand—there was constraint between us. The matter developed. Suddenly he looked *up* at me, literally speaking, but in reality he was looking *down* at me, and I felt it.

"Don't you b'lieve he'll come back?"

Then I perceived that this question was not formulated in order to add weight to his own serene trust—it was a test of my sanity, of my moral condition, of my fitness for friendship.

He was at last reassured. His hand was again in mine, and our intimacy was restored. I did myself the honor of escorting Dicky home, and we parted with an appointment to meet again at the Speedway.

"Mebby my Pa 'ull be there!" he said radiantly; then benevolently to me, "An' I'll show him your glasses!" Finally he said, with an inflection and tone that were a benediction, "I *like* you." And then came the supreme touch, uttered solemnly, "Mebby my Pa 'ull like you, too."

I wended my way back across the bridge, to the elevated, rebuked, chastened, and inspired. That Person—whose sex I do not mention—had never behaved *quite* so badly as had Dicky's erring parent! Yet regard my squalid, shriveling doubts beside Dicky's magnificent faith. And—daring thought—why should not I apply Dicky's system to the Person's case, and keep on a-comin' an' comin'——

And this diminutive apostle of hope and courage in the midst of his harrowing affairs—I and my difficulties—the relative sizes of Dicky and myself—his attitude—mine! I did not enjoy dwelling upon my late attitude.

I say "late" attitude, and that is right, because it was changed. I had determined now to wiggle an' wiggle an' keep *on* a wigglin' till a boat *did* come. Amen and amen.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

BY MYRA KELLY

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

IT was the week before Christmas, and the First Reader Class, in a lower East Side school, had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher." She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents, for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs, Isidores, and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas Day was much as other days. And so she went serenely on her way, all unconscious of the swift and strict relation between her manner and her chances. She was for instance, the only person in the room who did not know that her criticism of Isidore Belchatosky's hands and face cost her a tall "three for ten cents" candlestick and a plump box of candy.

But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. That his "kind feeling" should be without proof when the lesser loves of Isidore Wishnewsky, Sadie Gonorowsky, and Bertha Binderwitz were taking the tangible but surprising forms which were daily exhibited to his confidential gaze was more than he could bear. The knowledge saddened all his hours, and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly upward past a black skirt, a "from silk" apron, a red "jumper", and "from gold" chain to her "light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big red schoolhouse, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within. After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold he had passed from ordeal to ordeal until, at last, he was torn in mute and white-faced despair from his mother's skirts.

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy, who spoke to him disdainfully as "greenie," and cautioned him as to the laying down softly and taking up gently of those poor, dusty shoes, so that his spirit was quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face. The sunshine smote his timid eyes, the laughter smote his timid heart, and he turned to flee. But the door was shut, the large boy gone, and despair took him for its own.

MORRIS MOGILEWSKY

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved. A hand was forced between his aching body and the floor, and the voice said:

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that. What's the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barber shops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent; from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face, they trailed in

dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped—they had found rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady's arms and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide spread tie, he answered her question in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently sad.

"I ain't so big, and I don't know where is my mama."

So, having cast his troubles on the shoulders of the lady, he had added his throbbing head to the burden, and from that safe retreat had enjoyed his first day at school immensely.

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher, his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness, but the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his heart was full. Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.

"For what you go and make, over Christmas, presents? You ain't no Krisht; you should better have no kind feelings over Krishts, neither; your papa could to have a mad."

"Teacher ain't no Krisht," said Morris stoutly; "all the other fellows buys her presents, und I'm loving mit her; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her."

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothing," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has all times a scare he shouldn't to get no more, the while the boss"—and here followed incomprehensible, but depressing, financial details, until the end of the interview found Morris and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another's arms. So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.

▾▾▾

And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, has come, and the school is, for the first half hour, quite mad. Doors open suddenly and softly to admit small persons, clad in wondrous ways and bearing wondrous parcels. Room 18, generally so placid and so peaceful, is a howling wilderness full of brightly-colored, quickly-changing groups of children, all whispering, all gurgling, and all hiding queer bundles. A new-comer invariably causes a diversion; the assembled multitude, athirst for novelty, falls upon him and clamors for a glimpse of his bundle and a statement of its price.

Teacher watches in dumb amaze. What can be the matter with the children? They can't have guessed that the shrouded something in the corner is a Christmas tree? What makes them behave so queerly, and why do they look

"'*Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that*'"

so strange? They seem to have grown stout in a single night, and Teacher, as she notes this, marvels greatly. The explanation is simple, though it comes in alarming form. The sounds of revelry are pierced by a long, shrill yell, and a pair of agitated legs spring suddenly into view between two desks. Teacher, rushing to the rescue, notes that the legs form the unsteady stem of an upturned mushroom of brown flannel and green braid, which she recognizes as the outward seeming of her cherished Bertha Binderwitz; and yet, when the desks are forced to disgorge their prey, the legs restored to their normal position are found to support a fat child—and Bertha was best described as "skinny"—in a dress of the Stuart tartan tastefully trimmed with purple. Investigation proves that Bertha's accumulative taste in dress is an established custom. In nearly all cases the glory of holiday attire is hung upon the solid foundation of every-day clothes as bunting is hung upon a building. The habit is economical of time, and produces a charming embonpoint.

"The end of the interview found Morris and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another's arms"

Teacher, too, is more beautiful than ever. Her dress is blue, and "very long down, like a lady," with bands of silk and scraps of lace distributed with the eye of art. In her hair she wears a bow of what Sadie Gonorowsky, whose father "works by fancy goods," describes as "black from plush ribbon—costs ten cents."

Isidore Belchatosky, relenting, is the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He comes forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick—the candy has gone to its long home,—and Teacher for a moment cannot be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china is really hers "for keeps."

"It's to-morrow holiday," Isidore assures her; "and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents."

"It's a lie. Three for ten," says a voice in the background, but Teacher hastens to respond to Isidore's test of her credulity:

"Indeed, they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it's just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present."

"You're welcome," says Isidore, retiring; and then, the ice being broken, the First Reader Class in a body rises to cast its gifts on Teacher's desk, and its arms round Teacher's neck.

Nathan Horowitz presents a small cup and saucer; Isidore Applebaum bestows a large calendar for the year before last; Sadie Gonorowsky brings a basket containing a bottle of perfume, a thimble, and a bright silk handkerchief; Sarah Schodsky offers a pen-wiper and a yellow celluloid collar-button, and Eva Kidansky gives an elaborate nasal douche, under the pleasing delusion that it is an atomizer.

Once more sounds of grief reach Teacher's ears. Rushing again to the rescue, she throws open the door and comes upon woe personified. Eva Gonorowsky, her hair in wildest dis-

array, her stocking fouled, ungartered, and down-gyved to her ankle, appeared before her teacher. She bears all the marks of Hamlet's excitement, and many more, including a tear-stained little face and a gilt saucer clasped to a panting breast.

"Eva, my dearest Eva, what's happened to you *now?*" asks Teacher, for the list of ill chances which have befallen this one of her charges is very long. And Eva wails forth that a boy, a very big boy, had stolen her golden cup "what I had for you by present," and has left her only the saucer and her undying love to bestow.

Before Eva's sobs have quite yielded to Teacher's arts, Jacob Spitsky presses forward with a tortoise-shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth, and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place. Teacher meekly bows her head; Jacob forces his offering into her long-suffering hair, and then retires with the information, "Costs fifteen cents, Teacher," and the courteous phrase—by etiquette prescribed—"Wish you health to wear it." He is plainly a hero, and is heard remarking to less favored admirers, that "Teacher's hair is awful softy, and smells off of perfumery."

Here a big boy, a very big boy, enters hastily. He does not belong to Room 18, but he has long known Teacher. He has brought her a present; he wishes her a merry Christmas. The present, when produced, proves to be a pretty gold cup, and Eva Gonorowsky, with renewed emotion, recognizes the boy as her assailant and the cup as her property. Teacher is dreadfully embarrassed; the boy not at all so. His policy is simple and entire denial, and in this he perseveres, even after Eva's saucer has unmistakably proclaimed its relationship to the cup.

Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes steadily on. Other cups and saucers come in wild profusion. The desk is covered with them, and their wrappings of purple tissue paper require a monitor's whole attention. The soap, too, becomes urgently perceptible. It is of all sizes, shapes, and colors, but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume. Teacher's eyes fill with tears of gratitude as each new piece, or box, is pressed against her nose, and Teacher's mind is full of wonder as to what she can ever do with all of it. Bottles of perfume vie with one another and with the all-pervading soap until the air is heavy and breathing grows laborious, while pride swells the hearts of the assembled multitude. No other teacher has so many helps to the toilet. None other is so beloved.

Teacher's aspect is quite changed, and the "blue long down like a lady dress" is almost hidden by the offerings she had received. Jacob's comb has two massive and bejeweled rivals in the "softy hair." The front of the dress, where aching or despondent heads are wont to rest, is glittering with campaign buttons of American celebrities, beginning with James G. Blaine and extending into modern history as far as Patrick Divver, Admiral Dewey, and Captain Dreyfus. Outside the blue belt is a white one, nearly clean, and bearing in "sure 'nough golden words" the curt, but stirring, invitation, "Remember the Maine." Around the neck are three chaplets of beads, wrought by chubby fingers and embodying much love, while the waist-line is further adorned by tiny and beribboned aprons. Truly, it is a day of triumph.

When the waste-paper basket has been twice filled with wrappings and twice emptied; when order is emerging out of chaos; when the Christmas tree has been disclosed and its treasures distributed, a timid hand is laid on Teacher's knee and a plaintive voice whispers, "Say, Teacher, I got something for you;" and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge, with his poor little body showing quite plainly between his shirt-waist buttons and through the gashes he calls pockets. This is his ordinary costume, and the funds of the house of Mogilewsky are evidently unequal to an outer layer of finery.

"Now, Morris, dear," says Teacher, "you shouldn't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that——"

"Teacher, yis ma'am," Morris interrupts, in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice: "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I couldn't to tell even how I'm got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn't"—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn't to have no soap nor no perfumery, and my mama, she couldn't to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I'm got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asks the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know"—and, truly, God pity him! he is passing small—"It ain't for boys—it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house, und he gives my mama the present. Sooner she looks on it, sooner she has a awful glad; in her eyes stands tears, und she says, like that—out

of Jewish—'Thanks,' un' she kisses my papa a kiss. Und my papa, *how* he is polite! he says—out of Jewish, too—'You're welcome, all right,' un' he kisses my mama a kiss. So my mama, she sets and looks on the present, und all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I didn't to have no soap, so you could to have the present."

"But did your mother say I might?"

"Teacher, no ma'am; she didn't say like that, un' she didn't to say *not* like that. She didn't to know. But it's for ladies, un' I didn't to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain't for boys."

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and discloses a tightly-folded pinkish paper. As Teacher reads it he watches her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grow suddenly moist, when his promptly follow suit. As she looks down at him, he makes his moan once more:

"It's for ladies, und I didn't to have no soap."

"But, Morris, dear," cries Teacher unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, "this is ever so much nicer than soap—a thousand times better than perfume; and you're quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful."

"You're welcome, all right. That's how my papa says; it's polite," says Morris proudly. And proudly he takes his place among the very little boys, and loudly he joins in the ensuing song. For the rest of that exciting day he is a shining point of virtue in a slightly confused class. And at three o'clock he is at Teacher's desk again, carrying on the conversation as if there had been no interruption.

"Und my mama," he says insinuatingly—"she kisses my papa a kiss."

"Well?" says Teacher.

"'*Eva, my dearest Eva, what's happened to you now?*'"

"'Say, Teacher, I got something for you'"

"Well," says Morris, "you ain't never kissed me a kiss, und I seen how you kissed Eva Gonorowsky. I'm loving mit you too. Why don't you never kiss me a kiss?"

"Perhaps," suggests Teacher mischievously, "perhaps it ain't for boys."

But a glance at her "light face," with its crown of surprising combs, reassures him.

"Teacher, yis ma'am; it's for boys," he cries as he feels her arms about him, and sees that in her eyes, too, "stands tears."

"It's polite you kisses me a kiss over that for ladies' present."

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room—for she was, unofficially, a greatly pampered young person—and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky's Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month's rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement.

THE LAST CHOICE OF CRUSTY DICK

BY WILLIAM D. WILLIAMS

IT was a very commonplace, uninteresting spot, which one would be sure to forget within a single day. There are a million such places, more or less, in the arid southwest. All around, as far as the eye could reach, the level plain was set with sparse clumps of prickly-pear and grease weed, but such things really count for nothing in such a country. A mile or more to the east, a barren red hill had, once upon a time, wakened to life and heaved itself aloft; but that was long, long ago—so very long the hill itself appeared to have forgotten about it. The heat waves that flickered in the air distorted the rugged outlines, and set them in seeming motion, as though the hill were about to move again. But all the desert knew better, for, in all the ages since it had possessed itself of that country, that hill had continually threatened to move, notwithstanding which, it had not once changed its position. So the thin, dry grass twisted and curled back upon itself, and tried, in every other way, to withdraw itself from the terrible heat of the sun, and had not even a languid apprehension that anything would happen.

To the west, right at hand, as one might say, a red, granite rock, big as a house, had in other ages burst the bonds of the earth, and stuck its head out in the air. But so hot did it find it, and so dull, it was plainly sorry of its reckless irruption; it drooped repentantly, as if promising never to do it again.

In all that commonplace of desolation, absolutely the only thing worth looking at was a slender trickle of water, which perseveringly pushed itself up, along the break in the earth made by the protruding rock. In any other country, if anybody had ever noticed its existence, it would have been called a seep, and it would have been set about thickly with waving flags and nodding ferns. In the desert, it was a spring, known and honored by every lonesome, wandering man and beast on one side of the great range, and it was ornamented by a straggling fringe of dry, white bones, which lay upon its bosom like a string of pearls adorning the neck of a bride.

If it be true that every landscape has a story of its own, which can be read in the expression of its features, then one looking at that spot would be justified in believing himself able to see, as plainly as if it had been written in the palm of his hand, these words, "Since the dawn of creation nothing whatever has happened here." Yet, within the memory of men still living, that rock has looked down upon at least one ambush and massacre, as dreary as the scene that surrounded it, and God alone knows what other horrors it has witnessed.

It was in the morning, with the sun part way up the sky, when all around the eastern side of the rock, a swirling tangle of men and horses, of wagons and harness, an intricate and confused current of disorder, set slowly toward the spring. Along the edges, the sparse bunches of grease weed and prickly-pear were exploding rapidly, going pop, pop, pop, as if the surface of the desert were breaking out in a noisy eruption. Out of the popping there rose curls of white smoke, ascending vertically through the dead air, climbing steadily, as though set upon some lofty, common errand.

The Apaches had ambushed a wagon-train, and the teamsters were driving for the shelter of the rock, there to make such stand as they could. "Hai, whoop," each man was shouting to his horses, leaning far forward over the tails of the wheelers, seeming by the inclination of his body to add speed to his flight. ."Hai, whoop! Get up, Jim! Go on, Kate! Out of this boys, out of this!" The horses went with a rush, surging evenly against their collars, their bodies glistening with an ooze of perspiration. The wagons bumped and swayed over the inequalities of the surface, the timbers of each groaning beneath its heavy load. Dust sprang up in the air and hung about them, until only vague outlines loomed through, uncertainly discerned, as if seen through a dense fog.

The Indians had abandoned concealment. They stood up, leaning forward with eagerness, shooting with the calm rapidity of an expert hunter killing game. At times they screamed, clapping one hand to the mouth and removing it rapidly, repeating this frequently, producing a broken, wailing cry, that seemed wonderfully feeble in the open vastness which surrounded them.

The whole affair had a singular appearance of unreality, event after event occurring as if each one had been rehearsed with a masterful patience. No third rate painter of cheap scenery could have produced a more commonplace, uninteresting desert. The rifles con-

tinued to explode theatrically, the white puffs of smoke rising with stiff deliberation, each exactly like every other, as if they were being lifted by machinery which could not be made to move fast enough to produce the proper effect. The Indians yelled "Yow, yow, yow" with such precision that they seemed to have been trained from infancy. The drivers cracked their whips and swore at their horses with an appearance of merely perfunctory zeal. The interest they displayed looked to have been drilled into them by persistent effort.

When Gold Finch was shot through the lungs with a soft bullet that drilled a hole, through which one could have run a stick, you would have said he was very far from being surprised. The froth of blood filling his throat precluded speech. With a gentle motion of his hand, he turned over the lines to Crusty Dick, who sat at his side, and, lying down uncomfortably over the back of the narrow seat, went to sleep without a word, and passed out of the play and out of the world. And the rock of their refuge was still a quarter of a mile away.

Dick frowned, and said "Damn it." He stuck the barrel of his smoking gun beneath his thigh, gathered the four leather straps awkwardly in his fingers, two in each hand, and turned his attention to driving, like a man giving himself, with a world of enthusiasm, to the acquisition of a new trade.

"Here, you, Buck Howard," he yelled to the driver on his left, "don't you keep a-crowdin' on me. Don't you do it." He mumbled to himself inaudible complaints.

An arrow struck his near wheeler in the ribs, sticking out like a leafless weed, and, as the horse plunged under the pain, another appeared, grown fast to the shoulder.

"They'll make a damn porcupine out of that Jim horse," he growled. "I reckon it's my turn now." He leaned over the dead body of the teamster, balancing himself precariously, looking backward through the dust, along the wagon cover. He drew the revolver from his belt, and, in a listless, casual manner, discharged one chamber. An Indian, who had been running in pursuit, holding an arrow drawn to its head in his bow, let the tip slip from between his fingers, stood for an instant, with one leg lifted in its stride, and then plunged, head first, like a diver, into a bunch of prickly-pear, where he lay, moving his arms and legs jerkily, as if he were swimming.

"I wish I could drive that good," complained Dick. The wagon bumped against a ridge of dirt, throwing him down on Gold Finch's body, and, when he had slipped along to his own end of the seat, he was all dabbled with blood. But the rock was visibly nearer at hand.

Suddenly, one of Howard's leaders staggered and fell to its knees. The driver lashed out tremendously with his whip, the horse lifted itself, plunged heavily against its collar, and fell in a heap. The wheeler stumbled over the leader, the team swung around, locking the wheels, and Howard cursed frantically, calling Heaven to witness that, if he had ever dreamed of such luck, he would have stayed at home with his mother.

Dick was out in an instant, cutting loose the traces, slashing into the gear, loosing the dying animal, with a composure so unruffled and effective it had the appearance of calm deliberation, as if he had been expecting this from before his birth, as if he were prepared for it by ages of forethought.

"Now, look at that damn tongue," cried Howard, spitting disgustedly, and pointing with one finger extended.

The broken tongue was stuck in the ground, anchoring the wagon in the desert. Bullets were singing mournfully overhead, as if filled with melancholy regret for their deadly errand. Others, passing more dangerously near, buzzed like angry humble-bees. Arrows passed through the air, splitting it with spiteful, hissing noises.

Dick looked a moment at the ruin. "Hell," he exploded. "Git in with me. I'm a-needin' a driver a whole lot."

"I don't like to leave my horses," protested Howard.

"Git in," Dick ordered. "Git in. Git right in." His voice was tense and emphatic, his eyes blazed with anger, he seemed ready to spring upon the driver and tear him to pieces.

Howard took a step toward Dick's wagon. All at once he sat down on the ground, and looked around him, amazement showing in his face. "Lordy," he muttered, "I'm afraid I've gone an' done it now." He turned his eyes sheepishly toward Dick. He tried to stand up, he raised himself with one leg in position, dragged the other after him until he was upright, balanced himself a moment with outstretched arms, and sat down on the ground again. He felt of his leg, withdrew his fingers dripping blood, gazed at them shrewdly, and looked again toward Dick, very deprecating, obviously ashamed.

Dick was facing to the rear, shooting slowly and methodically, like a man bored by too

long practice at a target. So wonderful was his execution that, in a moment, not an Indian was to be seen, and the vegetation once more began to explode, where hostile marksmen lay concealed.

He glanced over his shoulder toward Howard. "Git in," he complained. "Why the hell don't you git in? D'ye expect me to hold 'em off forever?"

"They got me," apologized Howard, and he began to excuse himself, explaining how it happened. "They broke my leg, an' I couldn't help it. The bone's a-stickin' clean out. You git in."

The vegetation was breaking out in puffs of smoke at close range. The last of the other wagons whirled by in a great cloud of dust. At the rock the drivers were calling back to them: "Git in. Git in, an' drive on. Come on, you damn fools." Bullets, going both ways, passed them, singing mournfully—singing to them of their danger and of the black sorrow of approaching death.

It was done with a rush, a mob of Indians yelling and shooting at their heels. Howard fell into the seat with a groan, dropping heavily on Gold Finch's dead body. Dick took his old place, firing backward along the edges of the wagon cover. At the rock, the drivers yelled their triumph. The whip cracked, the horses pulled against their collars, the wagon labored over the inequalities of the surface, groaning as if in mortal anguish. They drove in, completing the little half circle of wagons drawn up around the spring, but Dick was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh, and an arrow was sticking out of Howard's shoulder, the feathers swishing about through the air with the pull of the muscles.

It was the sad beginning of a notable tragedy. When the first shot was fired and the ambush opened itself to its victims, there had been in the train seven wagons and eleven men. In the half-moon that defended the spring there were four wagons left and seven men, all of whom were wounded. But the retreat was at an end, and no one thought of surrender. In fact, there has never lived a man so brave that he would willingly surrender himself alive into the hands of the Apache.

At noon the barricade had been made as effective as possible. A few Indians were annoying the camp with an intermittent fire, which appeared to threaten no harm. The main body was at a safe distance, stripping the abandoned wagons, and scattering their contents. Blue smoke rose lazily from a fire, which was being fed with lumber from broken packages. Within the barricade the teamsters huddled together under the shade of a projecting spur of rock. The squealing of a horse in pain was borne on the air into their midst.

"What's that?" inquired a gigantic teamster, who had a bloody bandage bound round his long black hair.

"That?" answered Dick. "Why, that's them Injuns a-tormentin' of them horses."

The drivers looked at each other with gloomy, foreboding eyes.

"I wish I hadn't left mine," complained Buck Howard, attempting to rise. His shattered leg twisted under him helplessly, and he sat down again with a groan.

While Dick was lifting him to an easier position, some of the drivers looked out cautiously over the wagon top, and saw that which set them shivering with horror.

"I'd kill myself first," said the black-haired giant, turning back toward his companions and moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue.

Singularly enough, the others appeared to understand, and nodded their heads, gravely approving. Meanwhile, their ears were distracted with the nickering of the tortured horse.

In the middle of the afternoon, an Indian secretly surmounted the rock, and began shooting down into the camp, as it lay below him, open and defenseless. Dick turned away from the wagons, and, looking up, saw curls of white, powder smoke, projected horizontally, lying upon the air motionless and hard of outline, like some rigid substance which had been violently ejected. The dull gleam of a gun barrel shone indistinctly, and a brown hand and arm, almost indistinguishable in the shadow, lay close along a ragged edge. Dick fired so quickly it seemed as though his gun had been discharged by accident. The line of light reflected from the steel leaped up like a live thing, the gun came clattering down the rock, the brown arm, limply distorted, waved in the air, two savage eyes, points of glittering light, looked over the edge, seeming very bright against the dull background. Then Dick fired again, and a naked savage came tumbling down, falling inertly from one projection to another, lodging at last, the head and shoulders strained violently downward, the arms extended full length, seeming to stretch and reach for something which lay far below, to stretch and reach, forever, for something they might never grasp.

It was as theatrical and unreal as if it had been done for stage effect alone. The shots were fired too quickly, Dick's skill was too

great, the Apache died too promptly, the effort was too small for the effect produced, actors and spectators were too wooden, too uninterested, for it to be reality at which they were playing. One would not have been surprised to hear an audience clap its hands and shout its approval, to see the Indian, who, with the tragic intensity of genius, stretched and strained to grasp that which he could never reach, rise and bow and lay his hand upon his heart, in mimic acknowledgment of the applause.

"You sure gunned him damn quick," praised Buck Howard, while Bartow Johnny and Charley Rudd grinned deprecatingly, as if at some joke which they could not entirely approve. Crusty Dick was sheepish and downcast, having the look of a man caught, red-handed, in some shameful meanness.

At that moment Buck's eye caught sight of a prostrate, gigantic figure, sprawled in the dust beside one of the wagons, its long, black hair bound around with a dirty bandage, spotted with blood. He stared at it idiotically, apparently unable to comprehend. He blew out his breath between his teeth, producing a low, whistling noise, as if he had received an unexpected, painful injury. He glanced from the dead body to Dick, and from Dick to the body, which seemed so appalling in the intensity of its quietude.

"Why, I didn't know that damn Injun had got Black Bill," he groaned. His voice was like a wail.

Black Bill lay in the dust, his face stiffening into an unchangeable expression of pain, as if death had brought to him no relief, as if he were doomed to suffer forever the pangs of dissolution. Out in front of the wagons, the tortured horse was still nickering and shrieking.

"Won't that horse never die?" complained Charley. "It gits onto my nerves."

"I never saw another feller so lucky as that there Black Bill," mused Dick, looking down very gravely at the dead driver.

"That's so," agreed Buck. "He's surely drawed all the good cards this time."

There was no one among them willing to dispute the proposition.

Burning as they were with fever, half crazed with the pain of ill-tended wounds, it was weary work wearing out the hours of that long, hot afternoon. Out in front, rifles held by unseen foes, mysteriously exploded, at long intervals, in unlikely spots in the sparse, surrounding vegetation. The abandoned wagons, gaunt wrecks in an ocean of sand, stood around, unsheeted and empty, silently dejected. In one, a naked figure, erect upon the driver's seat, duskily outlined against the fierce, harsh sky, called out in a loud voice, making insulting, derisive, gestures at the besieged. One after another, the drivers elevated their sights, using rests and aiming with the utmost care, making wasteful, ineffective shots at the distant mark.

When the sun hung right at the crest of the rock, blinding all who looked that way, another Indian scaled it from the opposite side, perching himself at the very summit, from which point he opened fire. When he was finally driven off, there were two more dead in the camp. In the assault that came and was repelled at sunset, another passed away, and Howard was again wounded. That night, he was delirious and did himself great harm, dragging himself about on his wounded leg, and forcing the bone further through the flesh and skin.

It appears to be the belief of an Apache that, if he be killed during the night, his shade will dwell forever in the dark, where it will be tormented, beyond his own wicked imagination, by beings that can see better than he. Therefore, it is only in the greatest need that he will fight when there is no light. With the deepening of twilight the rifle popping ceased, a vast and lonely silence possessed the desert.

Morning came, and every floating wisp of vapor caught the rays of the rising sun, and trailed across the sky, its tattered rags gorgeous with orient colors. From before the barricade came again the noise of lonesome, infrequent shots, and the bullets went moaning sorrowfully through the camp. Curling puffs of powder smoke, dark blue in the faint light, lay flat upon the air, and soared heavily.

At a little distance some Indians stood about a fire, which they were evidently feeding with unseasoned fuel, for dense smoke rose from it, in a slender column, and sailed aloft, so high, the eye could scarcely discern its summit. They passed a blanket over the fire, holding down the smoke, which they loosed at irregular intervals, letting it go in puffs, so that the column was broken by clear spaces of varying lengths. As the sun rose higher, one could see, in the east and in the north, other smoke columns, broken also, which were rising at a great distance. The columns, built up of smoke puffs, varyingly separated, rose to the sky with something of the rhythm and cadence of spoken words, as if unimaginable intelligences were answering one another, as if they were speaking together across infinite gulfs.

Dark figures, yelling lugubriously, rolled a wagon wheel across the sand, and dropped it by the fire. The sun, looking red and awful, hung a moment, cut half in two, on the edge of the world, and long shadows, wildly distorted, went capering across the earth. The desert, which appeared so commonplace by the full light of day, bore now a sinister look as if some dreadful tragedy, which it had been concealing in its bosom, were struggling to the light, as if it were opening itself to the light to reveal some soul-sickening horror.

Within the camp, Crusty Dick, red-eyed and wan, climbed upon a wagon and looked out, shivering as if the air had grown cold. Instantly, the rifles, concealed so mysteriously by insufficient bunches of vegetation, exploded more rapidly. Bullets struck, sounding dull and heavy, and others whined droningly, as they passed through the air.

"Come down out of there," commanded Bartow Johnny, angrily. "Reckon if you git hurt, what'll become of the rest of us?"

Then, as Dick, answering nothing, shaded his eyes with one hand, and looked out more intently, Johnny raised himself cautiously, and peeped over the top of the wagon.

"What's that they're doin', out by the fire?" he demanded.

"Oh, that," answered Dick, speaking as if it were something he saw then for the first time. "Why, that's where they're a-fixin' to cook us. They'll tie us to a wagon wheel an' throw us on the fire. An' they'll have some other amoosin' features, before the cookin' begins."

Johnny shivered, as if he, too, were chilled by an uncommon coolness of the air.

"Well, by God," he said.

After all, profanity is no more than a habit. If ever there was a prayer in a voice, it was in Johnny's, as he shivered and cursed.

Dick came down from the wagon. They looked at one another stealthily, those two men, who seemed now so lonely and helpless; they looked at one another as men do who have in mind the same shameful thing, each knowing the thought of the other, both aware of this mutual knowledge. Their eyes were shifty and timid; they wet their lips with the tips of their tongues repeatedly.

Over by the granite wall, Buck, bound and helpless, moaned and cursed continually, in his delirium.

"You do it," said Johnny. The same horror that had been shining in his eyes spoke now in his voice.

"D'ye think I'm a damn dog?" answered Dick, resentfully. "You do it for yourself, an' I'll do it for me."

"I'm afraid I can't," whined Johnny pitifully.

"Besides, who's goin' to do it for him?" he asked, nodding toward Buck.

"Well, I'll tend to Buck, but you've got to do your part."

Out in front, the Indians were closing in from clump to clump. Their fire was slack and infrequent. They were gathering for a final assault. The two drivers walked back toward a small, roughly built barricade, which was intended for their final stand. As they neared it, several Apaches began firing at them from the top of the rock. They rushed under the protecting ledge, which formed the rear wall of their inner defenses.

Dick stumbled, threw out his hands, ineffectually trying to regain his balance, and fell forward upon his face. He lifted himself upon his arms, struggling a moment and looking anxiously toward his legs, and began crawling slowly over the ground, laboriously dragging the lower part of his body, as if it were some unnatural burden, from which he could not separate himself.

Johnny turned instantly to work, rapidly filling the broken front breast high with sacks of flour, gaudily branded in large blue and red letters, "Pride of the West." Now and then he would covertly glance at Dick, looking out of the corners of his eyes. When the barricade had been completed to his notion, he lifted a rifle and began firing it furiously; then, observing that there were no answering shots from outside, he put it down and stood at one side. The blood was flowing over his cheek from a fresh wound that ran diagonally beneath the outer corner of his eye, his head drooped, as if the wound were mortal, his arms hung by his side, as if they were decently composed in death.

"God damn 'em," he cried, gritting his teeth. The tears started in his eyes.

Meantime Dick, who had drawn himself to a sitting position, his back against the rock, was conducting a series of experiments, which seemed of absorbing interest. He pinched the flesh of his legs, one after the other, shaking his head solemnly at each test. He tore the skin with his nails, and watched the blood ooze and flow. He pounded with the hammer of his revolver. He stuck in the point of his knife, trying himself, place by place, from the waist down. At last he desisted, sighing wearily.

"They have surely played hell with me," he muttered. "I wisht I had the — — that

done it," and his eyes glittered with an inhuman lust of cruelty.

In another corner, not a dozen feet away, Buck Howard lay against the wall, tormented by a cloud of flies, raving and cursing insanely.

"I can't do it," cried out Johnny, as if some one were urging him against his will. He lowered his eyes, looking down upon the floor, sullen and ashamed.

"You've just go to," answered Dick, his instant comprehension showing that he, too, had the same subject close to the surface of his mind.

"It's a-comin', damn quick, an' you've just got to," he continued.

"They'll just have to burn me. I can't do it." Johnny lifted his hands, palms outward, and turned away his face, repelled with horror of the thought.

Dick looked up, eyeing his companion curiously, unable to comprehend his reluctance in the face of a supreme necessity. At the last moment of life, how far apart those two were, how little could either understand the other. They spoke together, face to face, and it was as if the inhabitants of alien worlds signaled unintelligibly across the great gulfs of the universe.

"I'll do it," said Dick at last. Perhaps ten seconds had elapsed, but it seemed to him that a lifetime of solemn reflection had preceded the words; it seemed to him he had grown old in thought before he spoke. "I'll do it, an' may God have mercy on my soul."

Johnny licked his lips and swallowed, avid with greed, breathless with the joy of gain.

"Let 'em come on now, damn 'em," he said, "I'm tired of waitin'."

"You won't have long to wait," observed Dick. "Set me a full gun, where I can reach it."

The silence was deadly. It weighed down the heart with nameless threats, with the vast oppression of a final evil, remediless and dreadful. The buzzing of flies, as they swarmed about the bloody wounds, sounded in their ears, remote and vague, like the rushing of the wings of fate, coming rapidly from a great distance.

There was a yell outside, a mad and fatal cry, diabolically brutal, that seemed to pour out upon the earth an overwhelming flood of insanity and disaster. Naked, red bodies rushed from place to place with incredible swiftness, figures that flitted before the eyes half seen, as ghosts might flit from shadow to shadow, avoiding the painful light of the day. Nearer and nearer they came, disclosing faces bestial and monstrous, eyes gleaming hatefully from cavernous, shadowy orbits, features painted to distortion, infinitely repulsive in their faint remaining likeness to humanity.

Johnny, standing upright, exposed himself without fear, shooting rapidly. Dick, with his back broken, paralyzed from the waist down, was driven to concealment by his condition, and could use his weapon less frequently, firing quickly at vanishing figures, at heads and arms and infrequent bodies that came within the range of his vision and disappeared instantly, as if by magic. He was counting downward, as the Indians began to swarm over the barricade.

"Five." He called the numbers aloud with each shot.

Buck Howard, unconscious in his corner, was moaning softly, like one who, though sleeping, suffers still in his dreams.

"Don't you forget to do it," cried Johnny over his shoulder.

"Four."

"Don't you dare forget."

"Three."

"Now, Buck. Poor Buck."

So close were they together, the muzzle almost touched the driver when the cartridge exploded. The groaning ceased upon the instant. The sleeper slept more profoundly. He lay quietly at rest, untroubled now by painful dreams.

"Two," counted Dick, numbering his remaining cartridges.

Johnny was struggling with a painted, sweating savage, who had seized the barrel of his revolver and was pulling at it desperately. Dick aimed in that direction and touched the trigger. Click went the hammer, but there was no report. The cartridge was defective, and failed to explode.

"It's a damn shame," he muttered.

Johnny jerked loose and fired, and the Indian gave way at the knees, threw out his arms, his fingers closing tightly upon his palms, and sank to the earth, with that awkward looseness of the joints that comes of sudden death. But another took his place instantly, springing from the barricade upon the driver's shoulders and forcing him to the ground.

"Hurry, Dick," appealed Johnny, plaintively. "You're a-goin' to let me be took."

"Well, I'm more'n half dead now," said Dick, reasoning with himself against the fear of the torture which had taken him by the heart.

An Indian stooped over and caught him firmly by the shoulder.

"An' it's the part that hurts worst that's dead," he thought.

"Hurry, Dick," implored Johnny.

"An' Johnny, he's alive all over," reflected Dick, "an' he'll hurt all over, too."

The Indian slipped his hand down the white man's arm, from the shoulder to the elbow.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," Johnny was begging and pleading.

"An' I promised to do it," reasoned Dick.

The Indian grasped his arm so tightly he could not move it. The barrel of his revolver pointed in the right direction. He looked at it, and then at Johnny.

"Hope to God this shell's all right," he prayed.

Down came the hammer, and the explosion followed so closely it seemed to him simultaneous with the pulling of the trigger. The Indian dropped his hand to the smoking barrel, and struggled for the possession of the gun.

"That's good, Dick," gasped Johnny, speaking in a low voice, looking curiously out of the corners of his eyes, as if he were saying something unbecoming, as if he were saying something weak and womanish. "Thank you, Dick." He flattened out under the weight of his captor and lay still.

As Dick lay back against the rock, he could not get it out of his mind how very long the tortured horse had been dying.

THE AMERICAN MAN ON HORSEBACK

The Bronco-Busting Contest at Denver for the Championship of the World

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

Illustrated with Photographs, and with Drawings from Photographs by H. R. Poore and F. M. Du Mond

"THAD SOWDER can't ride; never could. He's worked for me, and I know. He is a gentleman, and I was glad to see him get the belt last year, but there are boys here this year he can't pack a saddle for—not on a bucker."

So said a judge, one of the five who were to decide, again, the world's championship of rough riding, contested for at Denver in the fall of every year. A group of other ranchers stood about, with foremen, cowboys, and strangers, listening, in the lobby of the Brown Palace Hotel, at Denver, and it did not seem to them strange that a judge should have and express a personal opinion on the event before it happened; on the contrary, they seemed, most of them, to agree.

"Well," said a cow puncher, "he done and he won, and I hear he's learned a lot about ridin' 'em since he's been with the show."

"Huh! That ain't ridin'," another puncher said, "hangin' on to leather on the side of a horse. There's a certain yaller dog come down from Idaho, a mean cuss, but a horseman—oh, but he can ride! I've seen him take off his saddle with the horse a-jumpin'——"

"Tom Minor, you mean," said the judge. "Let me tell you right here, that man's a rider. He is a boaster. I've heard that he told up in Idaho what he was going to do with the money he won down here. He may boast, but I bet we give him the belt."

"He says pretty plain how he can ride," said another rancher. "That isn't usual; but the curious part of it is, he can do it. Says he will tie Sowder up in his blankets and put him to bed."

The anger that flashed around the group looked ominous. All were silent for a moment. Then the rancher added:

"And I'll bet he will."

"Oh, Sowder—yes. But how about Harry Brennen and Lee Van Houten, and that boy Thompson, over there on the step?"

"That kid!" exclaimed the cow puncher. "Who is he? Why, he's bleached with town. He ain't off the range."

"No; but you watch the kid ride to win."

"Won't last the first day," said the cow puncher. "Funning aside, Brennen's the man. He rides with both feet free, a-scratchin', and his hand in the air, givin' 'em the quirt every time they go up."

Most of the ranchers, from whom the judges were drawn, favored Van Houten, the only rancher to ride; the rest backed Harry Brennen or Minor. And they were riding their opinions hard when Sowder came in, a tall, slender young man, clear eyed, healthy skinned, and shy to the point of mental mystification. He was warmly greeted. Everybody liked the man. But Sowder had something on his mind, and he drew aside Mr. John M. Kuykendall, the director in charge of the busting. Sowder put his question slow and direct. He had heard things.

"Will the Judge turn me?" he said.

"Go on and say your say," said Mr. Kuykendall, his genial face as hard as stone.

Sowder was as hard. "You know what they are saying. You know what the Judge says himself. And I have had a round-up with him since last year."

"Sowder," said Kuykendall, "the Judge is a gentleman."

They studied each other a moment, till Sowder's face cleared.

"All you got to do is ride," said Mr. Kuykendall.

"I'll ride," Sowder said.

The worst horses and the best riders of all the West—the big West—are brought together for the Mountain and Plain Festival, and they wrangle there for three or four days till the judges, a committee of five knowing ranchers, can pick the best horseman and the worst horse. The rider is proclaimed the champion of the world; and that he is without a doubt, though these Westerners will never be satisfied till their world-challenge is accepted, and the horsemen and the horses of Italy, Australia, and Russia have been pitted against their own. There is faith in the result. There is fretting only for the proof and the sight thereof; and this is so because, unconscious, but plain, the Western man has a sense of manhood that is secure—no fear, no weakness, no pretentiousness. Each man knows the other, and the other knows he is known, so takes himself the place that is his, by force, if need be; but he will get and take no more than his own. His fellows won't let him. His world is only fair; rough to brutality, kind to sentimentality, it settles finally at justice. It is seeing this that warms the soul at Denver.

The Festival is rich in excitement and the picturesque. The arena is on a plain beside one of those flat-bottomed creeks that have either no water, or so much that the stream spreads over its course like a herd of cattle over a trail. Behind are the yellow prairies, in front the Rockies, blue and white, near at eighty miles distance. All this is filled with sunshine which beats through your clothes into your heart, sunning without heating it. Perhaps this explains why the Westerner is so full of fun; why cowboys will rope and ride from four o'clock in the morning till dark, do their chores, eat dinner, then, instead of rolling up to sleep, play for an hour, roping and riding one another, in wild imitation of the day's work; why nearly every city or town or county from Missouri to the Pacific has its festival of flowers or fruit, Indians or maskers; why, when the season of range riding is over, the rancher and his cow punchers ride off to Cheyenne or Denver and ride. Some day the West will be the gayest part of this land. Gay and clean. It is character that counts every time.

When, the day before the busting, the ninety head of horses were collected in the corrals back of the arena, Mr. Kuykendall walked in among them with some cowboys and ranchers to "cut out" the "good ones." Now the "good ones" are "bad ones," and very few were known to the choosers; but they ran them, one or two at a time, pitching and kicking, into a small pen to "look 'em over." The good, that is to say, the bad, were turned into a corral on the right, the "unknown" and the "saddle horses" (a comparative term) to the left. Mr. Kuykendall, whip in hand, stood in the pen, dodging some, climbing the fence for others, turning back those he dared face, deciding by the look of the animal or the reputation of its shipper, whether it was a "fighter" or "gentle."

"Who knows that circle-dot mare?" he cried, pointing to a small goat-like bay that was trying to crawl under the fence.

"Ain't that the little mare that threw the kid at Cheyenne?" asked a rancher.

"No; that was a white-stockinged, lazy D horse. This is one of the four that Perry Williams sent down."

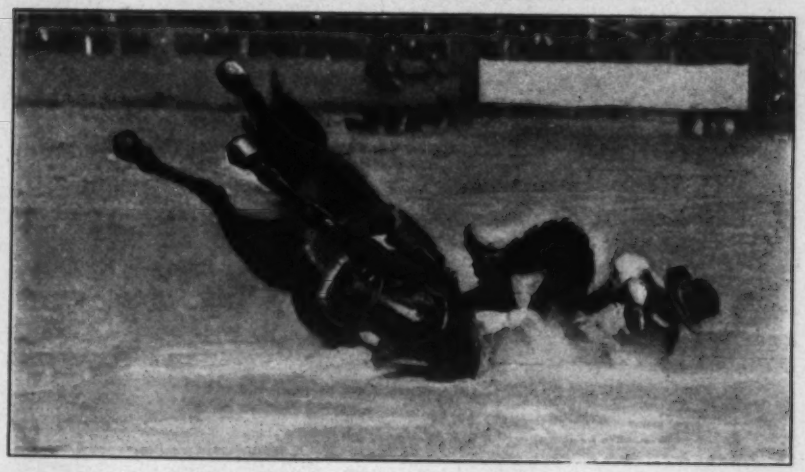
"That's right," said Kuykendall. "Open the gate and put her in the bad bunch. Perry said all his would deliver the goods."

"If Perry Williams said she'd buck," a cowboy drawled, "I wouldn't want to buy her for my wife to ride Sundays."

"Now the circle P. Oh, that's 'Deadeasy,'" said Kuykendall. "To the right."

"What's the story?" asked the cowboy on the fence.

The man at the gate opened, and fell back to wave the horse to the right, but the animal rose at him, and he ran.



"Pitched him back scrambling on the ground"

"You from Wall Street?" asked a rancher, and they all jumped down as the horse leaped into a wire fence. Sprung back by the fence, Deadeasy leaped into the boxes on one of the spectators' stands, and ran through the rails as if they were matches.

"What's the price of them seats?" some one inquired, as all the men scattered out into the arena to head off Deadeasy, who quit the boxes like a winged beast, and broke for the gate, which was swinging shut. He went through it, and out where he belonged—in the bad bunch. Back on the fence, the cow puncher repeated his question, "How about Deadeasy?"

"More horses," called Kuykendall. A horse came in on his hindlegs, pawing at the director, who met him with a crack of the whip which turned him.

"I know this one. To the left. Samuels sent him. Said he'd buck. But he's just a fighter." Out the horse ran, the man at the gate dodging.

"What's that you got at the gate?" a rancher asked, nodding contemptuously at a man who was afraid of a horse shipped by Samuels.

"Rum soaked," said Kuykendall. " 'Nother horse," he called, and the man who admitted a big roan ran for the fence, and the director dodged, as his "rum soaked" helper at the outer gate had. But there was no similar comment. They recognized another horse from another kind of a man.

"That's one John Coble sent down off his ranch. A circle 2, isn't he? Yes; let him out to the right. Coble says——"

The horse turned to hit at the gate-keeper, but the man was up on the fence.

"The story," said Kuykendall, "is that a tenderfoot got on the horse; the horse loped off nice and gentle a few. 'Oh, he's dead easy,' said the tenderfoot. Then— 'Nother horse," Mr. Kuykendall called, and he added, " So they called him Deadeasy, that horse, and we'll keep him for the finish."

A big, clumsy looking black horse came in, and everybody cheered. The horse had all the marks of a plug, and he trotted in like a work horse. "Steamboat" they called him, in the tone of a man speaking the name of some delicious food.

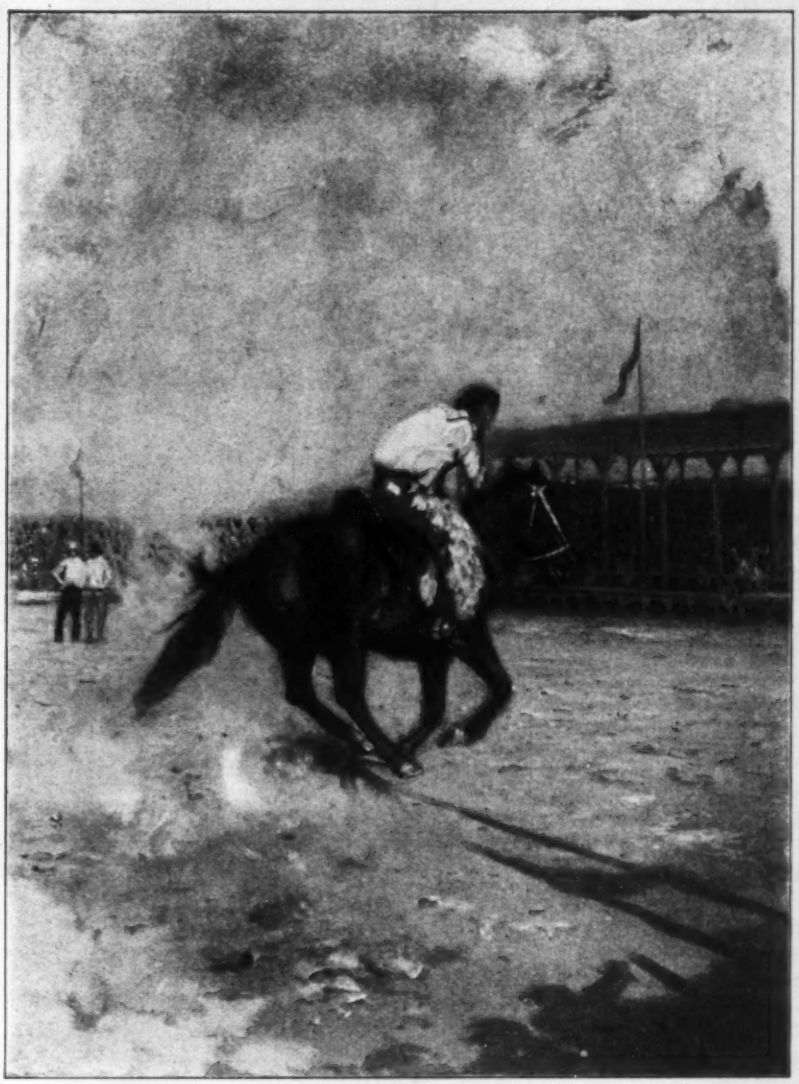
"To the right," said Mr. Kuykendall. "He is to be kept for Sowder on the last day."

And it was explained that this horse was a gentle horse to saddle, let his man on, then bucked, twisting, "sun fishing," and pounding the earth, or jumping round and round. He had won the prize for the best, *i.e.*, the worst, horse on Frontier Day at Cheyenne.

"Ought to let Minor from Idaho have him," said a cowboy. "We want sure to find out about him."

"But the champion ought to have the best horse; he only rides once, and ought to have every chance to win. Besides, you want to know about him too, don't you? You don't think he will get it, do you?"

Then the riders were discussed all over again, while the horses were sorted or "worked" till Mr. Kuykendall feared he would tire them out with the "milling" and "ginning" that resulted from the efforts to ride into the bunch and cut out individual horses. They had the very worst out, and the men sat on the fence and discussed them, as they had the riders, with a brutal sentiment warmest for the hardest fighter, man or beast. To an outsider, the one striking point about these bad horses was that they were of all colors, sizes, and shapes. There is no type of the bucker, and no breed pre-



"Thompson rode through the air, jolted, but happy"

dominates. Those collected at Denver were cayuses, mustangs, and crosses in all degrees with both standard and thoroughbred stock; and though they did not all buck, the seventy-odd that did, bucked, each in his own way, so that, except for the hard pounding of the big horse and the snaky wriggle of the small horse, there was no picking them for excellence except by experience with the horse, or knowledge of the kind of man who recommended him for a "hard one."

The horses disposed of, Mr. Kuykendall rode down town to see the riders at their headquarters, where the sixty-seven entered were gathered. It was a bare room, and the men "sat on their spurs" or saddles, or stooped and kneeled silent, with their heads pointed in, for all the world like a lot of street arabs "shooting craps." They squatted thus all the while the director talked.

"Boys," he said, "I want you to be clear about what we expect of you. You are to ride with the hackamore and a clean saddle. No bridles, no bits, no bucking straps or rolls. And the man that is seen to pull leather or choke his horn is out of it. Also, I want you not to cut your horses up to make them buck. If they won't buck, we will give you another horse; but I don't want you to force them with the quirt or spur. Do what you want when they are up in the air, but when they're down—you understand. And remember, the hackamore, a clean saddle, no grabbing for leather, and no riding on your spurs."

That was all. There was no comment for

half a minute; then a voice from the depths of the bunch said:

"Got a saw?"

"A saw!" the speaker exclaimed. "No. Why?"

"Want to saw off my pommel so's I can't find it."

The laugh that went up broke up the "pow-wow." The next morning they had a street parade of Indians and two hundred or more horsemen, not all cowboys, and very few on cow horses. Generally speaking, the men were mounted and placed by the committee, according to the degree of respect for their ability to stick to the saddle. At the end of the line, on a little old mare with a bell, and a colt, rode "Rick Thompson," the kid we were advised to watch. Everybody laughed as he went by, but the boy was serious to sadness.

"I sure got to ride," he said at the grounds that afternoon, and the other boys laughed. "I've been working in town lately, but I've ridden the range." Another laugh. "I have, for two years." Now they roared.

"Two years!" they jeered; "and a pale-faced city kid at that."

The bunch drew their numbers, then squatted again close up to the wire outside the arena, their backs to the crowd gathering in the stands, their eyes turned on the judges and ropers out in the center. "Thad" Sowder sat on his show horse apart, as he was told to do. Tom Minor leaned, also apart, against the fence, waving now and then to the stand, where his Idaho friends were seated. The other cowboys viewed them, as they did the horses, as the enemy; they had to "make good."

"Can't tell," said Harry Brennen to some one near him. "The best man goes up in the air sometimes, and I hear they've got some horses here."

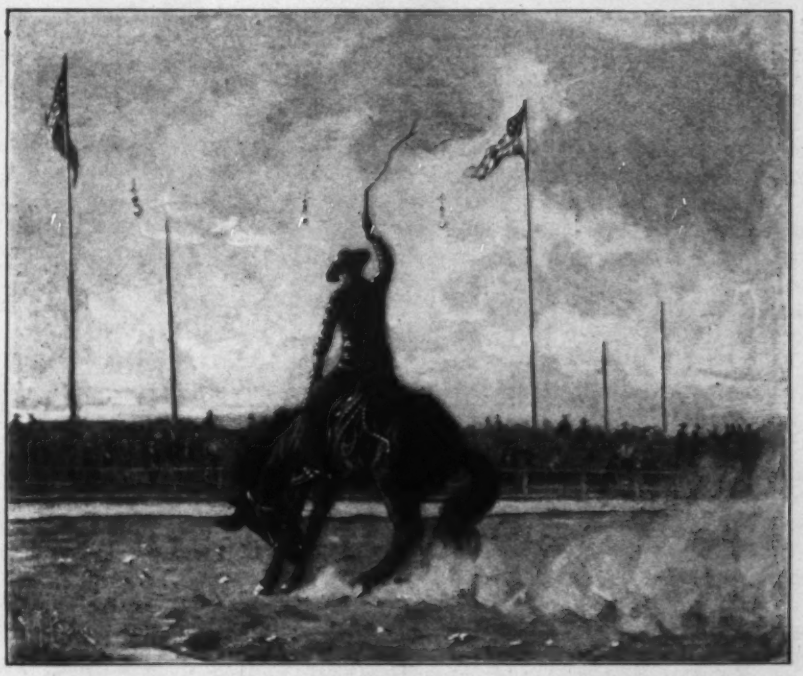
Sowder wet his lips.

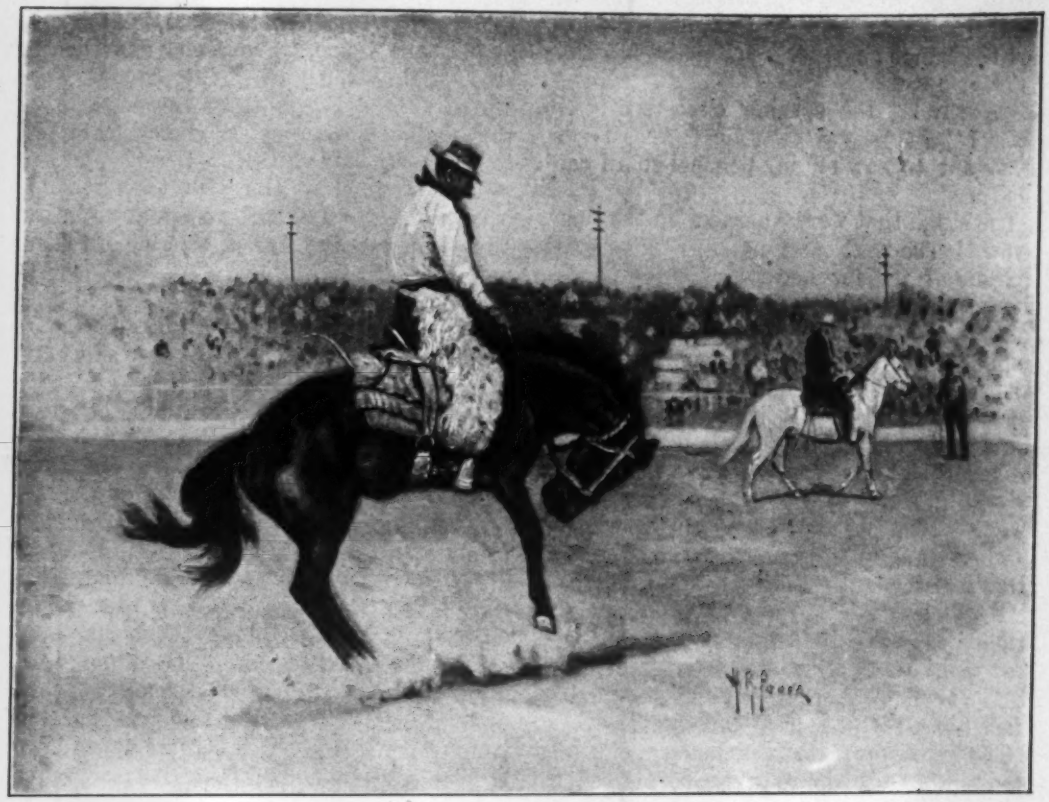
"I'll ride anything they got," said Minor, "and I'll drink out of a bottle while he is a-jumpin'."

The bunch became dead still. The band struck up a march. There was a sound of horses kicking in the pen, boards creaking, and out leaped a wild red horse on the end of a rope. He fought, and the ropers galloped up and caught him by the forefeet and threw him. The rider was called. He and some friends from the silent bunch ran out, put on the hackamore, kicked up the horse, and, holding him by the ears, saddled him. Another horse and another rider came out; then another couple. The first man was fighting to mount, and his horse threw himself. The second rider mounted first, but his horse did not buck, and the first rider, up at last, soon had his tired horse quiet and "done."

"All in," called the judges to the two disappointed riders. "Get off."

"Stone . . rode rejoicing until the animal was 'broke'"





"One of the worst buckers in the arena"

"Give 'em another horse," cried the crowd.

Other horses came, and other riders, all in rapid succession. Most of the animals fought from the pen to the "squeezer," and from the squeezer to the arena, where they fought the hardest. Some got away, and the ropers, the two "Clark boys," LeRoy Van Houten and Charlie Irwin, all horsemen famous in the West, had their hands full catching and holding them. It was a wild scene, with horses bucking across the arena among the loose horses, driving judges before them and stopping only at the fence. Two riders were thrown at the fence, the wire of which gave to the rush of the horse, and pitched him back scrambling on the ground. One man, Ed. Thorpe, had his leg broken in this way. In the confusion, individual riders were lost except to the judges, until in a pause the name of R. R. Thompson was called, and the Kid ran out with his saddle on his back. The crowd fixed on him; the people and the judges saw how young he was.

"Who let that boy in here?" one of the committee asked. But the boy's horse stood for the saddle, and before any answer came Thompson was up, and he was riding. His horse went up in the air and reached ahead for space. The boy smiled. The horse landed with a squeal, "side bucked," "back bucked," then flashed ahead straightaway in long pitches.

"He's a rider," said a judge.

"A rider!" yelled the crowd.

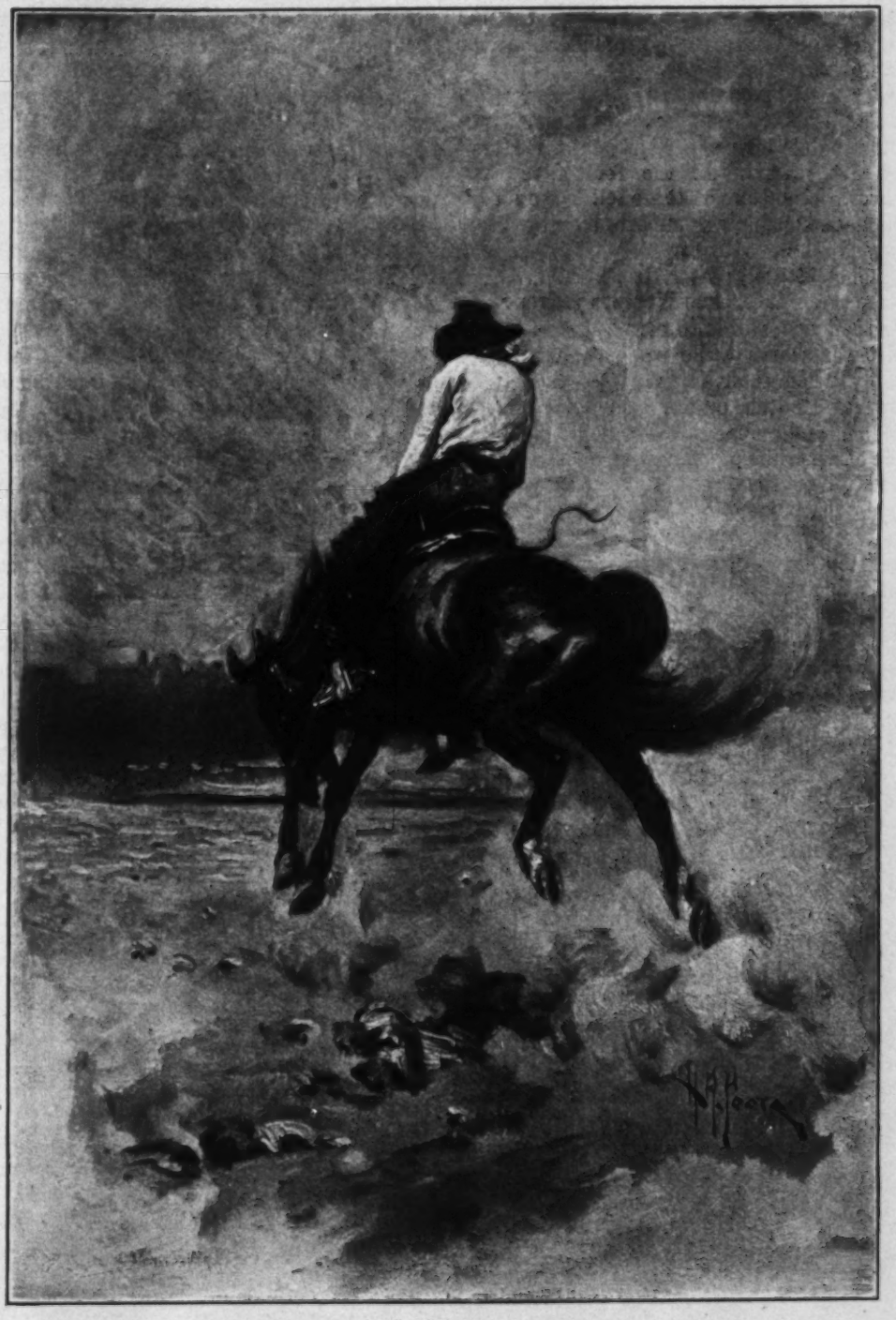
"He sure can ride," said one of the cowboys; and they rose and cheered, while, hat off, Thompson rode through the air, jolted, but happy—so happy you could see his face shine.

"All in," said a roper, catching up his horse. "Say, you're all right, Kid. Get down. You're sure a rider."

The man who said that was a famous horseman. The Kid, already elated, looked up and drank in the praise. It made him drunk. He reeled in his saddle, flopped off, and staggered about. The band crashed into the cheers, and Kid Thompson, blind with the joy of it all, snatched off his hat and reeled off to the bunch.

"Did I make good?" he was muttering. "Did I make good?"

One of the older riders—one of the scoffers—called just then, got up, and, understanding Thompson's state of mind, handed his saddle to the Kid.



"It was a sight, and you heard then that Brennen was the man"

"Here," he said harshly, "help me saddle, will you, Thompson?"

That sobered the boy. It was another triumph to be so recognized, but the request was in the hard tone of the plains. Thompson caught himself and the saddle at the same time, and went to work as if he had forgotten himself and the crowd and the band—everything but the fighting horse his friend was to ride. And when the day was done, and the judges announced that out of the seventeen who had been tested, but two had survived—Thompson and one other—Thompson took it pretty well. He did not

seem to hear that he was one of the ten to ride for the privilege of meeting the champion.

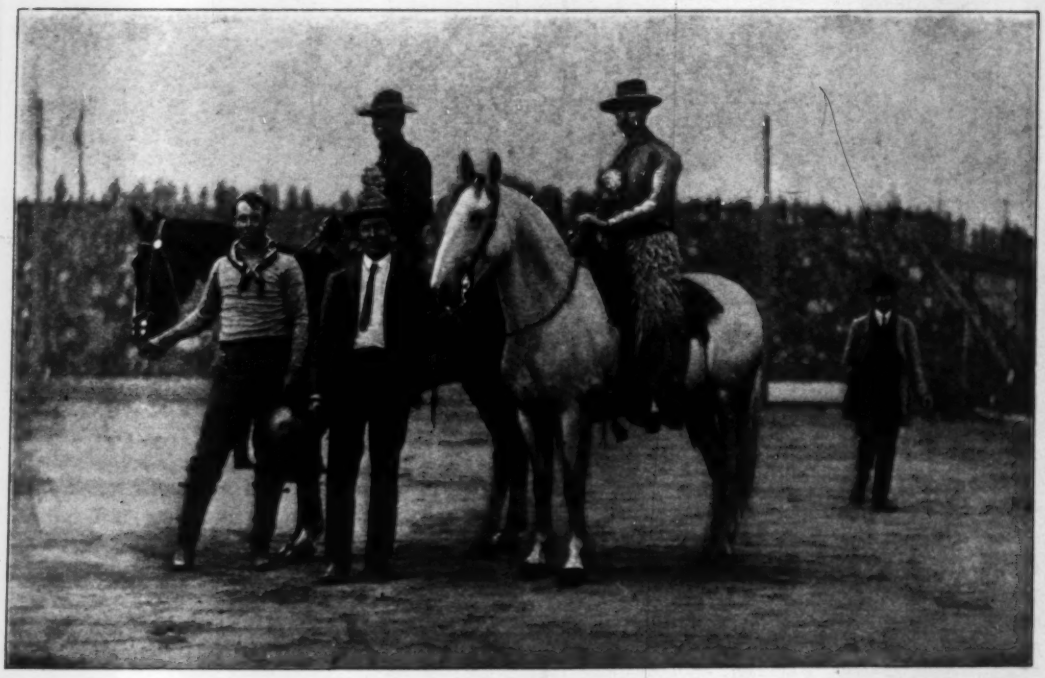
The rejected men were not all thrown; they "pulled leather," or "rode on a cinch," or "did stunts" instead of "straight riding." Not five men in all the four days were "thrown," and two of these fell at the fence. The horsemanship was superb, but the riders were not the greatest spectacle; the display of manhood was greater. It was exhilarating to see these outspoken Western judges swallow their own words to pass Thompson, just as it was worth while to see them rejoice openly when their friend, the rancher, Le Roy Van Houten, on the second day, threw, saddled, and mounted a fighting black, and rode off with him fighting still; and also it was good to hear the cowboys cheer the rancher, giving that approval, "He's a rider," which the Westerners keep back until it is earned. Van Houten was put into the ten, and some of the judges and many of the cowboys said he would ride it off with Sowder. Then Stone, a "bad man" with a good smile, leaped upon a mad horse and, like a wolf, grinning and waving, rode rejoicing till the animal was "broke." Luther Dennison, a gentle, bashful fellow in ordinary clothes and his shirt sleeves, unknown to judges and cowboys alike (he had been range riding only four years), rode attentively, without a flourish, but perfectly, a horse that twisted, pitched, then ran bucking and shaking clear across the arena. Dennison let him buck, giving him a dangling rein while he swung the quirt at each jump. In his fury the horse pitched forward so hard that he went over on his head, poised there a moment, then turned a complete somersault. When he came up out of the tangle, Dennison was in the saddle. He took a place at once. So did Jack McGuire, who said nothing and did nothing but ride a hard bucker to a finish. But the popular triumph of the second day was Harry Brennen, a sunny, blond young man, who was forever playing pranks. He is the reckless type of Western rider. When he was called he got a horse that rose straight into the air, squealed, landed with a grunt, rose again, going ahead, pounding with all his weight, and bucking from side to side. Brennen kicked away his stirrups, gave his horse his head, and with legs swinging, arms in air, this natural horseman crossed the arena, hit the fence, went down with his horse, came up with him, and rode back. It was a sight, and you heard then that Brennen was the man to meet Sowder, who, ever watchful, serious, silent, thought so, too.

Minor was called. "And give him a horse," said the judges.

"Now we'll see," the cowboys whispered.

They brought out a cat-like little beast, which three men held blindfolded for the saddling. "Turn him loose," said Minor, settling into place, and the horse sprang to his feet, darted here, there; side-buck, crow-

Thad Sowder and T. F. Minor, winners of first and second prizes



hop, rear, and jolt, he went across the arena. Minor was drinking from a bottle of soda water. When it was empty, he tossed away the bottle and bowed. The horse bucked on, and the rider slipped behind the saddle. But it wasn't the "stunts" that held everybody spellbound; it was the consummate grace of

"Minor was drinking from a bottle of soda water"

the man and his complete identity with the horse.

"He's a rider," said the cowboys grimly.

"He's the man," said the judge, bitterly, yet with involuntary admiration. "Sowder can never equal that; none of them can."

Others rode, and ten were selected for the finals, but it was plain already that, partly because it was hateful to them, these judges believed they had in Minor the champion horseman of the world. The bottle of soda water, and the other tricks, pricked like spurs. "Let some friend tell him to quit his monkey business," they said, and some one conveyed the warning. The feeling was intense.

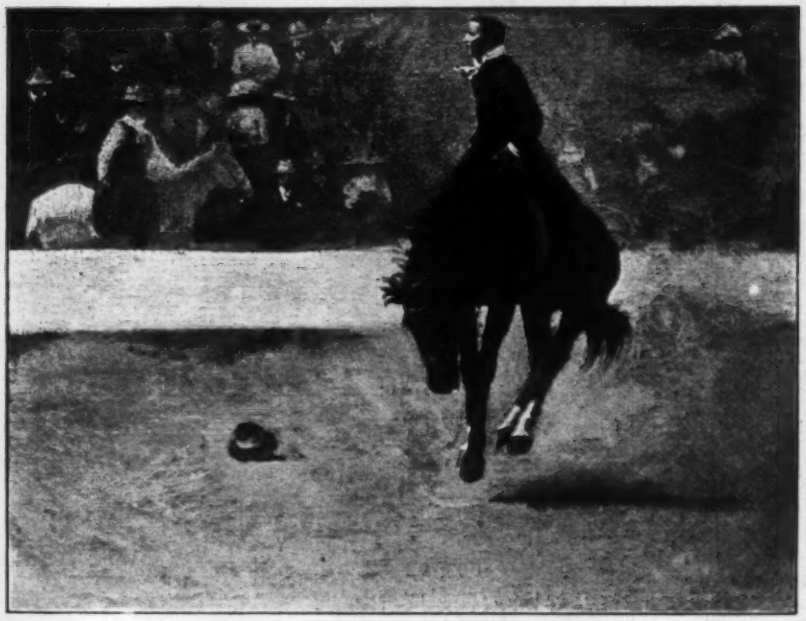
For relief the riders and ropers started up some cowboy fun. The biggest and strongest got down on their hands and knees, and boys and lighter men tried to ride them. The imitation bucking broke the spell, and Minor was accepted as inevitable—as inevitable as Western justice.

On the third day the ten were cut to five. "Rick" Thompson fell out among the first. He had a good bucker, and he rode him with ease, but the boy could not help showing off just a little. He twisted in his saddle, threw his right hand around back, down to the horse's left flank; the animal swerved from the touch, and out went "the Kid"; he tried to get back without touching the leather, but he couldn't—his hand clutched the horn, and the judges smiled. "Another time," they said. And they turned to see their favorite, Van Houten, ride a running bucker. He might beat Minor. The man sat his horse beautifully, crashed with him into the fence, and turned, unmoved, to ride on. The crowd, though its sympathy was with the cowboys, stood up to cheer the rancher, and all voices were for one to save the day from Minor the boaster.

"But he's riding on his spurs," said a judge.

"No—yes," said another.

"I don't believe it," said a third, as the rider dismounted.



"He hunched his back, bucked high, and landed hard"

REDRAWN BY F. M. DU MOND, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH CHOSEN BY MR. SOWDER AS BEING THE BEST EVER TAKEN OF HIM ON A BRONCO

"Give him another horse and watch him."

Now, many good riders hold on with the spurs caught in the cinch, and usually it is called fair riding, but it was counted against men at Denver, where the contest soon came down to a fine point, and when Van Houten, all unconscious, got on his new horse, he stuck in the rowels and the judges, his friends, threw him out without debate. He said not a word; so far as I could learn, he never asked why. When some of the cowboys were sulking under their disappointment, the rancher, game to the end, said, "I'll ride again next year."

The five men who were in the final list were: Thomas F. Minor, of Shoshone, Idaho; B. F. Stone, of Bosler, Wyoming; Harry Brennen, of Sheridan, Wyoming; Jack McGuire, of Schley, Colorado; Luther Dennison, of Caddoa, Colorado. It was announced that these men should ride against the champion; but the rules provide that the judges shall first pick one man from the five, then calling for the champion, bid these two ride it out. They believed in their hearts, these judges, that Minor was the best rider, not only of the five, but of the world; and some of them said, as they all seemed to think, that Sowder couldn't ride. It was a "bitter pill," as one of them said, but it was plain they were prepared to swallow it.

"Say, Minor says he'll ride any horse you got and take the saddle off while he's bucking." This message was like a challenge, and an offer to bet five hundred dollars went back. "Mark the spot where I am to leave the saddle," was the reply; but there was no acceptance of the wager.

"Let Sowder ride," the judges ordered, "and give him a horse that will kill him if he doesn't."

"It's Minor," they said to their friends. "He rides with Sowder, and that means that he wins." But this was not generally known. The four other cowboys thought they were all to compete for the first place, and among themselves they decided that Brennen was the best man. They collected in a bunch, squatted, and three of them said so. Brennen objected, and pointed to Stone the Wolf.

"I can ride any horse Brennen can," said the Wolf, "but I can't ride him the way Brennen can."

"Bring out Steamboat," called Mr. Kuykendall. "Sowder is to ride him."

The four cowboys looked up as Sowder rode in on his show horse. The horse pranced to the music, but the rider was modest and flushed. There was no swagger about him; only earnest preoccupation.

"Maybe he can ride," they said. "If he can, let him win. He's the best man of the two, anyway."

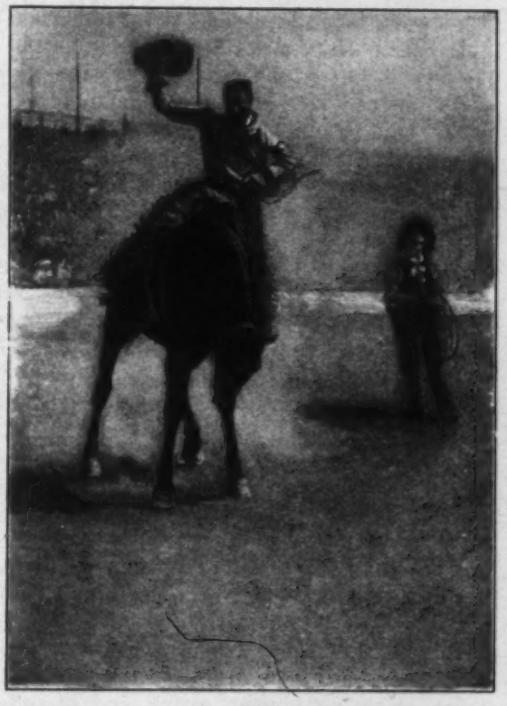
Brennen got up, went over to Sowder, and when the champion dismounted and had his

saddle off, ready for the bucker, Brennen said to him:

"Sowder, I hear you draw Steamboat. I saw him back at Cheyenne, and he can sure buck. But I tell you this, he bucks high and he lands hard, but he goes mostly ahead. When he turns, he turns mostly to the left. Anyhow, I never saw him turn no other way."

"I'll remember," said Sowder, and as Brennen slouched off to the bunch, the champion looked after him with as much gratitude in his face as a man can express in a look.

Steamboat trotted in, took the saddle quietly, and when ready, Sowder turned for the word. The judges waved to mount, and the clean limbed fellow rose slowly, cautiously, into the saddle, his eyes on the horse's head. Steamboat hesitated a moment, then went right up into the air; he hunched his back, bucked high, and landed hard. Then he pitched, "mostly ahead." The rider sat easily, leaning a little to the left, and when the big black "turned, he turned to the left," Sowder going with him. It was as if every move of the horse were anticipated by the man. There had been nothing like this. The crowd arose to cheer as the horse straightened out for more pitching, and the judges yelled like cowboys when, the horse wheeling again, with high bucks to the left, found the rider before him.



"Minor doing 'stunts'"

Minor on steamboat

The cowboys joined the yelling. "He can ride; he can ride; he's a rider. Hi, yi!"

There was no mistaking the joy of this fresh faith; it was universal.

"Minor's beaten!" they shouted; but Minor was to have every chance. They brought him horses, eight in a string, and he rode them; but only two bucked.

"He's a horseman, and can prevent his horses from bucking," they said in the arena.

"These are dead ones," Minor said each time as he rode past. "Got any horses that can buck?"

"Bring out that A. E. horse, Deadeasy," was the reply; and the Deadeasy horse was brought.

He bucked. Even Minor admitted that he was not an "easy horse," and as the snaky little beast crept along, wiggling and twisting, he showed daylight under his rider three times.

"But he rode him," the judges said, and the decision, thus predisposed, went over to another day.

"Steamboat for Minor, Deadeasy for Sow-

der," was the order then, and Minor rode first. Steamboat did not buck so hard as the day before, but he lifted his rider twice.

"He cinched him in two, and held up his head," said the judge. "The man's a horseman. He's so clever they can't buck hard with him. I guess he's got it all right."

But he hadn't it yet. Sowder mounted A. E. with his characteristic care and watchfulness. Once up, he gave the horse his head, and the little bay flew, zig-zag, across the arena. The rider did not move. He kept just a point ahead of his horse. There was absolute silence, for with that animal turning the unexpected way every other second, no one could see the end. Besides, the situation was not spectacular—only very nervous and intense. Points or an accident would decide. The horse flashed like a sun-fish—here, there, forward, up, back—and the rider watched him, felt him, and was of him, till they came to the fence a second time. The horse was headed for it, with his head down as if he did not see it. But his head went up suddenly, ten feet away, and from full speed he stopped short, throwing himself about, end to end. Sowder went up in the air. "Oh!" cried the crowd, rising to see. Sowder came down off his balance, and he bent to save himself, his right hand reaching down.

"Pulled leather!" some one shouted. But he didn't. His free hand went down the side of the horse's neck and caught the hackamore rope. That righted him. The discussion ran high, both on the stands and in the arena, and the judges talked long. When they decided, at last, their secretary walked over to Sowder.

"Give me the belt," he said.

Sowder unbuckled it, staring at the man. "Who won it?" he asked quietly.

"M. T. Sowder," said the secretary, and he buckled it on again.

"Sowder! Sowder! Sowder!" The cry went bucking into the air like a bronco, and the cowboys caught up the winner and held him up "for his picture."

Then they gave Minor a boost, but Minor was sullen. He sought out Sowder. "Sowder," he said, "you're no rider; not with me. I challenge you to ride me again."

Sowder looked down, then up, flushed. "Minor," he said very slowly, very steadily, "if you'd a won, I'd a said you were the champion of the world. But you didn't. I did. And since you're talking this way, I'll say right now that there's two men better than you."

"You and who?"

"Frank Stone and Harry Brennen."

"And you?"

"I'll meet you here again next year."

"The cowboys caught up the winner and held him up 'for his picture'"

THE COAL STRIKE

BY JOHN MITCHELL,

President of the United Mine Workers of America

IN the first place, I am opposed to strikes, as I am opposed to war. As yet, however, the world, with all its progress, has not made war impossible; neither, I fear, considering the nature of men and their institutions, will the strike entirely disappear for many years to come. Some questions of territory, prestige, honor, nations will never arbitrate. International altruism can never reach that far. Likewise, no development of the unselfish spirit of brotherhood, still less any device of enforced arbitration, or any scheme of State socialism, will make the strike impossible. People will always, unless human nature changes, reserve the right, in final emergencies, to fight. But, as war is the last resort of nations, so the strike and the lockout should be only the last resort of labor and capital.

I have compared war with strikes; but laborers recognize, as all loyal citizens must, one fundamental difference. In war there is no final arbiter standing above both parties to enforce the rules of contest, and nations recognize acts of deception, destruction of property of non-combatants, devastation of homes, as proper war measures in cases of emergency. Capitalists and laborers are under government by recognized authority. The State by its laws has fixed the rules of contest, and both parties should rigidly keep the law. If they fail to do so, the Government should compel them by the use of all force necessary.

But the Government should take care that its force is impartially employed. In the coal strike I personally favored the swearing in as deputy sheriffs of many of our most conservative men, knowing that both without and within the union there were hot-heads who would be likely to disturb the peace, unfortunate and impolitic as such acts would be for the union. When our convention thought otherwise, we did appoint throughout the whole region peace committees, whose work, I have no doubt, aided much those who really wished for order.

The Coal and Iron Police

But the coal and iron police, employed, be it remembered, by our opponents, ostensibly to keep order and protect property, did not always confine themselves to that duty. They tried repeatedly to compel men to work. The hostility of strikers toward the militia, reported at times, was false. One man shot for stoning a militiaman confessed before his death that he was a member of the coal and iron police, and that he had tried by throwing stones to make the soldier believe the strikers were attacking him. Again, when some of these police, not openly, of course, but practically, drove men to work, the militia in keeping order protected this violation of liberty. That fact our men recognized, and doubtless resented.

I do not excuse illegal or cruel acts on either side; but in every great contest some such are to be expected. The Government ought promptly to punish them. I merely claim, because I wish fair judgment, that the strikers were as law abiding as their contestants. I trust that all cases of law breaking will be officially investigated, the real offenders punished, and the results published. The strikers court such publicity.

Accusations Against the Strikers

We have been accused of trying to destroy property by flooding the mines, because the steam men and pumpers went on strike. Their demands were their own, not those of the miners. They asked shorter hours and higher wages only for themselves, and I think their demands were just. They gave twelve days' warning, so that the companies were not taken unawares, nor treated unfairly. Theirs was not a sympathetic strike; but shall we blame a contestant for seeing weak points in his opponent's armor, and thrusting where and when the blow will tell?

Some people object because the miners choose to buy their goods of their friends, and to oppose the selection of their enemies for public positions. The operators taught us the boycott by first using the black-list; but that is beside the point. I oppose and shall oppose any illegal boycott carried out by threats or intimidation of any kind. But when a great contest has been forced upon us, I favor recognizing friends as friends and opponents as opponents. As citizens and free-

men we should use our influence on the side we believe to be right and in the interest of society. Doubtless in isolated cases this will work hardship. We regret it; but contest often demands sacrifice. We must fight fairly and within the law; but giving aid and comfort to one's opponent while he is still fighting is neither wise nor right.

What the Strike has Taught Us

Unfortunately, since to enforce his just demands the laborer must, by striking, take the first overt step, the public is likely to consider him the aggressor. But any judgment is unjust which fails to consider the merits of the case, including the nature of the demands, the efforts to secure adjustments, the spirit of conciliation. The real aggressor may well be one who simply insists upon stubborn inaction, refusing to admit any cause of controversy, saying there is nothing to be settled or arbitrated. We welcome the strike commission, because it will show who is the real aggressor in this case.

The final judge of all social contests, whether wars or strikes, is the public, though sometimes it takes long for the verdict to be rendered. But the verdict when rendered is right, and the contest has usually proved enlightening, evil as it is in itself. Wars and strikes may both thus indirectly do good; at times so much good that the contests themselves sink into insignificance. The lessons learned prevent future strife. Naturally I feel a degree of pride in the fact that in the coal strike the side I represent has won what the world calls a victory. But while I am a miner and a participant in the contest, I am first of all an American citizen, and as a citizen as well as a representative of labor, my chief source of gratification is the hope that out of our great conflict will come a long-abiding peace.

To my mind the great lesson which the coal strike has taught is that the individual is nothing, the good of society at large is everything, and that no man, no combination of men, no matter how many or how powerful, whether they belong to capital or to labor, can set their own interests or their own will against the common good. The world is in no mood to tolerate leaders of labor organizations who foment strife and strikes over trivial grievances or through the mere professional love of trouble; nor leaders of capital who declare that they will have no changes or discussion of changes in wages or labor conditions, and that their employees have no right to form themselves into a cohesive organization and to speak through that organization. All such misuse their power and fall under severe public condemnation. As a result of the recent strike, both labor and capital realize their obligations to society as they never did before. The public, or third party, has asserted its rights and its power, and the greatest combination of capital in our country, and the strongest labor organization in the world, have yielded to its decree.

One most wholesome sign for the future is the swift and almost sure gathering of public opinion on the side of justice. In America the great mass of the people are alert and intelligent. They cannot be deceived. When a dispute arises they want to know all the facts. The press, enterprising, skillful, served by conscientious and well-trained investigators, supplies their wants. Some take one side, some the other. But in the end the truth appears; the public judgment is formed, and usually the verdict is just. If labor makes unreasonable demands; if it attempts to dominate through violence and intimidation; if it seeks to maintain monopoly through suppression of the right of others to work when they are willing to work, labor loses its case. If capital is unreasonable; if it refuses to make any effort toward adjustment of grievances; if it claims to be the sole judge of wages and conditions, and, above all, if while itself securing the advantages of combination it declares labor shall not have the same advantage, capital loses its case.

The Way of Peace

This strike has taught both capital and labor that they owe certain obligations to society, and that these obligations must be discharged in good faith. If both are fair and conciliatory; if both recognize the moral restraint of the state of society by which they are surrounded, there need be few strikes. They can, and it is better that they should, settle their differences between themselves. Combinations of capital and combinations of labor are the great factors of industrialism. Their interests are all bound up together, reciprocal if not identical. They should work hand in hand, and adjust their quarrels in joint conference without outside interference. If they go at it in the right spirit they will succeed ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The one time they fail neutrals should be permitted to mediate and arbitrate before hostilities are declared. If we cannot make the strike an impossibility, we may come very

near it. All that is needed is for capital and labor to say: "We are able to attend to this affair ourselves. We are partners in production, mutually dependent, and we do not wish to have the outside interference which we know must come if we fail to agree. We do not need legislation, nor compulsory arbitration, nor any other experimental device for compelling us to do that which is our duty and for our best interests to do by ourselves."

The fundamental error of capital in the coal strike was the unwillingness of the companies to concede the right of labor to organize and to act through its organization as they act themselves. We are living in the age of combination, of consolidation, of federation; labor is following in the footsteps of its partner, capital. The labor organizations do not oppose, or even look with disfavor, upon combination of capital; they recognize it as a natural sequence of the evil effects of disastrous competition. Labor is simply keeping pace with the industrial development of our times, and he is rash indeed who seeks to plant himself as an obstacle to the current of progress. Capital finds strength in unity, the average stockholder merging all his influence in the giant corporation. Following the same instinct, labor organizes, minimizing the individual for the good of the whole, and asserts its right to speak and act collectively. A great organization like that of the coal miners is in one sense a reflex of public opinion itself; it is the public opinion of that particular industry.

Autocracy vs. Democracy

If there is any difference of method between the combination of capital and the combination of labor, the latter shows the less dangerous tendency. A huge corporation, or an alliance of great corporations like the anthracite railway and mining companies, is an autocracy; eight or ten men control hundreds of millions of money, and sit in judgment upon the wages and demands of three or four hundred thousand employees of all classes; the stockholder is virtually a cipher; boards of directors are manipulated by a dozen men, and in the last analysis, as we have seen, two or three men are able to give orders to the eight or ten. The miners' organization, on the other hand, is a simple democracy. No important action can be taken, making demands, ordering strike, or accepting settlement, without a majority vote of hundreds of delegates chosen for this particular duty by the many thousands of individual members. If there is any danger to American institutions in the rise of "trusts" or combinations, it does not seem to me that it is in the labor "trust," wherein the democratic principle of our Government is preserved, every man has a vote, and rule by autocrat, oligarchy, or coterie is utterly impossible. To arraign a great labor organization like ours is to arraign a considerable part of the American people. The manner in which our members subordinate the individual to the general good was shown in the action of our convention of October 20th, which ratified the arbitration agreement. Notwithstanding the knowledge of the delegates that many of our men would not be able to secure re-employment, and that these must be sacrificed for peace, they unanimously voted for arbitration and for submission to the wishes of the American people.

Probably it is true that some labor organizations are better than others. But this is true also of combinations of capital. Trade unionism properly directed is society's safeguard against industrial servitude. The average worker cannot bargain alone on equal terms with his employer. Alone he is a suppliant. The union says to the inhumane and avaricious employer, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It clasps hands with the considerate, humane employer, and coöperates with him in advancing their common interests. It encourages good workmanship; it inspires higher citizenship; it imbues men and women with a sense of responsibility, and contributes immeasurably to the elevation of society. It advocates no impractical theories; it expounds no wild heresies; it seeks to upset no fundamental principles of government, and it holds itself aloof from politics, allowing its members to vote according to their individual beliefs. But it does seek to establish between capital and labor a relationship which insures industrial tranquility. The United Mine Workers of America can speak authoritatively upon this question. One hundred and fifty thousand of its members work under an arrangement with the mine operators of nine States in which strikes and lockouts are memories of an unhappy past, when labor was unorganized and capital treated with its men as individuals. Remarkable as it may appear, the employers with whom we have these contracts would be reluctant, indeed, to sever their relationship with us as an organization and return to the chaotic conditions which formerly prevailed.

How the Scale is Established

It may not be amiss at this time, when the effects of the strike are fresh in public memory, to refer more specifically to the methods we employ, and through which peace is maintained between the operators and miners of the bituminous coal fields—methods which we have sought, and are seeking, to establish in the anthracite region. I may say that the United Mine Workers of America, which originated in 1890, now includes within its membership practically all the mine workers of the American bituminous coal fields except those of the Virginias, who are only partially organized, and a very large proportion of all the mine workers in the anthracite fields. In January of each year the mine operators and representatives of the United Mine Workers of the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and the western part of Pennsylvania meet in joint conference, and, after carefully canvassing the condition of the coal trade, market prices, cost of production, cost of living, freight rates, etc., an agreement is made between the mine operators and the United Mine Workers of America, stipulating the wages which shall be paid and the conditions of employment which shall obtain for a period of one year. When this agreement is consummated, the miners and operators of the States west of the Mississippi River meet in conference and enter into a joint contract, based upon the agreement reached in the central States; that is to say, if an increase or decrease in wages is agreed to in the first-named conference, a like increase or decrease takes place in the States west of the Mississippi River. Similar contracts made under like conditions are entered into between the operators and miners in the States south of the Ohio River, in Michigan, and in Central Pennsylvania. These trade agreements are kept inviolate by both operators and miners; the United Mine Workers of America accepts the responsibility of disciplining such of its members as may be bold enough to violate any provision of the agreement.

A Working Agreement

As an example of the method of settling disputes which arise between the mine worker and the operator in the bituminous regions, and of discipline of the union of its members, quotation is made from the agreement of 1902 between the Illinois Coal Operators' Association and the United Mine Workers of America (Article 13):—

"In case of any local trouble arising at any shaft through such failure to agree between the pit boss and any miner or mine laborer, the pit committee and the miners' local President and the pit boss are empowered to adjust it; and, in the case of their disagreement it shall be referred to the superintendent of the company and the President of the miners' local executive board, where such exists, and shall they fail to adjust it—and in all other cases—it shall be referred to the superintendent of the company and the miners' President of the Sub-district; and, should they fail to adjust it, it shall be referred in writing to the officials of the company concerned and the State officials of the U. M. W. of A. for adjustment; and in all such cases, the miners and mine laborers and parties involved must continue at work, pending an investigation and adjustment, until a final decision is reached in the manner above set forth.

"If any day men refuse to continue at work because of a grievance which has or has not been taken up for adjustment in the manner provided herein, and such action shall seem likely to impede the operation of the mine, the pit committee shall immediately furnish a man or men to take such vacant place or places at the scale rate, in order that the mine may continue at work; and it shall be the duty of any member or members of the United Mine Workers, who may be called upon by the pit boss or pit committee, to immediately take the place or places assigned to him or them in pursuance hereof.

"The right to hire and discharge, the management of the mine, and the direction of the working force, are vested exclusively in the operator, and the U. M. W. of A. shall not abridge this right. It is not the intention of this provision to encourge the discharge of employees, or the refusal of employment to applicants because of personal prejudice or activity in matters affecting the U. M. W. of A. If any employee shall be suspended or discharged by the company and it is claimed that an injustice has been done him, an investigation to be conducted by the parties and in the manner set forth in paragraphs [(a) and (b)] of this section shall be taken up promptly, and if it is proven that an injustice has been done, the operator shall reinstate said employee and pay him full compensation for the time he has been suspended and out of employment; provided, if no decision shall be rendered within five days, the case shall be considered closed in so far as compensation is concerned."

In this manner a pleasant, mutually advantageous, businesslike relationship has grown up between miners and mine operators, and the general public—the coal consumers—is protected against the evil effects of strikes and lockouts, and is always assured the regular supply of fuel at reasonable prices.

Unions Here to Stay

Since labor organizations are here, and here to stay, the managers of employing corporations must choose what they are to do with them. They may have the union as a present, active, and unrecognized force, possessing influence for good or evil, but without direct responsibility; or they may deal with it, give it responsibility as well as power, define and regulate that power, and make the union an

auxiliary in the preservation of stability and discipline and the amicable adjustment of all local disputes. Where employers have accepted the union in this spirit they have found it easy to deal with, and a powerful coöperating agency for good, and both owners and workmen have advanced in reasonableness and in mutual helpfulness. The union can no more be crushed than the "trust" can be crushed. The two must work side by side, and hand in hand go peaceably along together. Society's efforts should be directed not to crushing combinations of capital or combinations of labor, but to preservation of the good ones which wholesomely do their share of the world's work, and to regulation and reformation of those which show bad tendencies. Above all, the leaders of combinations of both capital and labor should prove to the country that they are able so get along together in peace and harmony, so that disastrous and destructive quarrels between them may not provoke society into saying: "a plague o' both your houses."

Employers of labor who refuse to recognize labor unions attempt to justify their action on the pretext that the labor unions, being unincorporated, are irresponsible, and can give no guarantee that such contracts as are made with them, will be carried out in good faith; again, they say that the labor unions stifle ambition by fixing a uniform rate of wages for all regardless of their efficiency or their ability to work. These arguments have been advanced by the anthracite coal mine operators. But a labor union, like an individual, is to be judged by the life it has lived.

Responsibility of the Union

The responsibility and reliability of the United Mine Workers of America as a contracting party are demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt by its action in those States and districts in which it has had contracts for many years. Senator Hanna, with whom we have had contracts for twenty-five years, while speaking at Urbana, Ohio, a few weeks ago, stated that as a guarantee of good faith he would rather accept the word of a labor union than its bond. This is only one of the expressions of confidence from responsible and experienced men with whom our organization has had dealings. In the present strike the leaders of the strikers used all their influence to prevent, and they did prevent, a sympathetic strike of the miners of bituminous coal, on the ground that they must not violate their contracts. When one reflects that many thousands were willing to go on a sympathetic strike, and that the anthracite workers believed that such a tie-up would secure victory within two weeks, we see how sacred a contract has become to the miners' union.

The charge that the labor organizations limit ambition and stifle genius is equally incorrect. The United Mine Workers of America does not attempt to fix a maximum scale of wages, but it does fix a minimum scale. If any of its members develop unusual skill, if some are more efficient than others, the employers are at perfect liberty to reward such persons by paying higher wages than called for by our agreements. As a matter of fact, there is little room for such objections in the mining industry, as a vast proportion of the employees work on contract or piece work, and, consequently, earnings are measured largely by the amount of labor actually performed.

No Compulsory Arbitration

Compulsory arbitration has found many earnest advocates during the coal strike and since its close; but this method has few friends either among the large employers of labor or the labor unions; in fact, the American labor movement is unalterably opposed to compulsory arbitration, and with this opposition I am in full accord. Compulsion and arbitration are, in my judgment, contradictory terms. I do not believe that the law should compel a man to work; in other words, I believe it to be contrary to the principles and tradition of free government to enact a law which would have the effect of placing a working-man, or a body of workingmen, in prison for refusing to work, and I cannot conceive of a compulsory arbitration law that would not jeopardize the liberty of the working-men should they refuse to arbitrate or to accept the award of a board of arbitration.

I do, however, favor voluntary arbitration, and I am quite sure that there is no combination of labor or capital powerful enough to oppose successfully the adverse public sentiment which would be directed against the party refusing to submit to voluntary arbitration or to accept the award of such a board. This was amply demonstrated in the coal strike. When the needs of the people became so pressing, and public sentiment became so crystalized, that from every village, from every town, and from every city the word "arbitrate" was repeated and reëchoed;

when the cry was taken up by mayors of cities, governors of States, representatives in Congress, and by the nation's Chief Executive, the citadel of wealth at last realized that it could not withstand the pressure, and the combatants were forced to yield to the voice of the people. Thus the coal strike passed into history. Let there be peace.

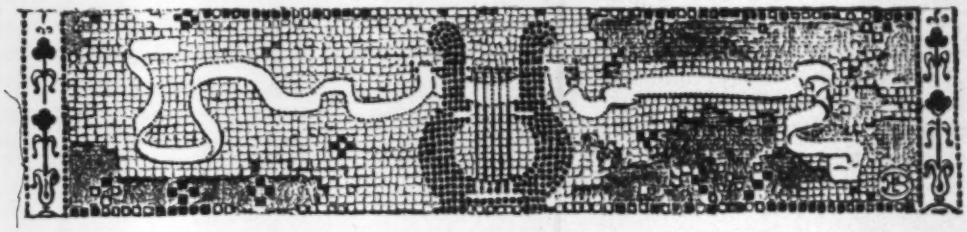
WE take pleasure in presenting Mr. Mitchell's views to our readers. The attitude of the operators is sufficiently known, and public opinion has definitely manifested itself. These three interests—miners, operators, and public—are universally recognized as the three parties to the strike.

There is a fourth party, however, a party which has from the first been unconsidered: the non-union man who remained loyal to his employer. This man stuck to his post despite the incalculable pressure of ostracism and boycott, despite threats and imminent peril of life and limb from the turbulent element which always manifests itself in a great strike.

"The resolute 'scab,'" once said President Eliot of Harvard, "is a good type of the modern hero." It is with these heroes of the strike that a series of articles by Mr. Stannard Baker deals.

Mr. Baker has spent some weeks in the coal region investigating this subject, and has collected facts that will amaze and startle our readers.

These facts are accurate and documented. They are true and unbiased. MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE holds no brief for any of the contestants, whether operators, union men, or non-union men. It does hold a brief for human liberty and for the guarantee of every American citizen to the enjoyment of his constitutional rights.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



VICTOR OR VANQUISHED?

BY MARY N. McCRACKEN

ALL I have toiled to do has been done ill;
All I have striven to grasp escaped me still;
The love I longed to win has passed me by;
Mine was the only fault,—unworthy I.
The path that others tread, I could not climb;
The joy that others held was never mine:
The battle is unwon, though close the night,
Yet still I've fought though sometimes weak the fight!
Yet still I've worked, although my work was vain:
Though I have failed, in naught do I complain,
All that I ask is leave to fight again.